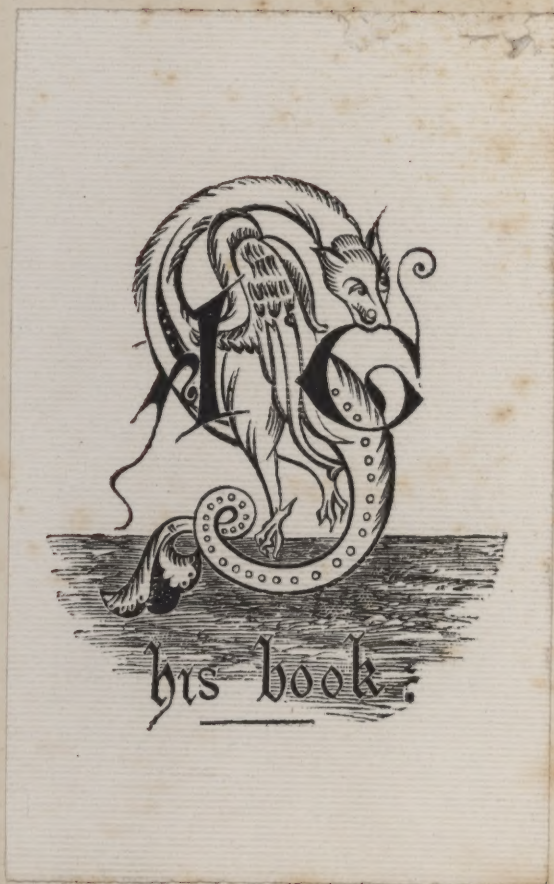
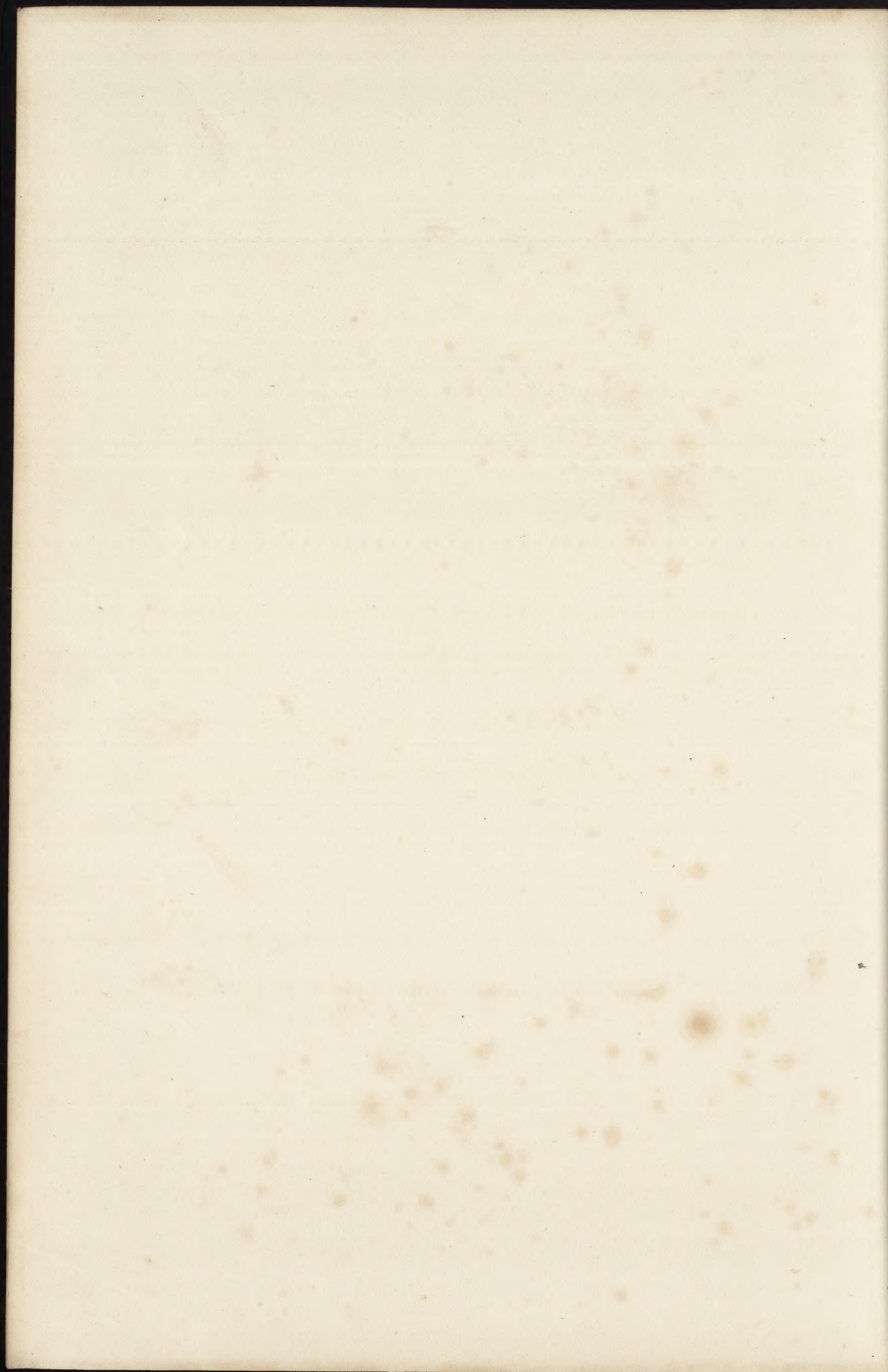


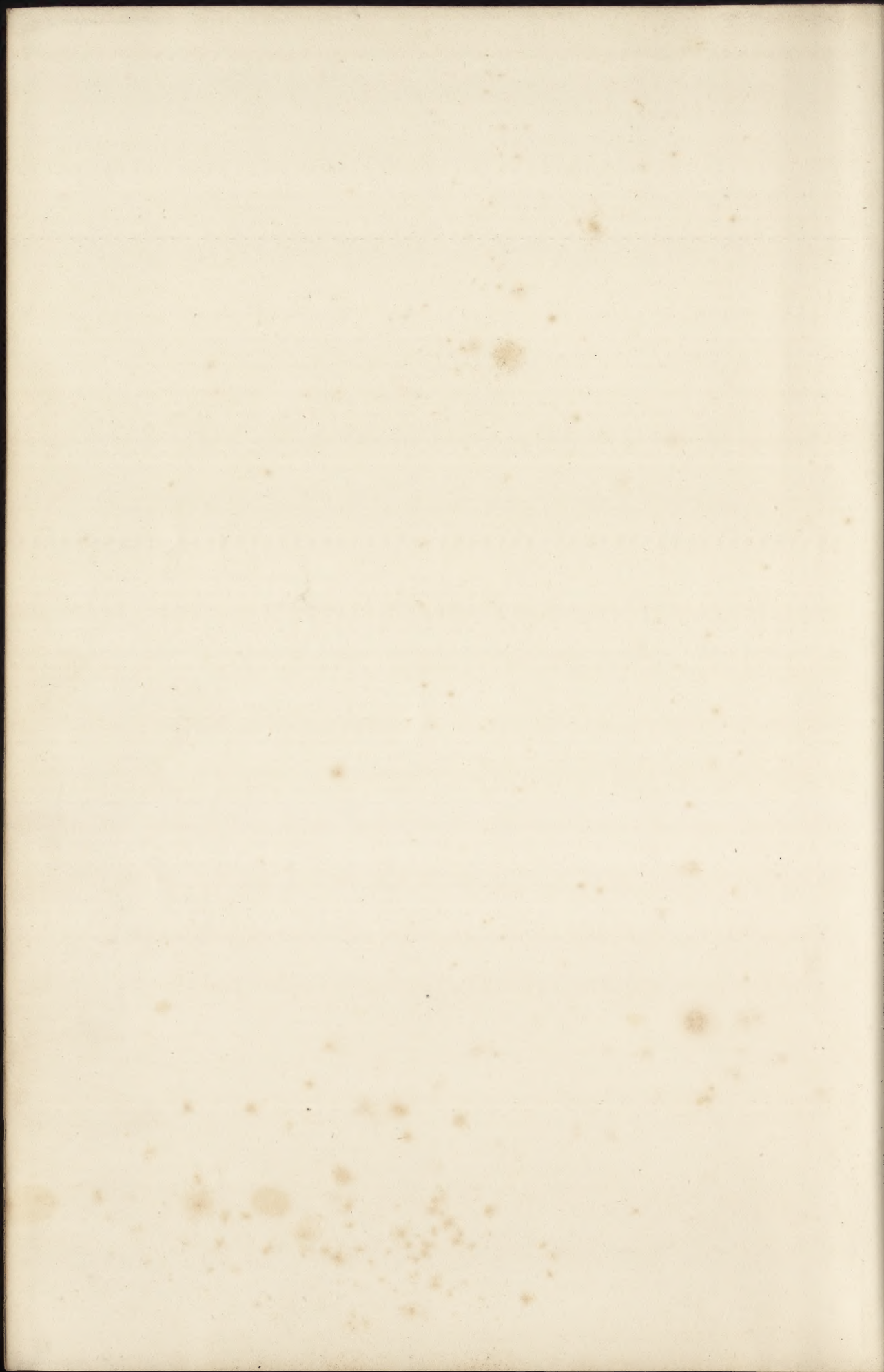
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THE FINE ARTS

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. I.—N. S.

THE FIRST PART

OF THE HISTORY

OF THE

THE
FINE ARTS

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. I.—N. S.

JULY, 1866—OCT., 1866.

“The Fine Arts have so important an influence upon the development of the mind and the feeling of a people, and are so generally taken as the type of the degree and character of that development, that it is on the fragments of works of art, come down to us from bygone nations, that we are wont to form an estimate of the state of their civilization, manners, customs, and religion.”—*The Prince Consort's Speeches*, p. 115.

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MOST OBEDIENT AND MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

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Fine Arts Quarterly Review Vol. I N S

THE FINE ARTS

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1866.

TAYLOR'S "REYNOLDS AND HIS TIMES." *

By W. B. DONNE, ESQ.

ENGLAND has a just right to be proud of her sons in the latter half of the 18th century, and not a few of the sons who gave her that right were either the intimate friends of Sir Joshua Reynolds, or at least members of the society in which he moved. The Clubs of that period were second, if indeed they were second, only to those which in the 16th and 17th centuries met at the Mermaid and the Devil's Taverns, at Button's or at Will's coffee-houses. Of the conversation at the elder of these societies we have no other record than the prose of Fuller and the verse of Beaumont: of that of the younger we possess little more than a few hints of Dryden's sovereignty, when in a suit of Norwich drugget, he sat by the fireside of Wills' in the winter season, and at the bow-window in the summer; a few notices of Addison's customary silence and of Steele's habitual freedom of

* Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with Notices of some of his Contemporaries. Commenced by Charles Robert Leslie, R.A., continued and concluded by Tom Taylor, M.A. In two Volumes. London: Murray, 1865.

speech. But the Club-life of Reynolds, is it not written in imperishable ink in the chronicles of James Boswell? "The frequent," and we may add, "the full," dinner-tables frequented by the social painter are also sketched by the same pen, and afford the biographer the most valuable of all materials for record—the daily and the inner life of his hero. Nor are these his only or altogether his principal sources of information. It was long a current belief among the Greeks that the shrine of Delphi was the real centre of the habitable globe. The painting-room of Sir Joshua, so far as the rank, intellect, and beauty of England were concerned, has a still better claim to be regarded as a centre of all that was most illustrious in this country in his day. Could his portraits be gathered together in one place, they would compose a pantheon not to be surpassed in any other land in the world.

A biographer of Sir Joshua accordingly has a two-fold task before him. He must show the artist at his morning labours, the man during his evening relaxations. He must write some of the political, much of the social and literary, history of two generations. It will not be sufficient for him to catalogue Reynolds' pictures or Reynolds' friends, but he must show in what relations the one stood to the art and life of the time, as well as in what relations the society in which he delighted stood to the extant or the coming produce and developments of the mind of England. Of some of the great painter's contemporaries there is not much beyond the works of their brush to say: sometimes there is no story to tell of them, sometimes a painful one: of no one of them is there half as much to relate—that is to say, worth the relating—as of the subject of Mr Taylor's volumes. From the following passage it will be seen that Mr Tom Taylor's plan and conception of the work he has executed coincides with these conditions. He says, in his Preface, that his

"Notion of what biography should be may be mistaken, and is certain to be contested. I am prepared to be told that I have lugged in irrelevant matter, accumulated trivial details, and told a great many things bearing so indirectly on Sir Joshua, that they have no business in a book even with the elastic title of a Life and Times.

"I can only say that I have exercised the best judgment I could, and told my story in my own way. It seems to me that a life can only be told by the facts out of which it is made up, and by which it is environed and influenced; and that, as we can but imperfectly estimate the relative importance of facts, it is unsafe to disregard any that can be ascertained with reasonable certainty. Again, the life of a painter, more than most men, as a rule, derives its interest from his work and from the people he paints. When his sitters are the chief men and women of his time, for beauty, genius, rank, power, wit, goodness, or even fashion and folly, this interest is heightened. It culminates when the painter is the equal and honoured associate of his sitters. All these concur in the case of Reynolds. It is impossible to write a Life and Times of the painter without passing in review—hasty and brief as it must be—the great facts of politics, literature, and manners during his busy life, which touched, often very closely, the chief actors in a drama taking in the most stirring events of the last century, and containing the germs of many things that have materially operated to shape our arts, manners, and institutions."

This is, in our opinion, a just theory of the manner in which the Life of a great painter, provided he be under the conditions recounted, should be written. Nor does it apply to painters only, but also to the biography of artists in general. How insufferably tedious, for example, would be a Life of Garrick or John Kemble, were the writer of it to confine himself to a record of their performances, or even to one of the stage in their time. How really tiresome is the Life of George Frederick Cooke, or of Edmund Kean, simply because the higher social elements are wanting in them; and Mr Tom Taylor has rightly discerned that Reynolds at the club is as interesting, if not as important a person, as Reynolds in the painting-room. We think that the defect of his work is not so much the selection as the arrangement, or, to use an artist's phrase, the composition of his materials. He throws them down before the reader instead of sorting them for him. He gives a great deal of information and affords a great deal of amusement by well-chosen anecdotes and pertinent illustrations; but he has not always inlaid his mosaic with a skilful hand, and though he has collected with due diligence the squares and lozenges of his *tableau*, he too often leaves the reader to insert them himself.

Yet it must not be forgotten by either careful or captious readers of these volumes, that the author has, in some degree, been painting on a canvas originally strained and partly filled up by another hand, insomuch that the merits or defects of the scheme are not wholly attributable to the filler-up of the unfinished sketch. After informing his readers "that it had been a cherished object of the late excellent and much-regretted painter, C. R. Leslie, for several years before his death, to do justice to the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds," and describing the plan followed by him and the progress he had made in collecting and arranging his materials for his work, Mr Taylor proceeds:—

"But Mr Leslie did not live to complete his labour of love. It soothed him under his last great grief—the loss of a beloved daughter—and it continued to occupy him till the last moment of his life. He wrote in pencil or dictated parts of it from his death-bed; but with all his efforts, had only completed a small part of the biography for printing, and sketched out or outlined the remainder."

However imperfect the fragment may have been, it was a sacred deposit in the hands of the present biographer, and has perceptibly modified, in some portions it may even have cramped, his own design. We are enabled to judge of what Mr Leslie's work would have been by Mr Taylor's punctilious and loyal care in distinguishing what he contributed himself from what he received, whether complete or merely sketched, or simply in the form of scattered and fugitive memoranda. Mr Taylor then goes on to tell his readers of the manner in which he has dealt with "the fragment" handed over to him by Mr Murray.

"I found it would be necessary to make a thorough examination and exhaustive use of the Gwatkin papers and memorials. I found that Mr Cotton had in no case given full lists of the sitters, as recorded in the pocket-books; that he had, unfortunately, trusted a most inaccurate (so-called) transcript of Sir Joshua's Venetian notes, and had made no use of the note-books in the Soane and British Museums; that the series of the pocket-books had, since his publication, been made much completer by the discovery of missing volumes; and that a second account-book had been discovered."

Mr Taylor then details—but at too great length for extrac-

tion—the various sources of information afforded him—“memoranda, letters, family papers, archives,” &c., &c.,—and concludes his Preface with an account of his attempt to carry out Mr Leslie’s plan: “to present Sir Joshua in his true character, as the genial centre of a most various and brilliant society, as well as the transmitter of its chief figures to our time by his potent art.”

Few, if any, of the difficulties which have beset or thwarted great painters in early life, perplexed or impeded the career of Reynolds. His was not one of those over-careful fathers who mar the fortunes of their children by contradicting obvious impulses, or thinking themselves wiser than nature. The father of Sir Joshua was a kind of Parson Adams, “a scholar, guileless as a child and as ignorant of the world.” Mr Taylor scouts Allan Cunningham’s supposition that the education of young Reynolds was neglected by his father. He infers that the young Joshua must “have acquired a tolerable amount of Latinity,” and he may perhaps, in some degree, have retained it, since we know that it was to Reynolds that Johnson submitted in the first instance his epitaph on Goldsmith. Of his constant interest in literature, neither the volumes before us nor Boswell’s chronicle permit us to doubt. Joshua was sometimes idle as to books, but never idle as to observation, reflection, or with his pencil. “When but eight years old he had made himself sufficient master of perspective, from the Jesuit’s Treatise, to draw the school at Plympton according to rule: no easy matter, as the upper part is half supported by a range of pillars.” Poetry, or at least verse-making, was inbred in the family of Cowper. The direct and collateral ancestors of the poet, who has perpetuated the name, nearly all wrote verses, and they are not the worst among “Verses written by Persons of Quality.” Drawing seems to have been equally in the blood of the Plympton Reynoldses. His elder sisters were all fond of drawing: and inasmuch as there was a duty on paper in those days, and pencils were far from cheap, and seeing also that the Rev. Samuel had only one hundred and twenty pounds per annum, to find the materials for art, and for housekeeping

for at least ten children, "the young artists" were enjoined to draw on the white-washed walls of a long passage with burnt sticks; and the informant, Joshua's sister Elizabeth, used to relate that "*his* productions were the least promising of the set, and *he* was nicknamed *the Clown*."

The Rev. Samuel Reynolds was addicted to a variety of studies, among which that of medicine occupied much of his time. These pharmaceutical propensities very nearly led him into a grave mistake, and might have cost England a great artist. Though the young Joshua, before it was time to settle his vocation in life, had given many unquestionable tokens that mixing colours, and not mixing drugs, was his proper bent, his father was at one time disposed to make him an apothecary! Luckily indeed he had remarked Joshua's genius for drawing, and still more luckily he was not an obstinate man. So though he dabbled in pharmacy himself, and seems to have had a good opinion of his own skill in it, he consented that his son should be apprenticed to Mr Hudson, then the principal portrait-painter in England. How they met, and how Joshua prospered exceedingly in his apprenticeship for a time, we leave Mr Taylor to tell, adding merely that there occurred many omens of his future greatness, though not precisely of the kind that designated the young Julius as the favourite of the gods.

But this was the manner of their parting:—

"Though bound to Hudson for four years, he did not remain with him quite two. He is supposed to have excited the jealousy of his master by an admirable portrait he painted of an elderly female servant in the house. Hudson one evening ordered him to take a picture to Van Haaken, the drapery painter: but the weather being wet, he deferred till the next morning. At breakfast Hudson asked why he did not take the picture the evening before? He replied that he delayed it on account of the rain: but that the picture was delivered that morning before Van Haaken rose from bed. Hudson said, 'You have not obeyed my orders, and shall not stay in my house.' Reynolds asked for time to write to his father, who might otherwise think he had committed some crime; but Hudson, though reproached by his own servant for his unreasonable conduct, persisted in his determination, and Reynolds went that day from his house to his uncle's chambers in the Temple, and wrote to his father, who, after consulting his friend Lord Edgcumbe, directed him to return to Devonshire."

This, the current, is not considered by Mr Taylor as the altogether credible, version of the story, and suspicion seems to be thrown upon it, by the fact that in later days, and at a time when Hudson had far more pretext for jealousy, he and his banished pupil were upon amiable terms. One thing, however, seems certain, the Rev. Samuel, however surprised at this sudden ejection, was wroth neither with the master nor the apprentice.

That Joshua derived some benefit from peremptory Mr Hudson's instructions, and that he made good use of his opportunities so long as his indentures were uncanceled, appears from his commencing after his return to Devonshire "painting at Plymouth Dock," where he was much employed. In a letter to Mr Cutcliffe, dated January 3rd, 1744, "his father speaks of his having painted twenty portraits, among them that of the greatest man of the place, the commissioner of the dockyard, and of his having ten more bespoke." Here was an augury that one day he might paint greater men than "the greatest." Some of these pictures still exist "in excellent condition," and now we begin to hear, of what we shall hear so often in these volumes, of Reynolds' "guerdons and remunerations."

It is always pleasant to trace the steps by which, independently of their formal education, men destined for eminence have spontaneously, and often perhaps unconsciously, trained themselves in the way in which they were appointed to go. Cowley ascribed his irresistible propensity to poetry to the circumstance of the early delight he took in reading the *Fairy Queen*. Gibbon was stimulated to historical studies in boyhood by Eachard's meagre abridgment of Roman history; and Ferguson's attention was drawn to mathematical and mechanical studies by the accident of having a watchmaker for his near neighbour. Among the feeders of Reynolds' mind were, besides a few prints, and such illustrations as he found in Dryden's edition of "*Plutarch's Lives*" or other books in his father's small library, Jacob Cats' "*Book of Emblems*." To this moral picture-book, although really meant for men and not for babes, Mr Taylor traces some of Sir Joshua's mature conceptions.

"Terrific subjects," he says, "make a strong impression on young minds; and one of the prints in this book, a shepherd consulting a witch in her cave, where she sits surrounded by hideous objects, remained so long in his memory as to suggest the picture he painted for Boydell's 'Shakspeare Gallery' of the caldron-scene in *Macbeth*. Another plate of a sorceress sitting at supper on a chair composed of a skeleton, no doubt suggested to him the similar chair on which his *Hecate* sits in that picture; and his portrait of *Kitty Fisher*, as *Cleopatra* dissolving the pearl, seems also to have had its origin from the same book." The *Vision of the monk Alberico*, written in barbarous Latin prose about the beginning of the 12th century, is plausibly supposed to have suggested the *Vision of the Three Worlds* beyond the grave, to the grim and meditative Florentine. We owe much to these obscure sowers of bread beside many waters.

But the book which more than any other in these early days cherished the sacred fire within him was Richardson's "*Treatise on Painting*." Richardson, indeed, may be accounted Reynolds' pictorial grandfather, inasmuch as he was Hudson's master. This work, though it may now appear a little out of fashion, had already exerted considerable influence upon Hogarth. The extracts from this treatise given by Mr Taylor indicate its fitness to kindle the ambition of a boy-artist.

The appellation of *Fortunate* was bestowed rather laxly by the Romans, being sometimes given to eminent merit, and sometimes to eminent scoundrelism. Upon Reynolds it might have been conferred with great propriety. He took his station among the artists of this country early: he was fortunate in his family relations; he was even more fortunate in the friends he acquired in early life. Among the most respectable noblemen of the time was his father's friend and his own patron, Lord Edgcumbe. Of the many panegyrics pronounced by Burke no one was better merited in every respect than that upon Keppel—and Keppel was the friend of Reynolds at a critical period of his career, then and ever afterwards.

A greater change can hardly be imagined than Reynolds

suddenly transported from Hudson's painting-room and the rural seclusion of Devonshire—as Devonshire then was—to the cabin of the *Centurion*. Keppel had made the acquaintance of the young artist at the house of their common friend, Lord Edgcumbe, and was so much pleased with him as to offer him a passage in his ship then under orders for the Mediterranean. The voyage, besides introducing the young painter to the novel scenes and forms of life at Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Algiers, and Mahon, laid the foundation of his fortune in two ways. It was the portrait of Keppel which first brought him into public notice, and it was he who first afforded Reynolds access to the works of the Italian masters. He remained at Rome two years. He visited and studied in many other Italian cities, beginning with Florence and ending with Venice, and after a month spent at Paris, which at that time presented little to attract or instruct him in his profession, he returned to become famous in London.

Mr Taylor has given so ample and so graphic a sketch of Reynolds' pilgrimage to these various shrines of art that we shall refer our readers to it, and extract only a passage or two as illustrations of the discretion and modesty as much as of the genius of his hero.

“Students in Italy were much employed in copying pictures for gentlemen travellers, alluding to whom, Reynolds at a later period said, in a letter to Barry, ‘Whilst I was at Rome, I was very little employed by them, and that little I always considered as lost time.’”

It can scarcely be necessary to remind our readers that Reynolds was disappointed at his first view of Raphael's pictures in the Vatican, for his disappointment has been so often mentioned as to have become almost proverbially familiar. But the reflections he made upon his feeling at the moment are replete with his usual *mitis sapientia*, and are applicable to the art of the poet as well as of the painter,—applicable, indeed, to every great work of the human intellect. He consoled himself at the time by the discovery that his disappointment was shared with other students, and that it was sciolists only who made pretensions to instantaneous rapture on

first beholding these master-works. A similar distrust would be justified by precocious raptures on the first reading of the Divine Comedy, of Sophocles' Tragedies, of Goethe's Faust, on the first view of the Apollo, or the Venus, or even of York Minster or Cologne Cathedral. Has not, indeed, a corresponding disappointment been experienced at the first sight of the Alps, or of the meeting of mighty rivers with the ocean? The receiving eye and the apprehending mind must undergo some apprenticeship before they acquire the proper capacity for the full majesty of either art or nature. It is this distrust of self which distinguishes the thoughtful and capable judge from the shallow and pretentious connoisseur.

"In justice to myself," said Reynolds, "I must add, that though disappointed and mortified at not finding myself enraptured with the works of this great master, I did not for a moment conceive or suppose that the name of Raphael, and those admirable paintings in particular, owed their reputation to the ignorance and prejudice of mankind; on the contrary, my not relishing them, as I was conscious I ought to have done, was one of the most humiliating things that ever happened to me. I found myself in the midst of works executed upon principles with which I was unacquainted. I felt my ignorance, and stood abashed.

"Having since that period frequently revolved the subject in my mind, I am now clearly of opinion that a relish for the higher excellencies of the art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation and great labour and attention. On such occasions as that which I have mentioned, we are often ashamed of our apparent dulness; as if it were expected that our minds, like tinder, should instantly catch fire from the divine spark of Raphael's genius. I flatter myself that *now* it would be so, and that I have a just and lively perception of his great powers; but let it be always remembered that the excellence of his style is not on the surface, but lies deep, and at the first view is seen but mistily. It is the florid style which strikes at once and captivates the eye for a time, without ever satisfying the judgment."

On his return to England two problems immediately presented themselves to him,—to gain position in his art, and the still graver and more urgent one of providing for the day and the morrow. His family had contributed to the means that enabled him to travel without earning his bread for two years,

and, though gentle creditors, his sisters could ill afford to remain unpaid. Lord Edgcumbe wisely urged him to establish himself as soon as possible in the metropolis, and thither he went in his 31st year, and took handsome apartments in St Martin's Lane, at that time the fashionable residence of artists.

As yet Reynolds was not impressed with the matchless dramatic powers of Hogarth, and he was accordingly justified in saying that art in 1753 was "at the lowest ebb in England." Of his own powers and his increased experience he can scarcely have been ignorant, and may, perhaps, have whispered to himself that at the least he could prove a greater than Hudson to be now on the horizon. Among the main conditions, however, of gaining a position is that of supplying an acknowledged *vacuum*, and it may be worth while to pause for a moment to inquire what was the palpable and principal need of art in England in 1753.

The arts in general were at a low ebb in this country when Reynolds returned to England in 1753, and that of painting, especially, laboured under the then general fallacy that it could be learned in Italy alone. Lord Edgcumbe, both in act and intention one of Reynolds' best friends, was infected to such a degree by this Transalpine mania, and so imperfectly discerned the powers of his young *protégé*, as to enjoin him, before he left England, to become the pupil of Pompeo Battoni at Rome. But Reynolds' good genius, or rather his good sense, led him to neglect this advice. He had learnt all that Hudson could teach, and Pompeo might have proved a worse instructor than Hudson. Reynolds' masters were the mighty dead yet speaking in their works, Raphael and Michael Angelo. It was, indeed, an age in which the Invocation to Dulness, at the close of the Dunciad, seems to have been fully heard and granted. Pope and Thomson were no more. Poetry, indeed, manifested less symptoms of decline than either of the sister arts, since Collins, Akenside, and Gray represented her. Even sculpture was better provided for than painting, since she rejoiced in Roubiliac. Hume had published his Essays, and stood next to Addison in the beauty and perspicuity of his style, and far above Addison in the depth

and variety of his speculations. But the Essays were caviare to the general, and, moreover, lay under a deep shadow of theological odium. Neither Hume nor Robertson, however, had as yet reared their altars in the temple of history, and twenty years were to pass before the first volumes of the great historical work of the century were sent to the press. The progeny of the Spectator were many in number, and some of them more than respectable in worth, but the vein was growing poorer, and the Adventurer, the World, even the Rambler and the Idler, have long since passed into the multitudinous library of the dead, and are now rarely stirred even from good men's shelves. There was, as Horace Walpole wrote in 1753, "no war, no politics, no parties, no madness, no scandal. In the memory of England there never was so inanimate an age." Hogarth had touched the meridian of his art a few years before. Ramsay, it is probable, was still north of the Tweed. Hudson was the face-painter in vogue. Cotes bore to him the relation of Achates to Æneas. Wilson had forsaken portrait-painting for landscape. Astley, an uncertain comet, marred such promise as may have been in him, by marrying a rich widow, and by becoming partly a Cheshire squire, and partly a man about town. And as for Ellis, Highmore, and Pine, *locus est et pluribus umbris!* their names are scarcely remembered, and their fame survives on the tongue of the discreet housekeepers who draw attention to the Madam Bridgets and Alderman Surfaces of old great houses, while she recounts how once they shook the Senate or adorned Ranelagh, or formed the pride or the terror of their respective parishes. The field was clear for a great artist, whensoever it might please the sisters three, and such like branches of learning, to send one to this, so far as regarded painting, Cimmerian island of the West. England, indeed, cannot be accused at any period of absolute indifference to artists, but she was content with importing them, with wines, music, tea, coffee, and other wares. Reversing the process of the excise, she put her broad arrow only on home-productions. It is not among the least, perhaps it is the greatest, of Reynolds' achievements to have shown that she could produce as well as import great painters of the human form, of human action, and of nature.

But what sort of artist was required for the creation of an English school of painting? Who must it be that in the fulness of time would open the path that since has been trodden by so many pilgrims, and open also the eyes of England to the truth that Vandyke was of a higher order than Kneller or than Lely; and that there were—*ante Agamemnona*—greater names in painting than even Vandyke's? The biographer of Reynolds shall supply the answer to the question which he has partly propounded:—

“What is called a revival of art is more correctly a new birth, impressed always with the character of the age and the country in which it occurs; and for Hogarth and Reynolds to be the first great English painters, it was not essential that they should tread in the steps of Michael Angelo and Raphael, but it was essential that their art should be thoroughly British.”

The doctrines which were imbibed by Reynolds in the Sistine Chapel and the Vatican led him to this conclusion. Great are the masters of art, but there are powers mightier than even those of the perpetual masters—the powers of nature and of the mind. Imitation of the highest is never true worship; but compliance with the laws which even the highest obeys is the artist's true religion. And this perception of the functions and proper homage of the painter was the exceeding great reward of the Roman studies of the young pilgrim from Devonshire.

More than fifty years later a young poet paid a very similar homage to the master spirits of English poetry. In his case, indeed, many portions, and some of them the highest in the domain of imagination, were pre-occupied. The Vatican of the English drama was filled by the spirit of Shakspeare: the Sistine Chapel of sacred song was occupied by that of Milton. But around and above these holy places lay the wider realm and the purer atmosphere of nature; and the mountain, the forest, the lake, the common life of man, the flowers at his feet, the stars over his head, awaited a poet, who, with a loftier purpose and in a purer vein than even those of Thomson or Cowper, should watch, analyze, contemplate, and portray, with a humble and a soaring spirit, the phenomena of nature, and interpret them with at once the simplicity and the sublimity of Truth to all who had

eyes to see with or ears to hear with. A spirit akin to that of Reynolds informed the mind of William Wordsworth.

It was not to be expected that Reynolds should be permitted to mount the throne or to wield the sceptre of English painting unchallenged or uncontradicted. There were films on the eyes even of unprejudiced men at the time that were not easily removed: there were motes and beams on the eyes of professed artists and professing critics which it was less easy to extirpate. "You do not play Alexander," said a sapient critic to John Kemble, "after the manner of Mr Dignum." Reynolds had *his* Mr Dignums. They are like the *Hempseeds*, "a very numerous family," and by no means without a numerous posterity at the present hour. It was thought that Joshua had profited indifferently by his studies at Rome.

"The first picture Reynolds painted, after his establishment in London, was a head of Marchi—his Italian pupil—in a turban. Hudson, on seeing it, said, 'Reynolds, you do not paint so well as you did before you went to Italy.' For this Hudson has been accused of jealousy. The world is prone to attribute every uncomplimentary remark of an artist on a contemporary (and sometimes even his compliments) to that passion. What Hudson said was, at any rate, not expressed behind the back of his former pupil, of whose previous practice, if Hudson was right, it was great praise."

It does not appear from a comparison of their respective prices a few years afterwards, that Hudson's business was materially affected by the superior powers of his pupil.

In the next anecdote we have a glimpse of the orthodox church of the time.

"The reputation of Kneller was then (1753) higher in England than that of Vandyke; and the wide departure of Reynolds from the style of Sir Godfrey could not but meet with opposition. Ellis, a portrait-painter, eminent at that time, said, 'Reynolds, this will never answer. Why, you don't paint in the least like Kneller.' The innovator attempted to defend himself, but Ellis would not stay to hear him, and exclaiming, 'Shakspeare in poetry and Kneller in painting, damme,' walked out of the room."

For Reynolds' early triumphs over his rivals we refer to his biographer. The first portrait, however, which not only put his pre-eminence beyond all question, but made the distance be-

tween his rivals and himself palpable to feeling as to sight, was that of Captain (afterwards Admiral) Keppel. Of this loving and serviceable friend the artist painted no fewer than nine portraits at different times. The place held by Keppel among his contemporaries is retained for his name with posterity by the pencil of Reynolds and the pen of Burke. Theirs was no venal tribute, and to have earned it as Keppel did is no less to his honour than the gallantry he displayed throughout an active and adventurous life. A writer of that day, speaking of the impression made in Reynolds' favour by this portrait of Keppel, says:—"His business increased rapidly upon it, and chiefly among persons of the first rank." Nor was his rise in his profession more rapid or remarkable than his rise in society. His mornings were spent in the company of those persons who were either "born great or who had achieved greatness," and his evenings were passed in the company of those whose names are still memorable in the peerage of literature.

"The voyage to Corinth," said the old Greek proverb, "is not in every man's power:" neither is every man who may have achieved it fitted to flourish or abide in Corinth. Mistake on their proposer's part or miscalculation on their own occasionally brought men into the society of Johnson, Burke, Gibbon, Benet Langton, Goldsmith, and the Wartons, in spite of the care taken by those memorable *Clubbists* to keep out extraneous or ungenial elements. But where there was unfitness for such *noctes cœnæque deûm* there was also no ordinary degree of discomfort on the part of the unfit, and such mistaken persons came and departed like shadows from those famous *symposia*. There was no mistake on either side in the case of Joshua Reynolds. He was not among the great conversers, he was not among the most learned or the most witty members of the Literary, the Turk's Head, or other clubs of the day: his deafness, his placid temper, even his devotion to art, disqualified him for becoming one of the conversational athletes whose duels, logomachies, quarrels, and reconciliations, are chronicled by Boswell. But not the less was his presence felt to be almost an indispensable element in every association of the kind at that day. It is difficult to discover

whether he were most respected or most beloved by his associates. Even Johnson rarely growled at him, and never on any occasion went beyond a growl when they happened to differ, or when he himself was in an unusually bad humour. And yet there were subjects on which they differed widely, and among Reynolds' friends there were persons whom Johnson neither brooked when mentioned nor spared when in his presence. In politics the painter was a Whig; and whom the moralist accounted the first Whig is known *lippis tonsoribus atque*, and what he thought of their sable progenitor's descendants is notorious to the many readers of Boswell and to the few readers of Johnson's political Tracts. Among the acquaintances, perhaps among the friends of Reynolds, was John Wilkes, yet Johnson seems to have allowed him a privilege which he would have roughly denied to every other member—Burke, perhaps, alone excepted—of the Johnsonian circle. In all his likes and dislikes, indeed, so far as Johnson was concerned, Reynolds was a chartered libertine; nor can we discover that he owed his exemption to any adulation of the moral Aristarchus, for many anecdotes show his respect for him to have been tempered by a complete independence of his prejudices and flaws of temper.

A very remarkable phase of society is that presented by the club-life of the last century. It did not transmit itself to later generations: it was a necessity of and for those days. The modern *club* bears scarcely any resemblance to its namesake in the 18th century. Men of the highest order of intellect, and of the highest social rank, men of the most various pursuits and acquirements, now, as formerly, assemble together and interchange thoughts with as much freedom and common profit to themselves as they did a hundred years ago. But of the modern assemblies conversation is not the principal aim, nor perhaps the most striking feature. The difference is perhaps to be ascribed to the more general diffusion of intelligence throughout society itself. It would be scarcely fair to assert that beyond the circle of clubs in the 18th century there was a general lack of knowledge in the community; but it needs only a slight acquaintance with the daily or monthly literature of the time to discover that the

means of acquiring and disseminating knowledge were then very imperfect. Men had then small temptations to be chary in conversation in order that they might be liberal in print. The club absorbed much of the ability which is now employed in the columns of newspapers and magazines.

Mr Taylor's remarks on the social life of Reynolds' day are well worth the reader's notice:—

"The conversation of these parties"—he is writing of a dinner at Sir Joshua's, in April, 1778—"as far as we can judge of it by Boswell's imperfect record, was worthy of the men. It seems to me above the level of even the best conversation now-a-days. Was it that famous men talked out then the matter they keep now for their publishers? Was it that the comparative paucity of books of the day and newspapers kept the edge of wit unblunted, and left minds to flow out in spontaneous channels instead of moulds? Or was it that social intercourse, was at once closer and more narrowly bounded than now? Men and women of note in that day, in London, at all events, seem hardly to have known what chimney-corner life was. They lived in a constant give-and-take of invitations, which passed to and fro among circles and sets. The huge and miscellaneous crushes of the London season were then hardly known. That social drawing-house system, by whose economic arrangements our multitudinous metropolitan society is enabled to pay off its festive debts with the least possible expenditure of room, conversation, and hospitality, is contrasted, by writers of that generation who survived the Regency, with the compact, conversable, mutually acquainted gatherings of their earliest days."

It was among Reynolds' maxims that the pupil who looked forward to Sunday as a mere holiday would never make an artist. His own practice was consonant with his precept, and from the time he established himself in London for many years to come, his diligence was unremitting. An unbroken stream of sitters poured into his studio, hour by hour, between ten and four from January to May, and again from September to December, with some slackening, but rarely any complete intermission, during the summer months. Doubtless the labour was of a far more agreeable kind than "lulling the Exchequer" or "stunning the Rolls," than receiving those guineas which are always, for some inscrutable reason, delivered with great privacy, or than even the preparations for addressing pews redolent with

odours and fluttering with fans. It may have been even more "sweet" than poetic pains are said to be by one qualified to judge of them: for in comparison with colours, words are but sluggish vehicles for the vision and faculty of the artist. Labour, however, it was, such as men of less evenly-balanced tempers or less devotion to a purpose, could not have endured for half the years it was undergone by Reynolds.

With the help of Mr Taylor we can present our readers with a morning as it was passed in Reynolds' studio. In the year 1764, his painting-room in Leicester Fields was a sort of neutral ground for the angry partisans of the day. It may excite some surprise that politics should at any time affect the desire to be perpetuated on canvas: but we shall find presently that Reynolds' sitters were at a later period mostly of the Whig faction: that royal favour was grudgingly bestowed on the associate of Wilkes and the friend of Burke: and that "*regis ad exemplum*" stanch Tories, and yet more stanch king's friends, affected to consider it a point of loyalty to be limned by brushes which his Majesty delighted to honour. The length to which such predilections were carried in those days is scarcely conceivable at the present moment. We will cite one example of such fatuity, since it may serve to illustrate the prejudices of sitters for portraits. Franklin maintained that pointed rods were far more efficient lightning-conductors than blunt rods. The Purfleet Powder Magazine was struck by lightning, and escaped without explosion, or even serious injury, from its being protected by rods of Franklin's own selection. The occasion was seized for reviving an old controversy upon the respective merits of blunt or pointed conductors: a certain loyal Dr Wilson contended stoutly for the former, and the king applauded and supported the Doctor's opinion. Was it to be endured that such a fire-brand as Franklin should be wiser in such matters than a Church-and-State-reverencing Briton? Might not the pointed rods, notwithstanding their efficiency in the Purfleet case, be a device of the enemy—and of an enemy capable, as Guido Faux himself, of hoisting with this new-fangled petard, the king, the Bishops, the ministers and their majorities, into the air? So

down came the pointed conductors from the Powder Magazine and from Buckingham Palace, and up in their stead went Dr Wilson's round ones. The Church of Rome has occasionally interfered with the discoveries and conclusions of science. But no one of the triple-crowned priests ever proved him more absolute in these respects than he who was then wearing the three crowns of England, Scotland, and Ireland—to say nothing of the crown of *France*, as, from his usual style and title, it may be presumed that George the Third did. He endeavoured to make the Royal Society rescind their resolutions in favour of pointed conductors. His Majesty had an interview with the president, Sir John Pringle, for the purpose of entreating him to use his influence in supporting Dr Wilson and his knobs. But Sir John admitted not of *Prerogative* in the realm of science. It was, he said, his duty and instruction to execute his Majesty's wishes to the utmost of his power: "but, Sire," he added, "I cannot reverse the laws and operations of nature." There were, however, in the United Kingdom, subjects more loyal than Sir John Pringle, and dissertations were written by well-affected persons, lay and clerical, in which it was more than insinuated that the king must know better than a Philadelphian printer how to protect gunpowder and palaces.—This controversy, indeed, was some years after the year 1764, and the temper of the king and his people had not been improved by the course of events in the rebellious colonies. Yet even in the earlier years there was enough and to spare of party irritation. It was the year of the Wilkes agitation, of the debate on the legality of general warrants: of the collision between the City and the Crown, between the anti-Scotch party and the court-faction. The Princess Dowager of Wales was in the worst odour. The young king had lost nearly all the popularity which had greeted him on his accession, and had not replaced it by the favour that sustained him during the war with America. His ministers were odious: his friends were even more odious than his ministers; and the reviving faction of the Tories and the declining faction of the Whigs were committed to that internecine strife which survived until a

quarter of the present century was expired. But Reynolds' painting-room in 1764, acted as a kind of *trux dei*. He, at least, was a popular sovereign in the kingdom of art. Him the Hippolytas who supported Lord Rockingham, and him the Penthesileas who engrossed the smiles of the drawing-room, the private circle, and the bed-chamber, flocked to as sitters. Nor were the leading men of the time more impartial than their wives and daughters. The minister who had granted the general warrant, the Chief Justice who had received the freedom of the City for declaring general warrants illegal: George Grenville, of parliamentary forms and precedents all-compact, and Charles Townshend, who lacked only steadiness of purpose to become a great statesman; Lord Granby, whose popularity was shown by the number of his portraits hanging over mine host of the "Granby's" doors; Charles Fox, then less of a politician than a rake and a gamester, and dividing his hours between Paris and Oxford, between the Faro-table and "White's" and Horace and Euripides; Shelburne, still in office, but chafing against his colleagues,—"all these and more came flocking" to Leicester Fields. The Mola at Naples and the Rialto at Venice scarcely presented more striking varieties of the human race than were to be met with in Reynolds' painting-room. Scarcely had the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, in some degree, consecrated the sitter's chair, than Kitty Fisher or Nelly O'Brien restored it to secular uses. Scarcely has the door of that apartment closed on a grave Chief Justice, than Mrs Abington sails in, "bedecked, ornate and gay," in all the glory of hoop, lappets, and red-heeled shoes. On Reynolds this fascinating actress showered roses, reserving the thorns for her unlucky manager Garrick, whose fits of gravel, according to Mr Taylor, she aggravated, and whose fits of gout she caused by her caprices.

"Capricious and useful as she was, she seems to have been a special favourite with Reynolds. He painted her *con amore*, and always brought a strong muster of the club to her benefits. He has never expressed sly archness better than in her sidelong face as the Comic Muse; and for hoydenish simplicity, the Saltram portrait of her, as Miss Prue, with her arms hanging on the back of her chair

and her thumb at her lips, is a master-piece. Any other painter but Reynolds would have been in danger of falling into coarseness or ungracefulness in treating such a subject. He has managed to keep face and figure most attractive, with all their school-girl wilfulness and *gaucherie*. It is one of his most exquisite pictures for colour, and is happily in perfect preservation."

Of the part taken by Reynolds in the social life of his days no reader of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*—and that is nearly equivalent to saying no English man or woman who reads at all—can be ignorant. Boszy, however, had neither eyes nor ears except for his idol, and cannot on all occasions have faithfully chronicled the conversations of the clubs, and the keen encounter of the wits, among whom Johnson sat quaffing huge draughts of water or tea. That the chronicler misunderstood much that poor Goldsmith said, partly from a fancy that he talked always like poor poll, and partly from a lurking envy of his favour with Johnson, Mr Forster, in his excellent biography of Goldsmith, has clearly proved. That he cannot have done justice to Burke's conversation must be equally manifest from the universal estimation in which the philosophic orator's powers of discourse were held, and by none more strikingly than by Johnson himself. Mr Taylor affords good reason for thinking that Boswell has not allotted to Reynolds his proper position in that remarkable synod of conversers. The great painter's deafness indeed must have acted as some drawback upon his tongue, and his calm and placid temper unfitted him for a gladiator of the first order. Yet it is apparent that he often acted as arbiter in the strife of words: that he occasionally brought back the conversation to the point it started from, and that he frequently hit the mark which others were missing in the argument. On all that Boswell records of Reynolds, Mr Taylor is an excellent commentator, bringing into relief and light what was perhaps purposely, perhaps unconsciously, left in the background and the shade. He describes him as an interlocutor, who speaks seldom but never wastes a word.—"This," he adds, "was the description Northcote used to give of Sir Joshua's style of conversation. He used to lie quietly in wait behind his trumpet, losing little of what was

said; and when he spoke, he spoke always to the purpose. In Boswell's report he always speaks cautiously and gently by way of qualifying or suggesting a kindly reservation: sometimes he happily condenses a long and loose set of words into a brief and exact phrase." "They start the question of the good and ill of human kind. From the experience I have had," says Burke, and I have had a great deal, "I have learnt to think better of mankind." *Johnson*: "From my experience, I have found them worse in commercial dealings, more disposed to cheat than I had any notion of: but more disposed to do one another good than I conceived." *Sir Joshua* (condensing for him): "Less just and more beneficent." One other painter of the day alone was competent to hold the position occupied by Reynolds in society, and between him and Ramsay there existed a cordial regard. "They both," says Mr Taylor, "upheld the social dignity of their calling at its highest, and were both men of too wide an experience of the world, too gentle, tolerant, and just, to be liable to the weaknesses that raised a barrier between Reynolds and such men as Hone, or even painters like Gainsborough, Romney, and Barry. Gainsborough, from his love of gay and unrestrained company; Romney, from his morbid timidity and depression; to say nothing of their imperfect culture, were alike unfitted for the society in which Reynolds and Ramsay held their own with the most learned and high-bred."

It was the possession of such qualities as these, combined with his rank as an artist, that constituted the supreme fitness of Reynolds for President of the Royal Academy. Had there been any one at the time superior to him as a painter, any one "more graced with the power of words," any one a more accomplished lecturer, it would not have followed that he would have been so fit for the office as Sir Joshua. It is oftener the balance and equipoise of qualities than the predominance of any one of them that renders men capable of influencing and directing others. He who is master of himself is the proper governor of his fellows—and this mastery was Reynolds'. Envied he doubtless was by some of his brethren, and evil spoken of by them and their "little senate" of partisans. But it does not appear

that any one, even from the first, called in question the propriety of his appointment to that high and honourable office. He was not indeed given to commendation; but, on the other hand, he was equally discreet in abstaining from censure or "odious comparisons."

Reynolds, like all successful men, had his enemies and detractors. They envied him his position in art and in society, and, perhaps, hated him the more for his equanimity and his abstinence from faction. But they were not enemies of his own making or seeking. If he was chary of praise, he was equally chary of censure. His biographer observes :

"The friendship and admiration of literary men were accorded to Reynolds, not so much for his excellence as a painter—of which, indeed, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Burke were no judges—as for the charm of his manners and admirable sense. These, indeed, drew all classes together round his table; and as he had never satirized any class, but had made himself invaluable to all as a portrait-painter, he had the patronage of all.

"He never spoke of other rising artists, or of himself. It was not natural to him to do the last, and he probably would have been silent on his own merits had they been neglected."

Reynolds, indeed, verified throughout his career the whole some maxim—*nullum numen abest si sit Prudentia*: and for that reason was, of all men of his time, the best fitted to be at the head of a yet infant and untried institution.

Of the various and thwarting causes that long hindered the establishment of the Academy, we have a full account in the volumes before us. It had been proposed by Sir James Thornhill, in the reign of George I.: but neither that sovereign nor his son took any interest in the Arts. The latter, indeed, would probably have preferred a portrait of one of his own well-booted guardsmen or well-gaitered grenadiers, to the masterpieces of Titian or Paul Veronese. George III., although his taste was not altogether orthodox, deserves to be accounted among the crowned heads who have actively patronized artists. He expended money liberally in collecting prints, drawings, and illustrated works, and laid the foundation of the noble collection of them at Windsor Castle.

There was, accordingly, as much "fitness in things" as would have satisfied philosopher Square himself, in the king's placing himself at the head of an Institution "to which nearly all the British painters, sculptors, and architects, who have since risen to eminence, are indebted for so much of an artist's education as it is possible for an academy to give."

But had the royal choice been free to act, would it have selected Reynolds for the first President of the Academy? His partiality to Benjamin West is well known: his favourite painters, next to him, were Gainsborough and Zoffany. "But," asks his biographer, pertinently enough, "had the king any welcome for Sir Joshua?" Sitings which he cheerfully accorded to others, he conceded ungraciously to him. Reynolds' offences were, at least, two-fold in the royal eyes. He was a Whig, and the friend of Burke and Fox: and it was his Majesty's fixed belief that no Whig could be a good subject, if, indeed, he could be an honest man. Again, the Duchess of Gloucester was a favourite and old friend of Reynolds, and the Duke, as well as his good brother of Cumberland and his Duchess, were among the Whig painter's sitters. But between the king and his brothers there existed a feud even beyond the "*solita inter fratres odia*." They had, in the royal opinion, blotted the family escutcheon by alliance with commoners, and the Queen fomented, though it was scarcely necessary to add fuel to the flame, the at once hot and pertinacious wrath of her lord.

The following anecdote illustrates the king's prejudice against Reynolds:—

"After the death of Sir Joshua, George III., while sitting to Sir William Beechy, spoke of his pictures as coarse and unfinished!

" 'Your Majesty,' said Beechy, 'who is so perfect a judge of music, knows that the effect of the finest overture may be harsh and unpleasant when we are too close to the orchestra; so the pictures of Reynolds may appear coarse if we look at them too near, but at the proper distance they are all harmony.'

" 'Very good; but why did he paint red trees?'

"Beechy made no reply, but, while preparing for the next day's sitting, he laid on the table a branch of a tree that had been turned red

by the frost. As soon as the king came into the room he noticed it; and said, laughing, 'Oh, yes, Sir Joshua's red tree :—very well—very well.'” *

Nor least conspicuous among the social virtues of Reynolds was the tenacity of his domestic relations. His biographer records several instances of the affection he displayed to two generations of kinsfolk—his sisters and their children. Honours did not change Reynolds. The cords of love that bound him to the memory of his birth-place were never detached, nor, indeed, much slackened by absence from it. He did not disdain to be a *municipalis eques*. He was pleased at being chosen Alderman and then Mayor of Plympton, and, had the chance been offered him, he would have been pleased also to represent it in Parliament. He was glad to hear his native patois spoken at all times, and perhaps his pupil Northcote fared all the better in Sir Joshua's graces by never quite abandoning his mother dialect.

We have not left ourselves space for the valuable remarks on Sir Joshua's Lectures to the pupils of the Royal Academy, and for the same reason we have been obliged to pass over many instructive portions of the record which we now close. Mr Taylor intimates that in a second edition he may be enabled to give a more complete catalogue of Reynolds' pictures, and also add to the numerous anecdotes he has given of his works and his life. We suggest, in case of re-edition, that retrenchment should accompany addition. Many of the stories now told at length would be improved by abbreviation, and even in some cases might be omitted. The biographer forgets Corinna's wholesome admonition to Pindar—to sow not with the sack but with the hand. We have derived, in common, we suppose, with every reader of these volumes, much instruction and much entertainment from them; but we cannot quite approve of the length of the narrative, and recommend, should they be re-cast, both excision and compres-

* In connexion with his Majesty's opinions on art, we add that we should rejoice to see the passage in Livy, in which is described "the departure of Regulus."

The biographer evidently is in possession of one of the missing decades. (See vol. 1. p. 322.)

sion. This praise, after all abatements, remains to the deceased and the living biographer. They have redeemed the life of Reynolds from the meagreness of Northcote and the malignity of Allan Cunningham. They have composed a lively picture of Reynolds in his painting-room, and of Reynolds in his club. They have successfully vindicated his name from some aspersions and some suspicions—and all that is needed to render *the Life and Times* of the first of thoroughly English painters a Biography of the first order, is, subordination of its parts to the whole, and a more prominent and definite position for the hero of the story.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We are enabled, through the courtesy of Messrs H. Graves and Co. of Pall Mall, London, to present our readers with an exceedingly interesting portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, after a picture by himself, and hitherto unengraved. The picture formerly belonged to Lady Thomond, and now to Mr Stuart, of Aldenham Abbey, Herts. This engraving forms part of a series of 200, now in course of publication by Messrs Graves, as a continuation, and indeed very nearly a completion, of the work in four volumes, published in 1820 to 1836, by S. W. Reynolds. In this (which, like the “Continuation,” is called “Engraved Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds”) the plates are also engraved in mezzo-tint, and considerably reduced from the originals. And they deserve the high praise of being faithful representations of the pictures, both as to portraiture, ordonnance, and general effect; and thus can scarcely fail to obtain the approbation of all who are interested in Reynolds, whether as a portrait-painter or as an artist; and who could not attempt to form such collections as are to be found in the British Museum, the Royal Library at Windsor, or amongst the Art-treasures of the Duke of Buccleuch, and others. A large proportion of these 200 pictures have never been engraved before; and none of them have been engraved in the first series; so that subscribers may rely upon having, in this work, a genuine supplement to the four volumes originally issued.

On the completion of the two volumes, into which this publication will be divided, we purpose to give as detailed a review of them as their importance demands, hoping to be able then also to speak of the Catalogue of Sir Joshua's works, which Mr Tom Taylor has promised to the lovers of English Art. But the appearance of this hitherto unknown portrait of Sir Joshua himself, and the kindness which has put it into our power so effectively to illustrate this notice of his Life, demand a present explanation, and a very grateful acknowledgment.]



From the original picture

W. H. Every.

MR. JOHN AYLMER, M.A.

From the original picture in the possession of William Stuart Esq.



JEHAN FOUQUET;

AND HIS FORTY MINIATURES IN THE POSSESSION OF
MR L. BRENTANO, AT FRANKFORT-ON-MAINE.

By C. RULAND, Esq.,

Formerly Librarian to H.R.H. the Prince Consort.

WE submit to our readers a detailed description of these miniatures, because they are the very acme of an important branch, and of a whole period of French art; and are comparatively very little known.

For nearly three centuries the very name of this artist has been lost sight of; his works have been torn and dispersed, probably even partially destroyed. Beginning to work just at the period of the invention of printing, Jehan Fouquet* was the last great painter in France who held it not below his dignity to consecrate his best powers to the adornment of manuscripts; who condensed into the space of a few square inches at the head of a chapter, compositions rich enough to fill the walls and ceilings of palaces, or to excite the religious fervour of the faithful if placed on the altars of cathedrals or convents. But the manuscripts were soon supplanted by the cheaper and more serviceable productions of the press; and whilst some, buried in ecclesiastical libraries, or royal or noble archives, were at least taken care of and preserved; others, and those some of his best works, found no appreciating student or collector, but were exposed to all the dangers which ignorance or greediness could inflict. Thus

* In the Josephus, in the Bibliothèque Impériale, he spells his name *Foucquet*.

his name, honoured even by poets at the beginning of the 16th century, was soon forgotten; and so much the more completely, because, with the exception of his miniatures, hardly one single well-authenticated picture remained to show the skill of an artist whose name had been mentioned by Italian connoisseurs in company with those of Apelles and Polygnotus. At last, in about 1828, some attention was directed to Jehan Fouquet in Chalmel's *Histoire de la Touraine* as one of the celebrities of that province. Since then a few short notes or detached contributions have been published in France and Germany, all of them acknowledging him as one of the glories of French art, but none attempting to give a complete history of his life or works.*

We will now put together very briefly the few facts we have been able to ascertain; they will give an outline, at least, of the artist's life, and throw some light upon the work which is particularly to occupy our attention.

It has been impossible yet to discover the precise date either of Fouquet's birth or death. All we know is that he was a native of Tours, born probably about 1415,† and that between 1431 and 1447 he spent some time in Italy, especially at Rome. A very early notice of him we find in an account of the beauties of Touraine, written in 1477, by an Italian traveller, Francesco Florio. In describing one of the churches of Tours he says: "Here I compare the pictures of saints of former times with the modern ones, and I see how much Jehan Fouquet surpasses by his art the masters of so many former centuries. Do not think that I am singing fictitious praises; in our St Minerva you can form an idea of this man's talent, if you examine there the portrait of Pope Eugenius, painted on canvas in his very youth, but with marvellous skill. Rely upon it, for I speak truth, this

* The most instructive of these essays is perhaps that of M. Vallet de Viriville in the *Revue de Paris* of August and November, 1857. Highly valuable also are the notes given by the Count de Laborde in his *Renaissance des Arts à la cour de France*, vol. i. pp. 155, &c., p. 691, &c. See also M. Paulin Paris' *Les Manuscrits français de la Bibliothèque du Roi*; vol. ii. pp. 250, &c.

Mr Waagen of Berlin has the merit of having made Fouquet's name known in Germany, and identified the most important works that must be ascribed to him.

† Chalmel (in his *Histoire de la Touraine*, vol. iv. p. 186, &c.) supposes 1425 or 1426 to be the year of his birth, but this is too late, as we find Fouquet before 1447 in Italy, entrusted with important works.

Fouquet has the power to depict the countenance as *living*; and almost to imitate Prometheus." *

This interesting fact that Fouquet painted from life Pope Eugenius IV.'s portrait is confirmed by Vasari. In speaking of Antonio Filarete, and Simone, brother of the famous sculptor Donatello, who were commanded by Eugenius to cast the bronze doors for the central entrance of S. Peter's, he mentions the death of Simone during a journey to Florence, at the age of 55, and the great grief of his colleague Antonio, and adds: "At this moment arrived at Rome Giovanni Focchetta, a very famous painter, who painted the Pope Eugenius in the Minerva, a work considered very fine at that period." † This passage Vasari omitted in his second edition, but its meaning was preserved in the following form: "Filarete was buried in the Minerva, where he had caused Giovanni Focchota, a much praised painter, to paint the portrait of Pope Eugenius when he lived at Rome in his service." ‡ The first notice indicates us the year 1443 as the probable date of Fouquet's arrival in Rome; § the second tells us

* The original text of this interesting passage has been published for the first time from a manuscript in the Bibliothèque Impériale by Count A. de Bastard in the *Bulletin du Comité Historique* of 1838. It runs in full: "*Hic tum imagines sanctorum frisci temporis comparo cum modernis, et quantum Johannes Fochetus ceterorum multorum seculorum pictores arte transcendat mente pertracto. Est autem hic de quo loquor Fochetus vir Turonensis qui facile pingendi peritior non solum sui temporis sed omnes antiquos superavit. Laudet vetustas Polygnotum, extollant alii Apellem, mihi autem satis superque tributum esse opinarer, si digna ejus ac egregia in pingendo facinora congruis verbis assequi valerem! Ne vero poemata me fingere arbitreris: in sacrario nostro in Minerva poteris de hujus viri arte aliquid prægustare, si ibi in tela pictum Eugenium Pontificem advertere curaveris, quem tamen in ipsa adhuc juvenia existens sic vere transparenti visione valuit in talem effigiem deducere. Ne dubita, nam vera scribo, potens est hic Fochetus viros penicillo effingere vultus, ac ipsam pene Prometheum imitari!*"

† Vasari, 1st Ed. 1550, p. 359. "*Capitò in questo tempo a Roma Giovanni Fochetta, assai celebrato pittore, che fece nella Minerva il Papa Eugenio, tenuto in quel tempo cosa bellissima: et dimesticossi assai con Antonio.*"

‡ Vasari, ed. 1568. I. p. 349: "*Finalmente d'anni 55 [Simone] rendi l'anima al Signore, che glielie haveva data. Ne molto dopo il Filarete essendo tornato a Roma si morì d'anni sessanta nove, e fu sepolto nella Minerva dove a Giovanni Focchota assai lodato pittore, haveva fatto ritrarre Papa Eugenio mentre al suo servizio in Roma.*" In the Life of Guglielmo da Marcilla, Vasari says: "*Il che fu cagione ch'egli (the chapter of the cathedral) mando a Roma per Maestro Giovanni Francese Miniatore il quale venendo in Arezzo fece in fresco sopra S. Antonio uno arco con un Christo, &c.*" We cannot easily refer this passage to our artist, as those frescoes seem to belong to the year 1520 or 1524.

§ Simone di Donatello having been born about 1388. 1443 is also mentioned as the date of the portrait in Chalmel's *Tablettes chronologiques de la Touraine*, p. 196.

merely that he painted Pope Eugenius. That he cannot have done it in France is proved by the circumstance that this Pope,* a Venetian by birth, never left Italy.

It is deeply to be regretted that repeated inquiries after this portrait have not met with any success. All that remains in the sacristy of the Minerva is a fresco of the election of Pope Eugenius; but his portrait, interesting both for Fouquet's artistic life, and as such an early specimen of painting on canvas, appears to be irrecoverably lost.

We may suppose that after the death of Filarete, or that of his more exalted patron Eugenius (in 1447), Fouquet returned to France. At least we find him there about 1450 or soon afterwards, fortunate in a patron highly versed in both antique and modern literature, and from his position enabled to assist an artist he admired. This was Estienne Chevalier, son of Jehan Chevalier, one of Charles VI.'s officers, born at Melun between 1405 and 1410. Placed while still young about the person of Charles VII., he seems to have deserved and won his full confidence, so that in 1445 he was the King's secretary, and was employed with the Count de Vendosme in the peace-negotiations with England. One cause of the favour of his royal master may be found in the patronage bestowed upon Maistre Estienne by the famous Agnes Sorel, and his warm friendship for her. How he cherished her memory long after her death, and preserved it by allusions to her in the pictures and miniatures he ordered, we shall soon see. Her unexpected death in 1450 did not interfere with Chevalier's prospects; for in 1451 he was appointed "*trésorier de France*," having been already "*Conseiller et maistre des Comptes, comptroleur de la recepte générale des finances*." In her will, Agnes Sorel appointed him her executor, together with his colleague Jacques Coeur and the physician Robert Poictevin. And that Chevalier discharged these functions we know by a receipt still existing for 30 gold-écus, which in 1450 he paid to a church at Melun, in accordance with Agnes' last dispositions.

* Gabriele Condalmieri, elected in 1431, in the sacristy of St Maria sopra Minerva.

About this time we discover the first proof of a connection between Maître Estienne and Jehan Fouquet, in a picture painted by our artist for his patron and deposited by him in his own parish church, Notre-Dame, at Melun. It represented on two separate boards Etienne Chevalier, adoring the Virgin Mary, to whom he is presented by his patron St Stephen. On the right panel we see the Virgin, who has just removed the Infant Christ from her breast, and is contemplating him with tender fervour. Her head is covered with a thin white veil falling down to her shoulders, over which she wears an exceedingly rich baronial crown. Her grey dress is half open, the left side is completely pushed downwards so that the breast is bare; to her girdle is attached the gold chain of a purse; a mantle doubled with ermine is fastened at the shoulders, the lower part of it taken up across the knees, upon which her right hand is resting. With the left she supports the naked fair-haired Infant Christ, sitting upon her knee, and turned towards the left. His right hand rests upon his thigh, whilst the left is a little raised as if he were speaking. The Virgin, seen nearly full face, sits upon a golden throne, ornamented with pearls and inlaid with costly marbles. To the left appear, one above the other, three Cherubim painted entirely in red, and in the upper corner one Seraph, painted blue. On the right also are three Cherubim, and higher up two Seraphim partially visible. The left panel represents Maître Estienne kneeling on the left, three-quarter profile, turned to the right. He wears a long coat of very heavy dark-crimson cloth, doubled with fur, which projects round the neck and wrists: his hands are joined on his bosom in prayer. St Stephen stands a little further back towards the right, and looking downwards, three-quarter profile in beautiful foreshortening. He is represented in his diaconal robes; his right hand is placed upon Chevalier's right shoulder, in his left he holds a book, bound in scarlet, upon which lies a large, sharp-edged flint, stained with blood, the symbol of his martyrdom; and on his head a wound, from which the blood is trickling. The background is an exceedingly rich wall, divided by pilasters of Corinthian architecture into panels inlaid with choice

marbles. Round the socle runs as an inscription the name of Estienne Chevalier in gold capitals, several times repeated. The floor is composed of slabs of various-coloured marble.

That the fair Agnes herself is portrayed here as the Virgin Mary, is a fact which from a very early time seems to have been generally believed. Numerous copies of the picture, or of the head and bust of the Virgin, are to be met with in France; the latter especially are always called Agnes Sorel's portrait. Henry IV. is said to have offered the church 10,000 livres for the original. To establish the likeness beyond doubt would be difficult, if not impossible; but, in speaking of the "*Livre d'Heures*," we shall offer a few more remarks on the subject.

The picture, or rather two pictures, remained in high esteem at Melun, till the end of the last century. Why they left the church then, we do not know; but in their wanderings they were deprived of an ornamented border, and entirely separated. The right half, containing the Virgin and Child, was purchased at Paris by Mr Van Ertborn, and has passed with others of his pictures into the Antwerp Museum. On the back is written by one "*avocat Gauthier*," under date 1775, that the picture had been at Melun, represented Agnes Sorel, and was painted for E. Chevalier.* The left panel was found at Munich in about 1810 by Mr Clemens Brentano, the well-known poet; who, having often seen Fouquet's miniatures in the possession of his brother at Frankfort and recognizing the same hand, purchased and presented it to Mr George Brentano: it is now in the possession of his son. It measures 94^{cms.} in height, by 86 in width, and is delicately painted; the head of St Stephen, the hands of Maître Estienne, and the architectural background, are beautifully executed and well preserved; a few places in Chevalier's head and dress seem to have been touched. The miniaturist betrays himself by the minute execution of the details. Hanging as it does near Fouquet's miniatures, this remarkable painting shows at once as the work of the same master. Not only is the portrait of

* A chromolithograph of this picture has been published in "*Le Moyen Age et la Renaissance*," vol. v.

Maître Estienne unmistakably like the two which occur in the *Livre d'Heures*; but every detail in the execution of the accessories, the arrangement of the backgrounds, the very letters of the inscription, betray the same hand. By comparing Chevalier's portrait with those occurring in the miniatures, we succeed in determinating the approximate period of the Melun Picture. In the latter he is at least some 6 years younger, the wrinkles are much less deeply marked, the whole aspect more rounded and youthful. Now, as we shall find good reasons for placing the miniatures in the last years of King Charles VII.'s reign (before 1461), we might name 1452 as the probable date of the votive picture, as it was painted after Agnes Sorel's death in 1450, to whose memory it was dedicated.

The next work we hear of as being executed by Fouquet at Chevalier's command, is the illumination of a manuscript now in the Royal Library at Munich. It contains a copy of Laurent de Premierfait's French translation of Boccaccio's Misfortunes of Famous Men and Women, written "*Au lieu de Aubervilliers lès Saint-Denis en France par moy Pierre Faure, humble prêtre,*" the 24th November, 1458. This thick folio volume of 552 leaves is ornamented with 91 miniatures of very various value. The 9 at the head of the 9 books are superior to the rest, but it is only the frontispiece which shows the hand of the master in all its beauty. Occupying the whole of the first page it is 40^{cms} high and 29^{cms} wide, and represents Charles VII., surrounded by the whole of his court, the parliament, the councillors, &c.; some document is being read aloud by one of the magistrates;—and in short we see here one of those famous *Lits de Justice*, the expressions of the sovereign's absolute will and power. Considering the date of the Manuscript (Nov. 1458), we are reminded of the ceremony that took place at Montargis in the month of August of the same year, when all the peers, temporal and spiritual, were convoked to try and convict the Duke of Alençon.

That the rest of the volume was painted under Fouquet's direction, we cannot doubt, as many of the compositions entirely agree with his style. The fact of its having been prepared for

Maître Etienne's library is sufficiently established by the half-effaced subscription of the scribe, stating that it was done "*pour et au profit de honorable homme et saige maistre estienne Chevalier,*" &c., as well as by Chevalier's motto repeatedly occurring on the pictures themselves.

Considering 1415 as the probable date of Fouquet's birth, we may mention here his portrait, preserved in the Louvre, most probably painted by himself at the age of 42 or 45. This interesting relic was presented to the Louvre by its former proprietor, the Vicomte de Janzé. On a circular copper-plate of 68^{mm} in diameter, we see on a background of black enamel the head and bust of our artist painted, in *camaïeu*. The face is beardless, and a very little hair is seen projecting from beneath a tightly fitting skull-cap. He wears a simple jacket, buttoned up so as to show merely the edge of an under-coat. In gold capitals, there is written on both sides of the head IOHES—SOVQVET. We cannot see any reason why this remarkable portrait should not be the work of the master himself. Its execution is perfectly worthy of him; he was accustomed to this peculiar treatment, as we find in the numerous *camaïeu*-ornamentations contained in the socle-paintings of his miniatures; and the writing closely resembles the letters he uses in the inscriptions he has occasionally to insert.

In the latter years of the reign of Charles VII., Fouquet was engaged upon the splendid *Livre d'Heures*, which his patron had commanded for his own use. The detailed description we have to give of it, will show that it was a true work of love and friendship, in which the master attempted to do his very best; and, concentrating upon its execution all his skill and experience, manifestly succeeded. But before we enter upon its examination we must rapidly indicate the few remaining facts we have been able to collect respecting Fouquet's life.

In 1461 Charles VII. died at Mehun-sur-Evre. In accordance with his last commands his body was transferred to Paris, and thence to Saint-Denis. For the ceremonies connected with the funeral, there was required a carefully painted, life-size model

of the dead king; and about the execution of it we learn that Fouquet was consulted.*

Soon after this he seems to have been appointed "*painctre et enlumineur du Roy Louis XI*;" at least, we find him thus designated in a magnificent MS. of the Antiquities of Josephus, preserved at the Bibliothèque Impériale, which he adorned with 9 (or, according to other authorities, 11) miniatures by order of Jacques á Armagnac, Duke of Nemours, probably between the years 1465 and 1470.†

On the 26th of December, 1470, Fouquet received "55 livres sur ce qui lui pourra estre deu pour la façon de certains tableaux que le Roy lui a chargez faire pour servir aux chevaliers de l'ordre St Michel, nouvellement prinse par icelui Seigneur."‡ We cannot guess in what manner our artist contributed to the splendour of the ceremonies on the foundation of this Order.

In 1472 he was engaged in illuminating a book of Hours for Mary of Cleves, the widow of Charles, Duke of Orleans.§ This MS. has been entirely lost sight of.

In 1474 he was ordered, by Louis XI., to submit a design for the tomb of the King; and in 1475 we find in the accounts of the royal household one more entry, "*a Jehan Fouquet, peintre du Roy, pour entretenir son estat*."||

This is the last certain date we have met with. As to his death nothing is known. The language of F. Florio when he wrote in 1477 must not be taken too literally. The general impression is that he speaks of somebody who is dead; yet he says, *potens est effingere*, as if the artist was still at work. It appears to be a mere guess in some writers who have named 1485 as the year of his death. From a passage in a work by a

* The MS. accounts of the funeral of Charles VII. still exist in the Bibliothèque Impériale. Cf. M. Vallet de Viriville's article in the *Revue de Paris*, Aug., 1857.

† The Duke was beheaded in 1477. As we have not been able to examine this interesting MS. ourselves we refer for a

further account of it to M. Paulin Paris, *Les Manuscrits français*, vol. ii.

‡ MS. accounts in the Bibliothèque Impériale.

§ v. Count de Laborde, *La Renaissance*, p. 159.

|| *Ib.* pp. 159 and 160.

certain Joannes Brechœus,* we learn that Jehan Fouquet left two sons, Louis and François, who practised their father's art.

These are the few facts we have been able to collect; they are far from giving a satisfactory notion of the artist's life or works. That he painted many more than the works we have enumerated, is certain. As Pope Eugenius' portrait cannot have been his first attempt at painting in oil or tempera, nor the only one upon which Florio based his admiration for Fouquet's life-like portraits,—so his Melun diptych could not be his last. Such a degree of perfection as we see in the latter, must have met with other employment. In fact, here and there pictures *are* shown as his works, but without being able to establish their authenticity. We have purposely limited ourselves to the well-authenticated works of the master; and we hope that future researches will fill up this meagre frame-work with ampler contents, and tell us more of the painter of the Brentano Missal.

To this, Fouquet's greatest and most accomplished production, we now pass; a careful study of it will perhaps make us so thoroughly acquainted with his style, that should any other of his works exist we may recognize and identify his hand at once.

From Maistre Estienne Chevalier it was that Jehan Fouquet, between the years 1450 and 1461, received the command to illuminate a *Livre d'Heures*, destined for his own use. The work in its present condition furnishes us with no precise indication of the year of its origin, yet we may form a satisfactory opinion if we look at the portrait of Charles VII., contained in the Adoration of the Magi (No. 8). The King is represented as a man of 54 or 55, and as the portrait is so full of spirit and character, that it was evidently taken *from life*, we shall not err very much if we suppose the years 1457 to 1459 to be those during which the miniatures were painted; for Charles

* Jean Bréché, a lawyer of Tours, who died about the middle of the 16th century, in his commentaries *ad titulum pandectorum de verborum et rerum significatione* (Lyons, 1586): "*Scatet enim celebris haec ipsa*

nostra Turo omni artificum excellentissimorum genere . . . inter pictores Joannes Focquettus atque ejusdem filii Ludovicus et Franciscus."

was born in 1403. That the Hours were to be for Chevalier's own use is proved by his cypher, or his name written in full, in almost every picture. His own portrait we find twice; once in adoration before the throne of the Virgin, and again kneeling before the dead body of Christ, both times apparently some six or eight years older than in the Melun diptych. We have no reason to doubt that the book remained in Chevalier's possession until his death in 1474; and that, with his library and collections, it passed through several generations into the hands of his last direct descendant, Nicolas Chevalier, Baron de Crissé. At his death (in 1630) his library was apparently divided amongst distant relations, and very probably dispersed. About 1690, the Book of Hours must have been still in France, for when M. de Gaignières formed his collection of drawings illustrating the historical costumes of his country, he took a portrait of Charles VII., and one of Maître Estienne from "*une paire d'Heures faite pour E. C., trésorier général de France sous ce prince*," whilst Montfaucon, between 1720 and 1730, merely copied Charles VII.'s portrait, as he found it in Gaignières, evidently without having seen the original.*

In the course of the 18th century the volume was abominably dealt with; but when and by whom it was torn to pieces, and why the miniatures, when cut out, were separated, we do not know. About 1805, Mr Georg Brentano, of Frankfort, accidentally found 40 of the miniatures formerly contained in this *Livre d'Heures*, in a curiosity-shop at Basel. He was sufficiently a connoisseur to appreciate their delicate beauty, and having secured them for a moderate sum he carried them to Frankfort, where they have remained ever since. In order to protect these precious relics from further injury, Mr Brentano has had them laid down upon stout card-boards, provided with black passe-partouts and solidly glazed over. Each pair of these frames is also connected by a hinge, and forms, when

* The collections formed by M. de Gaignières exist in the Bibliothèque Impériale. Montfaucon's copy is contained in vol. iii. of his *Monuments de la Mon-* *archie Française*, pl. xlvii. The attitude of the King has been altered by the copyist, for he shows him standing, whilst in the miniature he is kneeling.

closed, a good-sized quarto volume; and the pictures are protected from the influences of light and dust. Mr Louis Bren-tano, since his father's death, has made one happy alteration by placing the miniatures in a room set aside for them, and arranging them in an oak-*meuble* running round the walls. Beautifully carved in the style of the 15th century, this forms a richly ornamented framework, grouping every 4 pictures together; and the whole is surmounted by a continuous baldachin-like frieze. This arrangement, satisfactory with regard to good preservation, makes us regret that no note was taken of the writing at the back of the miniatures, before they were fixed in their present cases; for most probably some clue to the original history of the book might have been derived, even from the mutilated fragments of the MS.

The miniatures are all on vellum, generally very smooth, some of it apparently exceedingly thin; in a few cases only (especially in Nos. 20, 22—24, and less in Nos. 10 and 17), the artist had to overcome the woolly roughness of the surface. A few leaves appear to have been used before, the former paintings having been removed by scraping before they were employed again. This will explain the faint appearance of flowers and arabesques, which in a few pictures show through the thinner layers of Fouquet's colours, e. g. in No. 9, on the wall behind the Christ, No. 19, and most of all in No. 21, on the delicate colour of the panel behind the Angel.

The compositions are first drawn upon the parchment with a reed pen and ink of the colour of burnt siena. The outlines are clear and vigorous, the drapery well understood, and now and then even boldly drawn. The otherwise much to be regretted circumstance that some of the colours in the course of four centuries have entirely faded away, enables us to admire in Fouquet a draughtsman of great learning and decision; his pen sketches gave the whole figure in a few firm and well-placed strokes. Thus in No. 6, the draperies of the two angels kneeling below; No. 10, one of the apostles; No. 12, one of the carpenters in the predella; No. 16, the man supporting Christ and the one behind him; No. 34, the drapery

of the clown on the left; the complicated folds, formed by the jacket being drawn hastily upwards through the girdle, are sketched in a few bold lines.

Upon this drawing the miniatures are painted with transparent as well as with body colours; usually with a great simplicity; one colour alone is employed, the shadows are deepened, the lights put on by a gold-heightening of marvellous delicacy. Silver is used only once for a few clouds in No. 40, and there it has turned black. Highly remarkable is the clever treatment of so many small camaïeus, used for the ornamentation of initials, or of socles, or now and then in connexion with the architectural backgrounds; usually they are painted in brown and gold, once or twice (as in No. 38) in blue.

The colour that has faded most considerably in a few pictures is a warm carmine-lake, also here and there a green. In several places these colours had been mixed with body-colour, and were then partially preserved in their original freshness; this has produced a few curious effects, entirely destroying the usually very delicate combinations of the artist. This appears in the dress of Magdalen in No. 16, and parts of the landscape in Nos. 27 and 31; in No. 35 in some of the gorgeous robes of the ecclesiastics and the curtain before the altar; and in both the walls in No. 19, and one side of No. 12. Generally speaking the pictures are exceedingly well preserved; very few only have met with accidents or injuries; No. 11 seems to have suffered from damp and rubbing; upon No. 12 some liquid must have fallen; perhaps also on No. 37 in the ceiling. Both have been touched up, but with indifferent skill and success.

We must dwell for a moment upon a question occurring very naturally. Are all the miniatures Fouquet's own work?

The first rapid glance at the 40 frames tells us that they are the produce of one period, nay, of *one mind*. The same feeling pervades all of them, and speaks out of every one. In examining them more carefully our eye at once detaches from the rest a certain number, which shine by a peculiar lustre, and distinguish themselves, not so much by a greater breadth of composition, as by a larger style of execution; every figure is

full of life; every head, of character and expression; the draperies flow in simple but effective folds; the backgrounds, whether formed by architecture or by landscape, are peculiarly rich; every detail is treated with the minutest care, yet without ever interfering with the general effect. Amongst these true gems of the collection we would reckon Nos. 3—6, 8, 14, 15, 19, 20, 35, 39, 40; and above all the double picture, No. 1 and 2, and Nos. 25, 36, and 38. It is only after having studied such paintings as these, which show in the painstaking miniaturist the great artist whose compositions, if differently executed, might worthily have filled the galleries of the great, or adorned the richest cathedrals,—it is only when we measure Fouquet's works by the standard Fouquet himself gives us, that we begin to doubt whether every one of these 40 plates has been his own work, and to believe that for the execution of some of his compositions he depended upon the well-trained hands of his pupils or his sons.

If we admit it as possible and probable, that our master, surrounded as he must have been by apprentices and pupils (for this seems to be established by the well-marked different hands we find, e. g. in the Munich Boccaccio), allowed the abler ones to take part in the execution of the numerous works entrusted to him, we shall first of all look for and find traces of them in parts of minor importance: such as the socle-pictures of Nos. 27 and 34; the initial letter in No. 31; the two savages in No. 33, and probably the whole of the predella in No. 26. This assistant is easily recognizable by a rougher execution, and a very careless treatment of the gold-heightening; he also generally uses for his monochromes a peculiar yellowish brown, different from that in Fouquet's camaïeu-ornamentations. But even in some of the principal pictures we are struck by a difference of the general tone and effect. It manifests itself principally in a more painful minuteness of the execution, rendering the whole rather harsh, and in a different treatment of the sky and the landscape. The former, blue near the edges, fades gradually into a perfect white where it touches the horizon, whilst in pictures like Nos. 5, 15, 28, 29, 38, it remains throughout of a bright, rather

Italian, blue. For the landscape this painter uses transparent vegetable colours, only partially mixed with others according to the requirements of light and shade, and easily recognizable by their uneven fading. For Maître Etienne's monogrammatic shields, for standards or parts of the armour of men and horses, this artist employs also a peculiar dark-red brown, which we never find in unmistakable Fouquets. Perhaps when recently painted this variety of tinge was not perceptible; but having been prepared differently, the assistant's colour may have darkened into the dull brown, whilst the master's warm carmine remained unaltered.

The observations we submit here, have been derived chiefly from Nos. 26 and 27, 30, 31, 33, 37, and perhaps may apply also to No. 32. Undoubtedly these pictures bear Fouquet's stamp in their composition as well as in many details (as the lower part of No. 30, and by far the greater part of No. 32); but it will be admitted, that the circumstance of this group alone showing all the above-mentioned differences, entitles us to consider them together and apart from the others, and to seek the most natural explanation of the differences, as well as of the similarities, in the suggestion, that Fouquet's drawings have been executed and *enluminés* in these cases by pupils.

The many grounds upon which we base our admiration for Jehan Fouquet will appear best in the detailed description of his work. We shall find his figures animated and full of character, his compositions well grouped, his colouring rich but always judicious, the carnation soft and warm in the men, particularly clear and silvery fair in the women; his draperies well studied and true to nature. To some of his backgrounds he has given great interest by employing a richly ornamented architecture, sometimes derived from the antique (No. 4), or similar to the best works of Italian Renaissance (Nos. 1, 2, 5, 20, 25); sometimes imitated from Gothic models (Nos. 1, 3, 35). The landscapes he places in many miniatures are well conceived, and sunny and bright in their execution (Nos. 13, 15, 28, 29). Now and then we see in them actual buildings of Paris or the neighbourhood, as the Castle of Vincennes, (in No. 29);

Notre-Dame, (10 and 16), L'Isle with the Sainte-Chapelle (No. 13), and the interior of the latter in No. 3; the gallows of Montfaucon in No. 33; probably also the charming scenery of No. 38 represents actual buildings. Everywhere he shows himself a consummate master of perspective; for it is perfectly plain that the narrowness given to the interior of the Sainte-Chapelle in No. 3 was not unintentional.

A new source of interest arises when he lays the scene in some interior; thus we obtain several perfect genre-pictures of the life and customs of his time (see only No. 6); the furniture, the carpets, and tapestries of the rooms are represented so carefully that not the least detail can escape our attention (thus, see Nos. 21, 36, or the delicately painted courtyard and garden of No. 5). Surrounded by such scenery, the rich variety of his costumes becomes doubly interesting, as it is perfectly true. There is probably not a single class of life, from the king to the beggar, unrepresented in these pictures; nearly every one contributes some interesting figures; and exceedingly rich in such are Nos. 8, 14, 34, 35, 38.

We must not omit to mention the prayers and invocations occurring under many miniatures. They appear to be written, or rather painted, by the master himself, in capital letters, on a coloured ground, usually red or blue. The latter colour is always selected with regard to that of the ground of the miniature itself; even the various shades, lighter or darker, are in harmony with the tinge nearest to it. The few words of writing that remained with the large initials after the miniatures had been cut out of the book, have invariably either been painted over in the style of the 17th century, or hidden by a fragment of illuminated parchment out of some other MS. pasted on them.

The first two miniatures must have occupied two pages facing each other, as they form only one composition,—*Maître Etienne adoring the Virgin*.

1. (163^{mm} × 120^{mm}.) On the right hand side sits the Virgin robed in blue, on a magnificent throne, the architecture of which resembles an exceedingly rich porch of a Gothic cathedral, with statues of Moses, the prophets, angels, &c., in the

niches. She is turned to the left and suckling the Infant Christ, who places both his hands upon his mother's right breast and looks out of the picture. Further towards the left are eleven angels in white and crimson robes, standing with arms folded and singing.

2. (163^{mm} × 117^{mm}.) In the left half of the picture Maître Etienne kneels in the foreground adoring the Saviour; behind him, Stephen, his patron saint, in the robes of a deacon,—a stone, the emblem of his martyrdom, in his right hand, and with his left on Chevalier's shoulder. Further back six angels are playing on flutes, fifes, violins, lutes, and guitars, and two more kneeling with censers.

In both pictures the background is formed by a wall of splendid Corinthian architecture, the panels between the fluted pilasters being filled in with slabs of lapis lazuli; along the frieze runs the inscription of "*Maistre Estienne Chevalier*," several times repeated. On the wall stand angel boys, connected by garlands, and holding alternately green and red shields with the monogram C.E., in Gothic letters, joined by a graceful knot. The floor is inlaid with gold and marble slabs, and partially covered with a crimson carpet, embroidered with C.E., near the throne of the Virgin.

Nothing can exceed the rich taste with which this scene is treated in all its accessories, or the expression of the faces of the Virgin and Child, and the pious fervour of the adoring Chevalier. The feeling of the whole scene is very similar to the one expressed in the Melun picture, although of a decidedly nobler and more elevated kind; even the details are very similar, and so we shall not feel surprised if the face of the Virgin has been supposed also to be a portrait of the fair-haired Agnes Sorel.

Certainly, the general type is like that of the Antwerp picture, although in the miniature the face is rather rounder. We shall meet with very nearly the same in most of the representations of the Virgin occurring in the Hours; some of the accessories (as the crown of the Virgin in No. 25, the throne-like chair she occupies in No. 19, her veil and head-dress in No. 6) are exactly and in every detail the same as those in the Antwerp

picture, so that we can hardly consider the coincidence purely accidental. Would it be going too far to suppose that the painter who had glorified Maître Estienne's friend and patron by borrowing her likeness for the Queen of Heaven in his publicly exhibited Melun diptych, employed the tenderly remembered countenance once more in the prayer-book destined for the Chevalier's private use? The comparison between the miniatures and the fac-simile of a generally supposed authentic crayon-sketch of Agnes Sorel (published by Niel in his "*Personnages illustres*," from a drawing in the Louvre), does not throw much light upon this debatable point, but the general impression is not against our hypothesis; the rounded features, the fair hair, the rather well-pronounced lips, agree with what we see in the miniatures.

3. *The Annunciation*. (152^{mm} × 118^{mm}, arched at the top.) The Virgin is sitting on the left, on a carpet of cloth of gold, lined with green, with her hands folded, and turned to the right; beside her are two books, one of which is open, as if she had been reading; a white lily rises from the ground behind. On the right kneels the angel before her, lifting his right hand, as if pointing at the Holy Ghost, who is descending upon the Virgin in the shape of a dove. This scene takes place in a Gothic choir of rich architecture, with statues of saints and prophets all round on pilasters under the windows. In the background is the high altar covered with a white linen, and behind it a chest containing relics, supported by four columns. At the sides of the altar two silk curtains are suspended between four slender columns, surmounted by statuettes. From the ceiling over the altar hangs a green baldachin, and in the middle of the choir a circular chandelier supporting 33 burning lamps. Below is written: DOMINE LABIA MEA APERIES ET OS MEVM ANNUNCIABIT. We have already mentioned that in this background Fouquet was guided by the architecture of the "Sainte-Chapelle" at Paris, as it existed in the 15th century.

4. *The Marriage of the Virgin*. (170^{mm} × 120^{mm}.) In the centre the high priest joins the hands of the betrothed. The Virgin is in the usual blue dress. Joseph, represented as

an old man, holds the blossoming rod. The principal figures are surrounded by a rich and animated group, formed on the right by the rivals of Joseph, one of whom breaks his barren rod; on the left, by Elizabeth and many women; and in the middle, behind, by the ministering priests. The background represents the entrance of the temple, formed by a triple triumphal arch, with two twisted columns in the centre. Over the lower side arches there are encased oblong bassi-relievi, with battle-pieces, and above runs the inscription of "MAISTRE ESTIENNE CHEVALIER;" below we read, *TEMPLVM SALOMONIS*. The keystones of the arches are ornamented with the bronze figures of Moses and two angels. Through the centre arch is seen in the distance the interior of the temple, with the high altar and the ark.

This picture is exceedingly interesting, from the richness of the costumes, the beautiful arrangement of the various groups, the delicate expression in the heads, especially of some of the young girls near Elizabeth, of the assisting priests, and in the animated figures of the unlucky rivals. Under the miniature we read as in many others: *DEVS IN ADIVTORIVM MEVM INTENDE DOMINE AD ADIVVANDVM*.

5. *The Visitation*. (170^{mms} × 120^{mms}.) The Virgin coming from the left is received by Elizabeth in the court of a house; behind the latter is Zacharias in a blue mantle, and near him a servant girl (Martha?) holding a broom in her left hand. Particular care has been bestowed upon the execution of the latter figure, and it is one of the most interesting with regard to costume. She wears a red dress, lined with yellow, the skirt of which is partially fastened up so as not to impede her movements, and shows a green tunic below; her head-dress, indicating her to be unmarried, consists of a yellow cloth wound round the head in turban-like folds, the ends of which fall upon her shoulders.* Of the house we see a very rich vestibule, supported by lapis-lazuli columns with Corinthian capitals, the usual inscription, *MAISTRE ESTIENNE CHEVALIER*. E. E. being placed on the

* A coloured print of this figure has been published by Messrs Becker and Hefner in their *Art-treasures of the Middle Ages*, pl. v.

frieze. In the wall of the house is inserted a large bronze basso-relievo representing a battle (?), and surrounded by a frame containing some Emperors' heads as medallions. The entrance is on the right, and in it appear several heads leaning forward in order to see the Virgin. In the courtyard on the left of the picture and farther back, there is a circular well, from which a man is just lifting the bucket; to the left of him a boy is looking on, his hands placed on the stone rim. Through the open gate we have a view of a neatly kept garden, with alleys and an arched arbour; and over the wall appear four Corinthian columns supporting statues. On the pavement slabs of the courtyard is the usual monogram; and below is written the same invocation as in the preceding miniature.

Very remarkable is the quiet grace of the accessories, the neat courtyard, the shady walks of the garden, &c., so well contrasted with the interesting meeting near the house. The figure of the servant girl might be called a fitting introduction to the next picture, in which the interest created by the truthful representation of common life is, if not greater, at least as strong as the religious feeling inspired by the subject of the picture itself.

6. *The Birth of St John the Baptist.* (162^{mms} × 115^{mms}.) A lying-in room of the 15th century, represented in all its details with the most charming truthfulness. In the large white bed, surmounted by a square white canopy, we see St Elizabeth, on whom an elderly woman is attending. On the wall above her head hang two small frames, containing a portrait and the figure of a saint; to the left of the bed is a high-backed arm-chair. To the right is a group of five women, who have come to pay a congratulatory visit; one of them holds a spindle, another drinks the health of the new-born child in a cup of red wine. In the middle foreground sits the Virgin Mary, wearing a blue mantle over a purple dress; a veil partially covers her head, which is surrounded by a nimbus. Turned towards the left, she holds the infant St John sitting upon her knee, at a little distance, and contemplates him with a sweet expression of timid bashfulness. The left foreground is taken up by the preparations for the bath: in the chimney hangs a kettle over the fire; a servant girl stands before it warming a cloth and looking back

over her left shoulder at the group behind her. The midwife, dressed in red, with white cap and apron and broad white wristbands, empties a pitcher into the bath with the right hand, whilst with her left she tries its warmth. On the right hand of the Virgin sits Zacharias, writing on a tablet, JOHANNES EST NOMEN EIVS. The room is paved with red bricks, and the usual monogram is visible on the canopy of the bed and the frieze of the chimney.

This miniature* must certainly be called a masterpiece of its kind, whether we consider the whole composition or the loving care with which every detail has been treated. Every figure, however delicately it may be drawn, is full of life and action: the hand of the nurse testing the bath seems to move, the water appears to ripple, the servant girl has just looked up to see whether everything is ready. Under the principal picture we have a sort of predella in which there appear three tablets, pointed at the top, painted in brown camaïeu, and supported by two angels with green wings kneeling between them; their crimson robes have faded entirely, and allow us to admire the master's bold pen-sketches below. They represent incidents in the history of St John: in the first he is asked whether he is the Christ, in the next he is baptizing our Saviour, and in the third he is beheaded. It must be remarked that in the second some impious hand, using a different ink, has transformed the dovelike figure of the Holy Ghost into that of a bat.

There remains to be mentioned an initial D, ornamented (probably by a different hand, or retouched) with the sitting figure of a knight holding a shield with Maistre Estienne's cypher. The beginning of the writing which remained, has been covered with a very bad Agnus Dei, surrounded by flowers.

7. *The Nativity of Our Saviour* (170^{mms.} × 120^{mms.}, arched at the top), a beautiful and animated night scene. The Infant Christ lies in the left foreground, on the blue mantle of the Virgin, and holds his left foot with his hand; behind him kneels St Joseph, between the ox and the ass; more to the right is the

* A slight woodcut of it has been published in Lady Eastlake's "History of Our Lord," vol. I., page 291.

Virgin. In the right foreground sits a dog, behind which kneel two shepherds, whilst five others are approaching in the distance, one of them blowing a bagpipe. Behind, and partially sheltering the principal group, is a shed attached to a half-open building, in which appear six white angels adoring the infant Christ. Through a hole in the roof shine the golden rays of the star. On the right, and at a great distance, we see four shepherds with their cattle round a fire, on the shore of a lake; and above them an angel, floating in the air and saying: ANVMCIO VOBIS GAUDIVM MAGNVN. Below is written the usual invocation.

8. *The Adoration of the Magi* (170^{mins.} × 120^{mins.}), a composition highly remarkable for its excellent execution and the most interesting costumes of the time.

The Virgin sits at the entrance of a shed similar to that in No. 7, holding the Infant on her knees, whilst St Joseph, a venerable old figure, leaning on his staff, contemplates the group from behind. His dress is of a deep yellow, the broad collar and the cap which he holds in his right hand are blue, the belt green. Through an opening in the roof, the golden rays of the star fall upon the holy figures. Before our Saviour kneels King Charles VII. presenting a cup filled with gold coins. The likeness is so faithful, that no doubt can exist as to the person represented: the king, beardless, with his hair cut very short, is dressed in a green coat lined with fur, pink hose, and high black boots with buff tops. He is seen three-quarter face, turned to the right, as he kneels upon a cushion of blue velvet, ornamented with an embroidery of golden fleurs-de-lys and gold tassels. A blue carpet, also embroidered with fleurs-de-lys, is spread underneath. (Parts of the latter and of the dress of the Virgin seem to have suffered from some liquid, and to have been touched.) The King's crown, which he has laid down upon the carpet, consists of a white hat with a wide brim, partially folded upwards so as to show the crimson lining; and encircled by golden fleurs-de-lys. The two other kings are standing behind; the first, robed in white with a red hat, carries a golden vase of perfume; the second, dressed in red with a green hat, is only partially visible: as the shape of their hats is quite like that of

Charles VII., and both also wear a smaller circle of fleurs-de-lys, we think that they may represent two French princes.

The left-hand side of the miniature is occupied by a splendid escort: consisting of the famous Scotch Guard, in full armour, wearing the king's colours, white, green, and red. Several of them (certainly the animated figure of the captain) are evidently portraits taken from life; and the treatment of the whole makes this miniature one of the most interesting of the series.

In the background of the picture, and apparently unconnected with the principal subject, is represented a scene which we confess our inability to explain.* The stockaded courtyard of a fortified building is being attacked at night by a numerous crowd armed with staves; the garrison are using the same weapons; the fighting is serious, for several bodies are seen on the ground near the palisades. From a turret window in the castle, and from others in a stronger out-tower, are suspended blazing cressets; the Oriflamme of France floats from the tower: trumpeters, wearing the same colours, sound an alarm, and the three heralds of the attacking party also wear the blue colours and fleur-de-lys. In the deep blue sky above we see the golden star once more, like the one that shines upon the more peaceful scene in the foreground. It is possible that the artist intended to represent some event of Charles VII.'s reign, and of very recent date, at the period of his painting. If we could succeed in identifying it, it might go far towards fixing the chronology of the Hours.

Below, there is written from St. Matthew: CVM NATVS ESSET IHSVS IN BETHLEEM IVDE IN DIEBVS HERODIS REGIS.

9. *Christ in the House of the Pharisee.* (150^{mms.} × 110^{mms.}.) Christ and the twelve apostles are sitting at dinner. Judas is speaking of the Magdalen, and points to her at the same time; Christ answers, raising his left hand. The Magdalen,

* It has been supposed to represent some merry-making of the French Court on Twelfth-night, when "*le Roi de la Fève*" had to defend his ephemeral dignity against some attacking party. We hear of such "*joyeusetés*" in the earlier years of Francis I., but whether they were of frequent occurrence under Charles VII. we do not know.

prostrate before the table, wipes the feet of our Lord with her hair; the vessel of ointment stands by her side. The Pharisee, a proud old man with a grey beard, dressed in a blue coat with a sword at his *right* side, looks contemptuously down upon the Magdalen, and turning from her walks off towards the right; where a woman dressed in green, carrying a dish, is entering. The scene takes place in a vaulted hall, with a coffered ceiling, and the walls in marble panels separated by pilasters. In the lunette of the wall in the background appear two knights tilting.

The principal picture is accompanied by a predella, formed by two angels in long white robes, standing and holding two shields with the usual monogram; whilst they support between them a large tablet, upon which is a large initial M. with the cypher C.E. in the corners; and a very small *Noli me tangere* in the middle, perhaps by a different hand. The remainder of the writing has been, as usual, pasted over. The lower half of the tablet is occupied by a small minutely painted picture of the Magdalen with a vase, sitting upon the ground before an open tomb, on the rim of which two small white angels are sitting.

In a few places this beautiful miniature has suffered, especially in the head of Mary, and the small chiaroscuro; a few of the apostles' heads may have been retouched. The white in this picture is shaded with gold.

10. *The Last Supper*. (160^{mm.} × 110^{mm.}.) Christ and the Apostles sit round an oval table, before a chimney, in which a fire is burning. Nine apostles only can be made out; St John rests his head upon the Saviour's shoulder; Judas in a yellow dress is coming from the right and takes the morsel given him by Christ; another apostle seems to approach behind him. In the right foreground on the floor stands a large metal basin near some sticks of wood. The background of the room is filled with some twenty-two or more people, Jews, priests, women, and others, who are coming in. Through the open door we see Notre-Dame of Paris, with its two unfinished towers and the small bell tower of the choir. In the socle are three small brown and gold chiaroscuro painted like bas-reliefs, inserted in

a whitish wall, and separated by pilasters with bronze capitals and pedestals: representing incidents of the life of St John. In the first is seen an idol falling from its pedestal at the prayer of the Saint. In the next are two figures prostrate on the ground; behind them is the Saint with the poisoned cup in his hand; and around, bishops and people expressing much astonishment. The last represents the christening of several kneeling figures.

On the frieze of the predella are sitting two small angels, holding two shields with the usual cypher, and supporting a tablet containing a large initial E, ornamented with a minute representation of the martyrdom of St John, in gold on a blue ground. The remainder of the writing has been covered.

This miniature has not the same brilliancy as the others, being painted on rougher vellum, which, perhaps, forced the artist to employ thicker colours, and impaired the delicate softness of his execution. The fading of the carmine in the mantle of one of the apostles, has exposed the fine original sketch.

11. *The Betrayal.* (170^{mms.} × 116^{mms.}, arched at the top.) Christ in the foreground receives the treacherous kiss from Judas, and at the same time heals the ear of Malchus, cowering on the ground. To the right, Peter is sheathing his sword. One soldier seizes Christ by the hair, another by the shoulder and the mantle, whilst a female servant is raising a lantern above the principal group. Towards the left a youthful apostle runs away, leaving his mantle in the hands of a soldier. Behind is a crowd of soldiers, with lances, halberds, clubs, and a few burning cressets. The garden, with some trees, is enclosed by a fence of boards, spiked at the top, and the gate is open. On a lower level we see the disciples making their escape; two of them towards the left, three to the right; and another kneeling, supports a shield with an initial D, containing the Agony in the garden.

The whole of this picture is rather dark: the composition is well arranged, but is not executed with the usual clearness and vigour, the figures being somewhat lost one in the other. In a few places it has suffered considerably and been touched by a later hand.

(To be continued.)

SIR CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE.

THE President of the Royal Academy has a very difficult part to play. It is his duty to keep alive certain traditions which he may regard as obsolete, and which thinking men hold to be injurious. He has to maintain order among a cluster of irritable and unruly artists, and at the same time do what he thinks will give no offence to exacting critics. Unless he choose to be a puppet and submit to be despised, he must be prepared to incur detraction as the condition of his independence. To be at once the upholder of ancient customs and the instigator of necessary reforms is more easy in speculation than practice. To give effect to personal predilections without giving umbrage to associates or forfeiting the respect of honest critics, requires a rare combination of firmness and suavity. Nominally to be the chief among contemporary artists, and yet, without excelling them all, to have his artistic performances regarded with admiration; to unite the charm of gentlemanly polish with professional eminence; to possess the exact learning of the scholar with the comprehensive knowledge of a man of the world; to have it allowed by those competent to judge, that his mistakes were far out-weighed by his services; and to be lamented after death with a sorrow alike unfeigned and unconventional,—all of these things are very seldom the portion or the lot of any man, and they have never, except in one case, been either the lot or portion of a President of the Royal Academy in so full a measure as in that of its late President, Sir Charles Lock Eastlake.

Like Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was a native of Devonshire, the loveliest of English counties, and to which Turner was so attached that he delighted to make people fancy that it, and not Middlesex, was his native one. Born at Plymouth, on the 17th of November, 1793, young Eastlake entered the world four years after Sir Joshua, owing to loss of sight, had laid down his brush for ever. His father was a Solicitor and Judge Advocate of the Admiralty Court. Haydon, who was intimately acquainted with the father, states that he "was a man of distinguished talent, fine taste, powerful conversation, and poetical mind, but indolent to a vice. When all my family were persecuting me, he stood by me, encouraged me, recommended Foster's Essay on Decision of Character, and did my mind great good. To his high aspirations and noble feeling I have ever felt deeply indebted, though with himself it generally ended, as with Coleridge, in talk. When I met Coleridge first, his eloquence and lazy luxury of poetical outpouring greatly reminded me of my old, attached, and noble-minded friend, George Eastlake." It is probable that a parent like this would encourage his son's artistic tastes, and might materially aid in their development. Young Eastlake was educated first at the Grammar School at Plymouth, then at that of Plympton, St Mary's, where he received a training which enabled him in after-life to use his pen with as much effect in treating questions relating to the arts, as it did Haydon, instructed in the same school, to put on record the saddest story ever penned of a wasted life. After being a short time at the Charterhouse, he entered as a student at the schools of the Royal Academy. It is unlikely that his early struggles with pecuniary difficulties were as great as those of his contemporaries. He had never known what it was to have to live for years without tasting butcher's meat, as Wilkie knew too well; nor had it ever been inculcated on him, as on Turner, that goodness consisted in saving halfpence. But the comparative ease of his early days may have prevented the budding of those latent powers which expand when the artist's sky is dark and lowering. That shrinking from openly taking a decided part and expressing an unqualified opinion which afterwards

characterized him, may be attributable in part to his youthful training. Pupils bred in the school of misfortune are apt, when they advance in years and rise in position, to parade their unconcern for the feelings and opinions of their neighbours. The hard dogmatist who commands our respect for his talents and our detestation for his person, has usually had a hard struggle for existence in his youth.

Fuseli was one of Mr Eastlake's academic instructors. It says much for the student that he was little influenced by his teacher. Narrow in his appreciations, vehement in his assertions, artificial and morbid in his works, ambitious to produce an effect at any cost, and rejoicing in an unenviable notoriety, Fuseli was an artist who served better as a warning than as a model. He was a "sensational" painter, the precursor of those artists who in our day have covered the walls of the exhibitions with paragons of female ugliness, and of the novelists who have filled the shelves of circulating libraries with the adventures of female demons. Haydon records that the notion he had formed of him was that of a "gifted wild beast." He tells us, moreover, that his teaching profited him little. "From Fuseli I got nothing but generalization, without basis to generalize on. He could not explain to me a single principle. I had nature, of course; but if I copied her, my work was mean. If I left her, I was mannered. What was I to do?" What Mr Eastlake did, was to take the wheat and reject the chaff. That he should have done so proves him to have been endowed with the power of thinking and choosing for himself. Indeed, he was too much of a critic by nature to become the unreserved imitator of any artist or the slavish disciple of any school.

To Haydon he was indebted for much sound knowledge. In the preface to his "Lectures on Painting and Design," Haydon states, "I had endeavoured to found a school on the principles of the Old Masters. Eastlake was my first pupil: I watched and guided his progress with the affection of a brother, in his drawing, dissection, and painting." In his Autobiography he claims the merit of having inspired the youthful Eastlake with the desire to become a painter. He adds, "the very first

chalk hand he ever drew, he drew under me from a hand that I lent him. . . . Under me he dissected, drew, and acquired the elements, and I soon found his mind capable not only of understanding what I taught, but of adding suggestions of his own which gave value to my own thoughts. At first I had scarcely any hopes: his first picture was a failure, tame beyond hope.* The first occasion on which his name appeared in public was in 1810. In the "Transactions of the Society of Arts" for that year, the following announcement is made under the heading of "Polite Arts:"—"To Mr C. Eastlake, Broad Street, Carnaby Market, for a drawing of Cupid and Psyche, class 95; the silver medal." More profitable to him was a picture of the "Raising of Jairus' Daughter;" which Alderman Harman saw and purchased, who afterwards commissioned the artist to proceed to Paris in order to make copies of the masterpieces with which the Louvre was then crowded. The opportunity was a glorious one. Never before, perhaps never again, will so marvellous a collection of splendid works of art be exhibited in any city as was then to be beheld in Paris. Twenty-five of Raphael's works displayed the excellencies of that master in each style and period of his career. There were twenty-three masterpieces of Titian, and fifty-three of Rubens: Vandyke was represented by thirty-three works, and Rembrandt by thirty-one. "The later Italians especially were magnificently represented:—thirty-six pictures by Annibale Caracci; sixteen by Domenichino; twenty-three by Guido, including the largest altar-pieces of each; twenty-six by Guercino, were perhaps the most popular part of the wondrous show."† This collection was made by plundering Italy, and it was owing to an accident that it was not dispersed before the arrival of Mr Eastlake at Paris. No express stipulation had been made on the subject in the treaty of 1814. The result was that the French Government raised objections to the restoration of the plunder. It was admitted that Bonaparte had done

* See the "Life of B. R. Haydon." | Louvre then, see an article entitled "Gal-
By Tom Taylor. Vol. i. p. 209. | leries of the Louvre" in *The Quarterly*,
† For some valuable particulars about the | vol. cxviii. p. 309.

wrong in spoiling Italy, but it was alleged that it would be equally improper to ruin the Louvre by taking away its treasures. When the treaty of 1815 was drawn up, there was no ambiguity in the stipulations made about the restoration, not only of the Bourbons to the throne of France, but also of Italian spoils to their rightful owners. It was during this interval of eleven months that Mr Eastlake, as well as Haydon, Wilkie, and many others, spent a short time in the French capital.

The return of the Emperor obliged him to return to England. He went to his native town, where he settled, and became a portrait painter. By a strange turn of the cards, the Emperor, who had been the means of his hastening homewards, now proved the cause of his extending his reputation. The *Bellerophon*, with Bonaparte on board, put in at Plymouth on its voyage to the island of St Helena. To the young artist the occasion seemed opportune for making a sketch of the fallen Emperor. Accordingly, as Haydon relates, "he went out in a boat and made a small whole-length. Napoleon seeing him, evidently (as Eastlake thought) stayed longer at the gangway. The French officers gave him this certificate:—'*J'ai vu le portrait que M. Eastlake a fait de l'Empereur Napoléon, et j'ai trouvé qu'il est très ressemblant, et qu'il a en outre le mérite de donner une idée exacte de l'habitude du corps du S. M.*' (Here follow their names and Captain Maitland's.)" * A few years before Bonaparte paid this enforced visit to Plymouth, its inhabitants had welcomed among them a great master in art. In 1812 Turner made a tour in Devonshire. The people of Plymouth are recorded to have vied with each other in paying every mark of respect to him concerning whom, to quote the words of his biographer, "everybody felt that in paying him attention, they were honouring an extraordinary genius, whose artistic merits had not been exaggerated." This occurred six years before the birth of Mr Ruskin, and thirty-one years prior to the publication of the well-known work in which the people of England are rated for

* Haydon's Autobiography, vol. i. p. 289.

their perverse insensibility to the presence among them of so great an artist as Turner. In the rambles made by the latter in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, Mr Eastlake was his constant companion. He was present when Turner first saw and sketched the scene on which he based his picture "Crossing the Brook." Calstock bridge is there introduced, and we have Mr Eastlake's testimony that the whole scene is very faithfully depicted.

In 1817 Mr Eastlake visited Italy, the land where he was destined to produce his ablest pictures, and where he acquired some of the most precious knowledge with which his mind was stored. Two years afterwards he travelled through Greece, in the company of the late Sir Charles Barry, then he returned to Rome, and settled down to the practice of his art. In 1823 he sent to the Royal Academy views of the "Castle of St Angelo," of the "Basilica of St Peter's, from the Monte Mario," and of the "Coliseum, from the Campo Vaccino." Having once begun to exhibit, he persevered in so doing. By those capable of judging, his works were admired for the sobriety of their style, and for the marks they bore of good taste in their producer. That he should have been held in higher estimation by the select few than by the public, was a proof that he was no common-place artist.

By the artist who would achieve success, one of two paths must be chosen. The one can be trodden only by him who obtains the consent of the crowd, which, unversed in technicalities, refuses nothing to him who touches its sympathies. The surest way to do this is to be either daring or homely, to perform on canvas feats like those of the clown in a circus, or else to depict some trivial domestic incident, the sight of which will cause a father to smile and fill a mother with emotion. Pictures of this kind will be either eccentric or tame, and will probably be classed among the lowest style of art. Home critics will speak of them with superciliousness, and foreigners will attack them with sarcasms. The majority, that is, the more ignorant, will admire and purchase them. The artists will be enriched and popular. While they live, their names will be house-

hold words. When they die they will be quoted as illustrations of the maxim enunciated by Sir Joshua Reynolds : "Those who court the applause of their own time must reckon on the neglect of posterity." Their works will survive, like the samplers of a by-gone generation, to excite the mirth of children possessing tastes more refined than their parents.

The other path is a more difficult one. He who treads it must be content to toil onwards without direct incentives, and must not flatter himself with the hope of reaching the goal. As an artist he will make no claim upon the admiration of those who are wholly devoid of taste and judgment. The general public will look at his works and pass on. But the cultivated few will pause and approve. They will appreciate the height of the artist's aims as manifested in his works. They will discern in them the ideas of a mind that does not delight in what is common-place or contemptible. What they think, they will express ; and their opinion will be hearkened to with respect by those who consider them competent to form sound judgments. Gradually, the crowd will be so influenced by these decisions as to consider it a mark of refinement to profess a liking for pictures which it does not comprehend. As the giant in the fable is always overpowered by the lithe and nimble dwarf, so is the mass eventually moulded by the few who reflect. The artist whose devotion to his art has been applauded by the few, is certain in the end to be ranked by all above the popular favourite. His works are not liked any better than the "dry" wine, which is so often called for and so little relished. The praise given to them is hollow and insincere. Yet the general voice proclaims that he is a great painter. He gets fame, while the popular favourite gets pelf.

Mr Eastlake chose the more difficult of the two paths. It was some time before even the best judges were struck with his works. It was long before the public regarded him as an artist whom it was a duty to praise. His sympathies were too refined to vibrate in response to unthinking adulation. At length he succeeded in so selecting his subjects, as to conciliate all sections of the public ; and his pictures could be admired alike

for their artistic qualities and their general effect. One of these was his "Peasants on a Pilgrimage to Rome first coming in sight of the Holy City." This, and other pictures of a rather sentimental character, betokened that, as a painter, he had outstripped many of his contemporaries. He could do this the more easily, seeing that originality combined with great executive skill was not very common among the men of his own standing. In 1828 he was elected an Associate, and two years afterwards a Fellow, of the Royal Academy. His election was a cause of heart-burning, and was made a ground for complaints. Before a select committee of the House of Commons it was stated, in June, 1836, by Mr Clint, in answer to Mr Brotherton, that Mr Eastlake's name had been two years on the list, that he was ineligible for election on account of his residing at Rome, but that "the Academy pledged themselves to bring him back, and he did return." The course taken was very unusual. That it should have been adopted and persevered in, proves that the case was altogether exceptional. When a body like the Royal Academy infringes a rule of set purpose, there is a reason for such conduct which may easily be divined. All corporations, when conferring honours, endeavour to select those persons who will reflect back lustre on them. Acting on this rule, the Royal Academicians are always delighted to welcome among their number any one whose presence is certain to be honourable or profitable. When an artist is merely a man of genius, he must remain untitled. But let him become popular, let him possess influence, let his reputation wax so great as to threaten to overshadow that of the members of the Academy; on the first opportunity that artist is certain to be endowed with the privileges of Royal Academician.

For a time it was confidently thought that the foundation had been firmly laid of a school of historical painting. Mr Eastlake's "Christ Weeping over Jerusalem" produced the impression that a great historical painter had at length arisen, who could be ranked not only at the head of all English artists, but also on a par with the greatest of any age. Indeed, nothing could be more sincere than the desire then so generally manifested to

restore by-gone epochs, and re-create historical personages, with every detail of costume, manners, and physiognomy, either in an epic, a novel, or a picture. This longing led to the production of works of great beauty and extraordinary talent, but which proved conclusively the folly of trying to gratify it. Indeed, so-called historical painting is one of the follies of the wise, as well as a delusion of the ignorant. Its absurdity consists in professing to convey a knowledge of actual facts through the medium of elaborate fictions, and to represent the very lineaments of the worthies of old in portraits which are either wholly imaginary or else copied from a person who hires his face for the purpose. A true historical picture is one painted by an eye-witness, who can reproduce the scene and personage he has gazed upon. Such a work is priceless because possessing an eternal interest. It is truth made palpable. In painting such pictures, a great artist has as full scope for displaying all his powers as when giving form to his own imaginings. There is as fair a field for the display of "high art" when the artist is painting living history, as when history is first invented by him and then painted. It is strange that those who have devoted their talents to this unprofitable branch of art, have never attempted to carry their principles to a logical conclusion! If it be right to teach ancient history in this fashion, why not teach modern history in the same way? Yet who would care to possess Mr Frith's "Marriage of the Prince of Wales," had he sat down to paint it after having perused the account of the ceremony given in the newspapers, evolved the aspect of St George's Chapel out of his own consciousness, trusted wholly to his imagination for the likenesses, and called that a portrait of the Princess, which was really the likeness of a professional model! It is the duty of the artist to give us either fact or fiction, but not the former in the garb of the latter. If he delight in fictitious scenes, he may find inspiration for his pencil without invading the domain of the historian. He can display his skill as a draughtsman, his power as a colourist, the play of his fancy, or the wealth of his imagination, in giving form and hue to the images of the poet or the scenes of the novelist. It is fortunate, alike for art and history, that Mr Eastlake failed

to earn the reputation as a historical painter which Sir Walter Scott did as a writer of historical novels.

His energies were expended to better purpose in composing his "History of Oil-painting" and preparing his reports to the "Fine Arts Commission." He was appointed secretary to that body on its formation in 1841. Its object was to determine in what way the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament might best promote the advancement of art. For Mr Eastlake, a more congenial task could not have been found. A finer opportunity for the display of his capacity for patient investigation could not have been devised. Among artists he was remarkable for the depth and comprehensiveness of his knowledge. Unhappily, eminence in scholarship seldom co-exists with great artistic powers. Leonardo da Vinci stands alone among artists in being fraught with the learning of all the ages, in being as skilful a mechanician as a painter, in meriting by his achievements a high place among the "great masters," as well as among the chiefs of philosophy and science. Men less grandly gifted would seem to be incapable of acquiring and communicating knowledge through the medium of books, and at the same time seeing objects as one inspired, and fixing on the canvas or in marble their colours or forms. It is no disparagement to the late President of the Royal Academy to rate his knowledge of processes, of schools, and of paintings, as far greater than his ability to employ what he knew in other than a literary sense. The papers appended to the reports of that Commission contain some of the truest expositions of the limits and requirements of national art which have ever been penned. For example, it is stated, with a force of argument it is impossible to resist, that however well modern German fresco painters have done their work, the duty of English artists who would do likewise is not imitation of the same method, but adoption of the same spirit. Against copying the methods of any foreigner the most emphatic protest is made. The strongest incitement is afforded for striving to be original by recalling what, in olden times, the English have been as artists. Thus it is justly observed: "If the national ardour of the Germans is to be our example, we

shall dwell on the fact that the Arts in England under Henry the Third, in the thirteenth century, were as much advanced as in Italy itself; that our Architecture was even more characteristic and free from classic influence; that Sculpture, to judge from Wells Cathedral, bade fair to rival the contemporary efforts in Tuscany; and that our Painting of the same period might fairly compete with that of Siena and Florence. Specimens of early English painting were lately to be seen, some relics still exist, on the walls of the edifices at Westminster. The proposed embellishment of the new Houses of Parliament might be the more interesting, since, after the lapse of six centuries, it would renew the same style of decoration (though with far superior knowledge) on the same spot. The painters employed in the time of Henry the Third were English: their names are preserved.* Opinions like the foregoing are the more noteworthy because they are rare. It is easy for one who is a patriot and nothing more, to rant about his country in terms which prove him to be unworthy of it. To magnify the greatness of that which we have never compared with anything else, is as childish as to depreciate the importance of that which we refuse to understand. In such a spirit a patriotic artist might give expression to statements which please because they flatter the prejudiced and the vulgar. Thus it was that Hogarth found many to approve of his boasting about English capacity for rivalling, if not superseding, the works of foreign painters. But in a far different spirit did Mr Eastlake advocate the adherence to what was indigenous rather than the imitation of what was foreign. He knew both. His critical eye could discriminate between the two. It was because he perceived the exotic nature of many of the works on which English artists had laboured, that he desired to see them engaged in trusting a little more to themselves and caring a great deal less about others. He would have them learn what had been done elsewhere and study every method of execution, but he would then call upon them to act like men who could think for themselves, who could draw on their resources, and

* See Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts, pp. 22, 23.

who scorned to repeat in mature years the lessons they had learned as school-boys.

Doubtless, it was the soundness of the opinions held by Mr Eastlake which made him a great favourite with the Prince Consort. In nothing was that Prince more qualified to judge than in all that related to Art. Possessing a taste at once refined and eclectic, he could take delight in the serene grace of a figure of Raphael, and the grotesque contortions of a group by Gilray. Moreover, he laboured, with a single-mindedness and an anxiety which cannot be too highly commended, to introduce into this country a truer and more rational taste for the arts than had prevailed before he became a denizen of it. In Mr Eastlake he discerned the man best fitted for seconding him in this design, one to whom ancient and modern languages and literatures, ancient and modern schools of painting, were alike familiar, yet whose taste was as catholic as his attainments were vast. The favour thus bestowed on the artist contributed to strengthen his authority among his fellows. When the death of Sir Martin Archer Shee left the Royal Academy without a chief, it was thought fortunate that so suitable a man as Mr Eastlake was ready to occupy the President's chair. His election, which took place in 1850, was universally approved; and shortly afterwards, in accordance with custom, he received the compliment of knighthood.

Before his elevation to the dignity of President, he had held office both in the Royal Academy and National Gallery. From 1842 to 1844 he was librarian to the former, and from 1843 to 1847 he was the Keeper of the latter. The year previous to his election as President, he took a step which always influences a man for better or worse,—in other words, he became a husband. Miss Rigby, who, in 1841, had justly acquired celebrity by a work entitled "Letters from the Baltic," was the lady of his choice. A wife is either a spur or a curb; she either incites or tames her husband. Fortunately, men sometimes get as partners the persons best fitted to second and assist their efforts, as well as to appreciate their triumphs; and in this respect Sir Charles was excellently well favoured.

As the successor of Sir Martin Archer Shee, Sir Charles Eastlake had but one difficulty, namely, to equal him as an after-dinner speaker. Every President of the Royal Academy has been celebrated for something special. Sir Joshua Reynolds was not only a great painter, but the author of Discourses, which are models of style. Sir Benjamin West will never be forgotten for pictures in which he aimed at sublimity and attained the reverse. Sir Thomas Lawrence has made himself a name for portraits which are the opposite of those by Sir Joshua in that for which portraits should be remarkable; while Sir Martin Archer Shee was at once a portrait painter without distinction, a poet with skill in versification, and an orator equalled by few of his countrymen, and surpassed by none in suavity of manner and fluency of speech. When it is said of the orator as of the poet, that he must be born and cannot be bred, it is meant that unless Nature bestows on a man certain physical advantages, the greatest industry will fail in supplying their place with artificial ones. Chief among them is that of being able to think aloud, or to speak neatly and to the point without thinking at all. The man who can do the former is a true orator: he who does the latter is generally an Irishman. Now, Sir Charles was neither. He liked to weigh his words, and to express no opinion by which he would refuse to be bound. The result was that though his speeches were most effective, they were rather too formal and over-refined. Of him may be said, with a slight qualification and an omission, what Macaulay said of Sir James Mackintosh: he spoke *little* essays.

At the first of the Academy dinners at which he presided, Sir Charles had the satisfaction of numbering the Prince Consort among his guests. This he probably regarded as a personal compliment. It was as well merited as it must have been gratifying. Coming from a man less sincere, the following panegyric would have been thought over-strained; but the Prince was not a man who ever indulged in flattery, or gave vent to words which were either inappropriate or untrue. He said:—"It would be presumptuous in me to speak to you of his talent as an artist, for that is well known to you, and of it you are the best judges;

“or of his merits as an author, for you are all familiar with his works, or at least ought to be so; or of his amiable character as a man, for that you also must have had opportunities to estimate; but my connexion with him now for nine years, in her Majesty’s Commission of the Fine Arts, has enabled me to know what you can know less, and what is of the greatest value in a President of the Royal Academy—I mean that kindness of heart and refinement of feeling which guided him in all his communications, often most difficult and delicate, with the different artists whom we had to incite to competition, whose works we had to criticise, whom we had to employ or to reject.”

It is unfortunate, yet inevitable, that the chief duty of the President of the Royal Academy should be to resist the attacks of those who maintain that the end of the Academy is to encourage art and not to protect a few artists. When Sir Charles was elected, the outcry was as loud as now. Indeed, so jealous was that body of its privileges that it refused as long as possible to make, in deference to public opinion, a concession which had often been refused for no other apparent reason than that it had been demanded. This was to admit the representatives of the press to the private view! Now that fifteen years have elapsed it seems incredible that to concede this should have been regarded by the Council almost as a sacrifice, and accepted by the press as if it were a boon. During the presidency of Sir Charles other demands have been made only to be rejected, and those who preferred them, treated as if chargeable with impertinence. It cannot be supposed that the private opinions of the late President were always indicated in his official declarations, or that he was as short-sighted as those lower in dignity but more than his equals in power. Whoever has to become the mouth-piece of a majority discharges an invidious task. His duty requires that he should do it thoroughly. His conscience may whisper that he should leave it undone. Certainly, there can be no doubt of the ability which the late President combated on behalf of the Academy for privilege against equality, for titled mediocrity against untitled genius. His tactics were more admirable than his cause.

As Director of the National Gallery he did far more for his country. This post was instituted in 1855, and on him, as being the most worthy, the appointment was conferred. Founded in 1824, the National Gallery had been conducted in a most unsatisfactory manner. Responsibility was divided. For the grossest blunders no one person could be fairly censured. Even had the trustees acted on a sound principle, they were hampered by the simple, yet to them insurmountable, difficulty of finding adequate accommodation for the pictures they might acquire. But their guiding principle was unsound and untenable. It consisted in bringing together works which might serve as models to artists. The trustees thought there could be no better training than that of studying or copying the productions of acknowledged masters. The result was the bringing together a heterogeneous mass of great works. Now, this was as imperfect a collection of pictures, as a library would be wherein there were only odd volumes of certain classics. Sir Charles rightly thought that a National Gallery, worthy alike of the name and the nation, should contain a series of paintings illustrating every notable school, and displaying in orderly sequence the rise and progress of art. He set himself, then, not only to purchase new pictures, but also to fill up discreditable blanks. Perhaps the strongest testimony to the value of his services in making acquisitions was the very general reliance latterly placed on the soundness of his judgment. It had not been always so. There was a time when many fancied him liable to be imposed upon. They even believed that he had ruined many valuable works by ordering them to be cleaned, and had wasted the public money in purchasing a spurious Holbein. That money was paid for a picture said to be by Holbein is as true as that the dirt was removed from several priceless paintings. But a careful perusal of the evidence taken by a committee of the House of Commons will convince any one capable of weighing arguments, that the blame of the improper purchase lay heavier on other shoulders than those of Sir Charles; that the latter was implicated but not responsible. The possession of a little common sense will effectually guard any one against concluding that the paint-

ings which Sir Charles ordered to be cleaned were necessarily injured. What was done to them is equivalent to what would occur were it possible to apply to St Paul's the like process. Remove from that venerable edifice all the stains of time, make each stone appear as it did after leaving the hewer's hands, and the building would stand forth exactly as it appeared to those who witnessed it after completion. Whether this could be called a gain would be a question about which men might disagree; that the process would involve the loss of nothing but a deposit of dirt it would be impossible to gainsay. However, the pictures which have been cleaned will not always remain eye-sores to those who prefer obscurity to freshness. Those who desire that in addition to colours being mellowed by age, they should also be coated with dirt, may console themselves by thinking that some years hence the outlines and the colours will be again encrusted and dimmed with the impurities which, floating in our dust-laden air, settle upon the canvas and become fixed there. If, as was erroneously supposed, Sir Charles had sanctioned not the cleaning only, but also the restoring of these pictures, he would have been chargeable with something worse than a blunder. Between cleaning and restoring a picture there is the same difference as between washing the face with water and painting the cheeks with rouge. The effect of the one being to produce real hue, of the other the mockery of health. Had the mistakes attributed to Sir Charles been altogether well-founded, the latter portion of his career, when he purchased pictures and pursued his plans with greater persistence than before, would not have been untarnished as it was by the complaints and the charges of which he was the recipient and the butt when Keeper of the National Gallery; and which forced him to resign that post only to be promoted, some years afterwards, to the higher one of Director.

There is no more discreditable episode in the history of Art in England than the outcry raised against Sir Charles while engaged to the best of his ability in discharging most onerous duties. One of the things about which this country may either boast or lament, is the possession of a number of connoisseurs

in art who, devoid of the training necessary to constitute them good judges, attempt to compensate for their deficiencies by the audacity of their pretensions. Chargeable with nothing worse than ignorance or arrogance, such persons made themselves conspicuous by systematically denouncing whatever Sir Charles did, and disparaging whatever he bought. If he were not infallible, still less were his censors omniscient. That aspersions wholly unfounded, and assertions which could not be substantiated, should have wounded his feelings without forcing him to desist from his course, proves him to have possessed great personal firmness. It is easy for a by-stander to counsel patience and to recommend the victim to live down calumny. The difficulty consists in existing at all under such circumstances. But Sir Charles persevered in doing what he knew to be right, and he lived to have the satisfaction of witnessing his foes diminish in number and enlist among his eulogists. When he first took part in the management of the National Gallery, it was seldom visited by the critics who made pilgrimages not only to Italy, but to the Galleries of Paris and Vienna, of Munich and Dresden. As time passed on, the collection increased through the addition to it of works which foreigners had been too poor to purchase or too supine to discover, and over which they mourned when they saw them despatched to London. Many foreign artists now visit England with the sole object of inspecting the treasures collected in her National Gallery. To employ the weighty words of an impartial French critic, the efforts of Sir Charles had the result of placing "the Gallery of London on a par with the best in Europe."*

It was while actively discharging his official duties as Director of the National Gallery, that Sir Charles was smitten with his last illness. At Milan, in September, 1865, he had an attack of pneumonia. The Italian physicians who were summoned bled him once and frequently dosed him with mercury. The arrival of a nephew from England, who was a medical man, caused this treatment to be abandoned and the patient rallied. He went to

* See an article by M. Charles Clément, in the *Journal des Débats* for 8th February, 1865.

Pisa with the intention of passing the winter there, but the fatigue of the journey proved too much for him in his weakened state, and he was again prostrated on a sick bed. After lingering two months, he expired on the 23rd of December last. To the fact of his having been improperly treated by Italian medical men his death has been attributed. Possibly, his life was thereby shortened; but it must not be forgotten that medicine in any hands is but a feeble shield in warding off the death-stroke when the victim is in his seventy-second year and has long been ailing.

Those who act the most conscientiously on the maxim of saying nothing but good about the departed, are the least given to indiscriminate eulogy. To indulge in rank flattery is as wrong as to revel in uncharitable sneering; seeing that flattery is but a polite synonyme for falsehood. Unfortunately, it has become so common to employ superlatives, that when the simple truth is spoken it appears tame and inadequate. This applies not to arts only, but to men of letters also. In the most commonplace Epic, numerous critics can detect the "organ-tones" of Milton; and the novelist who is hardly above the level of mediocrity is styled a Dickens of more exquisite humour and a Thackeray more terrible in his irony. To attempt even an enumeration of the great masters of art of which this age can boast is utterly impossible. At every gathering of artists each one strives to out-do his neighbour in vaunting the excellence of the other's works. The critics who should check this system of fulsome laudation do their utmost to encourage it by their example. When they fall short in their superlatives it is for lack of words, not for want of will. The reason for this is easily found. Pictures are now painted chiefly for sale to the highest bidder. The patron who used to encourage an artist by counsel as well as sustain him in a more substantial way, has been nearly displaced by the picture-dealer. The patron might be often absurd in his requirements; but he was at least a gentleman in his conduct. He was ignorant of the mysteries and iniquities of the art of puffing. His desire was to gratify a taste, not to dupe the public. All that he could do was to give a man an opportunity for display-

ing his real powers: he could not, even if he wished it, create a fictitious reputation for an artist, and thus contrive to enrich himself by selling for a large sum, works which had cost him a trifle, yet had been bought too dear.

It is doubtful if the skill of the most crafty middleman would have made any of the works of Sir Charles Eastlake more popular than they were. They had not that stamp of grotesqueness or vulgarity which the experienced puffer can so easily make the public hail as the token of extraordinary genius. None of them could be held up as unapproachable masterpieces on the ground of displaying the matchless beauties of the painters who had the good fortune to live before the discovery of the most celebrated artistic processes. Indeed, Sir Charles had neither the courage nor the inclination to show by his practice, that in his opinion imitation of artists who worked when the art of painting was in its infancy was true originality, or that wilful retrogression meant indisputable progress. He had not the confidence and self-sufficiency required to treat Raphael and Titian as despicable, and their works as unworthy of serious study. On the contrary, he had a weakness for trying to tread in the footsteps of Titian, and he was wont to express an unbounded veneration for Raphael. He would have taken as an honour, what may be said with perfect truth, that the colouring of several of his pictures recalled in a faint measure the style of colouring by the great Venetian. All of his works betoken the artist whose taste is pure, while their feebleness betrays the man who could not execute as well as he could conceive. He knew too much to surrender himself to impulse. His knowledge engendered a timidity which gave an air of artificiality to his productions.

But the reasons which hindered him from reaching the highest rank among artists explain his success in other fields. Had he devoted more of his time to historical research he would have achieved a great reputation as an author. There are few works of their kind so well composed as his "*Materials for the History of Oil Painting.*" A man who had devoted many years to literary composition could not have succeeded better than did Sir Charles in bringing into prominence the essential points while

leaving the secondary ones in the shade. It seems a very easy thing to write a book, and it is true that nothing can be easier than to compile one. The difference between the two processes is the same as between building a monument after a plan and piling up a cairn at random. To string words and sentences together is as truly a piece of child's play as to cast stone upon stone until a heap is formed. But the assemblage of words, like the pile of stones, serves no purpose and pleases no man of taste. It is the distinguishing merit of all the literary works of Sir Charles, and of this one in particular, that the reader is made sensible of the writer having a definite end in view, and is led on to the final conclusions by successive and well-planned steps. No one should take up this work with a view to being amused. Yet whoever does peruse it for the purpose of gaining all the available information about the subject in question, will lay it down with a feeling of gratitude to him who has bestowed such pains in bringing together every particular that can be discovered, and such perspicuity in deducing from the evidence so collected the only logical and rational conclusions.

The other writings of Sir Charles, his papers appended to the reports to the "Fine Arts Commission," his learned and invaluable notes to Kugler's "Handbook of Painting," his notes to his translation of Goethe's theory of colours, his review articles, all manifest a thorough mastery over the subject in hand, and an exceptional skill in displaying his knowledge to the best advantage. The only limitation I should make would be with reference to the theories propounded in a fragment on the philosophy of art, where he attempts to explain the principle of beauty, and gives vent to opinions more ingenious than tenable. However, this only proves him to have been a worse philosopher than a man of letters.

Whatever might have been his strongest side, it admits of no denial that his sympathies were as strongly in favour of advancing English art as his efforts were great and continuous for the attainment of that object. Not only did he labour himself, but he encouraged and aided others to do likewise. Whenever his professional skill and knowledge were invoked on behalf

of the nation they were ungrudgingly given. Thus, when Earl Stanhope originated the scheme of establishing a permanent gallery of National Portraits, and succeeded in convincing Parliament of the great value of his project, instead of employing his official influence to retard the formation of such a gallery, as other men might have done; or striving to obtain the sole direction of the affair, as more grasping men would have done; Sir Charles accepted office as one of the trustees, and cordially worked in concert with his associates to render the collection as noteworthy and honourable to the nation, as he had chiefly contributed to make its Gallery of Pictures. Never did he speak with truer feeling than when expressing his gratification at what had been done for Art in England, and urging more earnest striving in the onward course. The last time that he presided at the annual dinner of the Royal Academy, he sketched in telling language the changes which had occurred, within a very brief space of time, in the manner of regarding artistic works. His words well deserve to be repeated. They were uttered when proposing a toast to the patrons of art. In the course of his speech he said:—"The time was when the appreciation of the Fine Arts, though displaying itself in many substantial forms, was rarely indicated by any open avowal. The very earnestness of a predilection is sometimes opposed to a public confession. The friends of Art seem to have looked upon it much as Goldsmith regarded his love of poetry, which he describes as—

‘My shame in crowds, my solitary pride.’

This reticence has given way to a sense of duty, and on occasions when public utility has been the all-sufficient motive for departing from it. The change to which I allude has been chiefly brought about by the application of the Fine Arts to what is called industrial art, and more especially in schools of design; for, by a natural reaction, the tangible uses of art again invite attention to its more refined adaptations."

Alike in his speeches and writings his power of generalizing and his freedom from prejudice are conspicuous. He could rise to the level of the occasion. Indeed, his mental grasp was always greater than his purely artistic capacity. He never

made a parade of his ignorance on the ground that, in his profession, ignorance is sometimes a merit. The artist who makes a boast of living for, as well as by, his art will often exult in being unversed in science, or politics, or political economy which is *not* sentimental, as if to restrict the sphere of his knowledge should be his chief aim. A more exclusive devotion to his profession might have enabled Sir Charles to produce several notable pictures; but his usefulness as a man would have been lessened.

Among the princes of art he can claim no place. Rival nations will never contend for his paintings, and regard the possession of one as a special glory. But he who has thoroughly done his duty is not elevated when ranked among the immortals. It was the distinguishing merit of Sir Charles to do his best at every time. Whatever he took in hand he performed with a conscientiousness which, were it not natural to him, would deserve to be lauded as a virtue. Others would think themselves entitled to credit for an assiduity which in his case was the rule. Thus it was that whatever post he filled, he inspired an admiration for the uprightness of his conduct which was quite independent of differences of opinion. Very seldom is it possible to give in a single phrase, both a key to a man's character, and the means for enabling those capable of divining the hidden import of words, to gauge a man's power and learn wherefore it was limited, yet in this case two words joined together and rightly interpreted will furnish the desired result: Sir Charles Lock Eastlake was a SCHOLAR-ARTIST. x

The following is a list of the pictures exhibited by Sir Charles Eastlake at the Royal Academy and the British Institution. Without the valuable aid of William Smith, Esq., F.S.A., whose collection of Catalogues is so remarkable and complete, this list could with difficulty have been compiled. The dates are those of the years in which they were exhibited; the numbers are those in the Catalogues. The Royal Academy, 1823, No. 12, View of the Bridge and Castle of St Angelo, painted at Rome; 63, View of the Coliseum from the Campo Vaccino, painted at Rome; 202,

*A severe criticism upon the Academy. Though
it embodies complaints very generally
made against it.*

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The first volume of his work, "Materials for a History of Oil Painting," appeared in 1847. It is understood that he left the second so far completed as to be fit for publication. In 1848 was published a volume containing his "Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts." He was, in addition to the offices named above, an Honorary Member of the French Academy in Rome, a Doctor of Civil Law, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a Knight of the Legion of Honour.

W. F. RAE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FINE ARTS QUARTERLY REVIEW.

MY DEAR SIR—I had the pleasure of knowing Sir Charles Eastlake for several years; but though he has left a distinct impression on my memory, as of a friend whose withdrawal is not likely to be replaced, yet it is an impression difficult to put completely on paper. I am referring now to his intellectual qualities; for the grace and kindliness of the late President's manner were attributes which no one could miss, and which in his case always carried with them the conviction of entire sincerity, under which I would include punctilious truthfulness, severe sense of honour, and conscientious accuracy in statement. If I were to try and choose one leading quality in his character it would be this—sincerity; and it was the one generally felt. The belief in this uprightness of nature carried him successfully through several rather trying periods in his career, and the triumphant success of his administration of the National Gallery justified the confidence which was hence reposed in him. The curatorship of a public collection is a difficult post, from the number not only of technical but of personal good qualities which it requires to fill it properly: a man must not only have professional knowledge and taste, but

firmness, to choose and to refuse; a gracious manner with all who are brought into contact with him, and freedom from ambition or self-seeking. In these respects it is not too much to say that the nation has lost in Sir C. Eastlake one of its best non-political administrators. His powers of organization were remarkable. I think that those who know the Louvre or the Berlin Galleries most thoroughly will be most ready to recognize that our late Director had a singular skill in uniting the knowledge of what pictures were desirable in order to render the collection *historically* complete; with the fine taste which, at the same time, selects works that would be desirable on the simple ground of beauty. Hence, whilst illustrative specimens were added during his government in an abundance which testified to the great personal pains he bestowed on the search, Sir Charles's dominant principle seems to have been to deal with the Gallery less as a museum than as a treasure-house of Art. There can be no doubt, that the beauty and power of the pictures before them are the qualities which produce by far the strongest effect upon the visitors to a Gallery; who are generally indifferent to archæology; and would prefer all the Raphaels and Titians obtainable to the most complete series of minor stars: and, so far as a collection influences artists, it is such a collection as ours by which they can profit, not a historical museum. It has not been easy to find fit successors to Sir Charles; but the choice of Mr Boxall gives ground for hoping that the National Gallery will not slacken in the singularly successful career which it has pursued during the last ten or fifteen years.

Returning, however, to that aspect of his character with which I started: except to those who knew him really well, it is probable that he did not give a full impression of his capacity. Only they could know how much power was concealed beneath that quietness of manner. He had in an eminent degree the gentleness and the forbearance which characterize the judicial mind. Though not only sincere, but shrewd and acute as a judge of men and things; his great kindliness and modesty, united with a certain natural cautiousness of temperament, rendered him averse from the expression of opinion on disputed

matters. I never heard him speak in the Academy; but from his way in private life I cannot fancy that the President ever assumed an *ex cathedra* tone. Highly educated, of much experience from travelling, and personally skilled in all the "mysteries" of his noble profession, he viewed art from too many sides to be capable of a partisan or dogmatic judgment. Yet, when he thought that the interest of truth required it, he gave his opinion openly, not sparing the men or things which he thought adverse to the cause of English art, but all in a peculiar quiet way, with humorous touches of criticism, which lost no force by his invariable temperateness in statement. Although free from all discourteous self-assertion or foolish "standing upon dignity," one saw that he was eminently a self-respecting man; a gentleman in the strict sense by manners, cultivation, and inward nature. One might sum up by saying that in this distinguished man there was an admirable balance of natural faculties. On the one side were great powers of logical thinking, firmness, and temperateness, seconded by an excellent memory. On the other, were the fine taste and exquisite sensibility to grandeur and beauty proper to the painter. In all these respects this deeply-regretted friend was eminently fitted to occupy the chair of Reynolds, and might be regarded as a true example of the style of character most suitable to the artist.

Without endeavouring to draw a picture of Sir Charles as painter or President; a task beyond that which you have asked of me; perhaps I may add a few words bearing on the mode in which his character, as I have tried to sketch it, was represented in his work as artist. There seems to be, and it is natural that there should be, an identity, at least a close correspondence, between these things; the man is reflected in his work; his hands tell the story of his heart and his intellect. In two points of his work one may remark this coincidence. I have spoken of the unusual acquaintance with the history of art which he possessed, and to the end of his life was never weary of extending. Among other subjects, he paid especial attention to Sculpture, and wrote two essays which should be studied by all who care to understand the principles of that

art. To this cultivation, and especially to his study of Sculpture, it may probably be safe to ascribe his peculiar skill in connected and graceful composition. The lines of his groups are sufficiently natural in air; yet they have been all thought out and arranged with the most careful art; they support and give harmony to the whole design, whilst they fulfil the special function for which they are individually introduced. This quality, which forms a great part of that which is sometimes vaguely, yet expressively, called style, is essentially a sculptural quality, and has been obeyed both in sculpture and in painting by the greatest men in each art, except where unusual conditions of the subject have rendered it a less predominating feature. His pictures are, further, marked by a peculiar and refined sense of beauty. The sentiment, expression, and colouring, never fail in a tranquil, what might perhaps be termed a cultivated, grace; one sees that there was a kind of personal feeling on the artist's part for his work; he has given it the utmost finish he could, not only patiently, but caressingly. The whole, to the utmost of his powers, is sincere work; no careless passages; no tricks or fancifulness. The air of distinction which the above-noticed qualities (with their choice of subject) give to his pictures is perhaps precisely that in which modern English painting and sculpture have not been fruitful, as our artists themselves in general may be said, if compared to the French or German contemporary schools, to have trusted rather to natural impulse than to trained and cultivated practice. This air of distinction is, however, a quality of which many spectators are sensible; and hence, although several elements of popularity are not found in Eastlake's pictures, they early reached a high degree of public favour; and, from the same reason, they have retained it. To judge by the course of Art from its origin, of all its constituents, grace is the one most permanently attractive. The sublime and the grotesque, the physically powerful and the intellectually impressive, the colourist and the severe draughtsman, each has its day; but we all come back at last to the gentle sway of beauty. And if it be possible to trace to a man's disposition, his power in expressing the graceful, the

examples of artists who have most continuously exhibited it,—an Angelico of Fiesole, a Raphael, a Reynolds, or a Flaxman, would seem to justify one in ascribing it to the possession of that quality with which I started—sincerity.

These are but a few and scattered remembrances ; but if you think them likely to aid in bringing before the minds of those who did not know Sir Charles, the image of a dear and highly esteemed friend, they are at your disposal.

Ever truly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

March 2, 1866.



THE SISTINE CHAPEL
AND
THE CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL.*

By W. WATKISS LLOYD, Esq.

PART II.

THE CARTOON OF THE CHARGE TO PETER.

IN this Cartoon, we stand once more with Jesus and his Apostles, by the Lake of Gennesareth; but between this moment and the former lies a lifetime of instruction, of institution, and of suffering; the life's work is finished, and the subject of the picture represents the very instant when, the personal agency of the Master having come to an end, the world was to be left to develop the germs with which his career had endowed it.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Since the appearance of the last preceding number of the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, in which the First Part of this Critical Account of the Cartoons of Raphael was printed; the learned author has published the whole of his work, under the title of "*Christianity in the Cartoons*." This it would of course have been our duty to review now; but as that work contains far more of theological speculation (with which we do not meddle) than of art criticism; and as many friends of the author, and art critics, have expressed their desire to see the artistic portion of his observations on the other Cartoons, as they had in our former number seen those on the "Call of Peter;" we have very gladly preferred to any review of the book, the continuation of the account which was then begun. By no other means could we more emphatically express our high sense of Mr Lloyd's conscientiousness and perspicacity as a critic of Art; and at the same time avoid any expression of opinion regarding the matter foreign to our purpose, to be found in the book itself.* The Exhibition of the Cartoons in South Kensington Museum, now so successfully accomplished, will add to the interest of these papers; which, we need scarcely say, are excerpted from the book by the author himself.

* The work is illustrated by photographs and woodcuts. But it is to be regretted that Mr Lloyd has selected as a portrait of Raphael, the well-known portrait of his friend Bindo Altoviti, which Raphael painted.





The bight of the lake in the background fixes the scene; and the end of a fishing-boat, that extends into the picture, is reminiscent of the origin of the fishers of men.

The apostles are eleven in number, the traitor being gone; and the appearance and costume of the Saviour declare that the incident is subsequent to his passion and resurrection. The scars of the cross are visible upon hand and foot, and perhaps also in the side. The ample drapery that is thrown round him is now white, but was originally roseate or symbolically golden; there is something of clearness and majesty in the flow of its lines, that gives it the air of an idealized vesture, contrasting with the apostles' raiment of use and habit. The same effect of independent superiority is enhanced by the absence of the undergarment or tunic, worn by all the other figures, leaving chest and shoulder exposed. In the tapestry in the palace of Milan the drapery of Christ is a light-pink enriched with golden stars; this particular tapestry is wretchedly ill-executed. In the corresponding tapestry in the palace at Mantua, the robe again is pink, but with no stars; and indeed this set, which is very fine and much better preserved than that in the Vatican, was executed without the employment of gold in any part. The robe of John in the subject of the Death of Ananias, is a delicate rose-colour, which has vanished from the Cartoon. I do not doubt that the present white appearance of the robes both of John and of Jesus in the Delivery of the Keys as well as in the Miraculous Draught, is simply explainable by the fugitiveness of the same pigment.

The white robe of Christ, as it shows in the Cartoon at present, is very ineffectively relieved upon the fleeces of the sheep.

Christ, then, is before us, in the aspect and array of an apparition, an *ὀπτασία*,—the significant New Testament term for his reappearances. He stands entirely apart and disengaged from the group of his disciples, in a manner to remind us of the warning to Mary—"Touch me not, for I have not yet ascended to my Father;" and a tranquillity of pose and moderated symmetry of gesture, complete the dignity of a conception as grand as it is appropriate. Tenderness and love are

in his eyes, whilst he appeals to Peter's profession of love to himself as a warranty that he will have loving care of the flock committed to him.

The scene, the time, and the leading circumstance of the picture, are taken from the last chapter of St John's Gospel; but the text is made subservient to a broad general treatment, which enabled the painter to combine a wider range of expression than belongs to the particular incident as there narrated. In the neighbourhood of the lake and the fishing-boat, and in the presence of disciples, Jesus appeals thrice to Peter whether he loves him, and receives three assurances, not given without pain at the repetition of the inquiry; and thrice the commission is given, "Feed my sheep;" so far and in the detail that John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, is following upon Peter during the colloquy, the painter is content to take his outline from the Evangelist. But the significance on which he was interested to insist, was the assignment to Peter of a certain primacy over the Church and the apostles. He therefore assembles as witnesses all the other ten apostles, instead of merely those enumerated in the text, "Thomas, Nathanael of Cana, the sons of Zebedee, and two other of his disciples;" he suppresses all indication by costume, of "fisher's coat,"—of that resumption by Peter of his occupation, which would have been so incongruous. He arrays them all with a dignity that comports with the full establishment of their office. He then transfers to this occasion the committal of the keys to Peter, the power to bind and to loose on earth and in heaven; and in displaying the effect which this produces upon the other apostles, he finds the means to give expression to all the intimations which are scattered through the Gospels and Acts, of the workings of feeling and temperament among their community.

Peter, with crossed arms, embraces rather than clasps the keys, which seem to have been just delivered to him with intimation of the control that they symbolize; he is humbly on his knees, as in act of homage, but his attitude presses forward, his foot is visibly not yet inactive, and the entire figure breathes out the zeal and sense of responsibility, and the ardour that had so

readily professed that though all others might be faithless he would never fail, and that grieved at the renewed requirement of avowal of love, either simply or as greater than that of others.

The keys and the browsing sheep are realized figures of speech, which support each other harmoniously, and continue in this Cartoon the spirit of symbolism, which in the former suggested the introduction of the cranes. By these happy inventions, incidents from the life of Christ seem to be brought into sympathy with that very tendency to apologue and parable that characterize his teaching. This treatment also conduces not a little to give to the two designs in which the Saviour is introduced, the same ideal air that establishes a certain contrast between the narratives of the Gospels, and the greater naturalism of the Acts of the Apostles and the Cartoons from the Acts. The kneeling position of Peter, on this the great occasion of his preferment, signifies something in addition to fitting deferential homage to the Saviour; it is in accordance with the terms of Christ's rebuke to the disciples after they had disputed by the way which should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven, and when they were told that he that was eldest among them was bound to be as the younger, and he who would be leader of all to be as a servant.

The spirit indicated in that discussion finds full expression in the general group, and is indeed the key of its chief contrasts.

Immediately behind Peter, John, conspicuous by youth and grace, presses forward with eyes of devotion fixed on the Saviour, and with countenance and hands composed to warmest sympathy and adoration. The air of his head, the lines of his drapery, bent knee, and foot, are in immediate harmony with those of Peter; and the four apostles who are grouped with him most closely, share in various degrees his sympathetic impulse.

On the other hand, the spirit and liveliness of his action finds a contrast in the most advanced figure of the group remote from the Saviour, where the germs or the remains of different feelings are equally evident. This figure, which in its suspended pose shows less action than any other in the picture, was probably intended for Thomas, representative of a disposition, not to denial,

but to doubt. With head poised in steady attention, he stands quite upright, and his ample robe slips directly downwards from his shoulder, as his right hand (reversed as always in the Cartoons) drawn back upon his breast, seems to keep down the slightest movement to enthusiasm. The left hand has a movement to collect the cloak which is neglected by the unconscious right, and the left foot could be prompt for advance but that the right is so entirely quiescent,—altogether the most complete embodiment conceivable, of absorbed attention and most equivocal suspense, of coolness and hesitation.

Expression the most decided is declared in the apostle behind him,—a marked antithesis to the cordiality of John. Repugnance, if not protest, is seen in his profile and in his movement in a direction away from the chief incident. He is of somewhat smaller proportions than his companions, the flow of his hair partakes less of free luxuriance than of the negligence of the unkempt student, not to say ascetic; in the folds of the cloak that he huddles round him, we see that his hand grasps a book.

This apostle, I do not doubt, was intended by Raphael for James; not the brother of John, but the James who appears in Acts occupying a position in the church at Jerusalem, where his influence rivals, if it is not opposed to, that of Peter. The counterworking is intimated or asserted in the Acts, and in St Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, as hinging on the influence of James over the communistic church,—the poor saints at Jerusalem,—and his protection of those who would enforce upon the free converts the fetters of Judaism in law and tradition. Both these characteristics have contributed to the ideal formalist in the Cartoon, who is recoiling from an authority which might be superior to a code which he clings to.

The apostle who is visible between Thomas and John is pressing forwards with zeal displayed in both hand and step, and turns at the same time to address both looks and words, I think of expostulation, to the uncordiality of James. He thus becomes the intermediate link by which, with some assistance from the indecisive Thomas, the sentiment of one group blends with the other.

Here we have an example of one of the pictorial *schemata*, which Raphael perhaps invented, as he often repeated and always varied it. By this, figures that are visible on either side of one intermediate and nearer, are observed to exchange glances across the vacant space behind it. We see this in the picture at Bologna, where St John and St Augustine appear to the left and right of St Cecilia behind her, and are exchanging looks at least, if not words. In the School of Athens, the youthful pupil of Pythagoras communicates in this way with the female associate of the philosopher, and other instances lie near to hand. It is a stratagem that gives wonderful lightness and openness to composition.

Behind James, three apostles stand by themselves and close together, with a similarity of pose that associates them in feeling, —a feeling of questioning at least, if not of discontent. Two of them are the oldest of the eleven, and therefore naturally jealous of being superseded; or as it may be more fitly put, two of these apostles who represent the sentiment of discontent, are appropriately made by the painter much older than the rest, and thus provided with a motive, if not excuse, for reluctance in admitting a superior. That the face of the last figure of all is not visible, leaves open an expressive possibility as to how much further dislike may not have deepened. Certainly an end of projecting robe has the appearance of being thrown out by a gesture of sudden folding up and tightening round of drapery of one who has to submit with ill grace to an arrangement that he would fain, but cannot, protest against.

We have still to remark on the individual figures of the foremost and more sympathetic group.

The first figure, with a venerable beard, has an expression of seriousness and awe, and raises his hand in admiration at the grave event. I regard him as Andrew, the brother of Peter. Joy and admiration appear to me to characterize the next head visible in the background. If we please we may call him Philip, who is next in the enumeration of the apostles after Peter, Andrew, James, and John, and is said to have been, like Peter, from Bethsaida. Between these two the head of John

composes, and gains great force from contrast with their distinct expressions of joy and veneration, that in his own blend harmoniously as reverential love.

Behind John, in the same line, is another apostle, sedately sympathetic. I think we may regard him as James, the brother of John, partly on account of his proximity, and partly from a certain resemblance in cast of the hair, as well as of the features, to his brother.

It is impossible to over-estimate the force, facility, and invention which are exercised by the genius of Raphael in this wonderful composition. The most contrasted feelings are blended by gradation, the finest lines of modified sentiment are rendered with complete distinctness. The manner in which the expression of the heads of John and Thomas are defined by contrast with those that appear on either side of them respectively, is illustrative of the principle that pervades the condensed apposition of gestures, and the play of line and flow of draperies, throughout.

The very marked break in the general group of the apostles, cut-into deeply in the midst, is suggestive and expressive of moral liability to schism. The level light of early morning, the time given by the text and observed, I think, by the painter, is taken advantage of to render the division more distinct; and while it meets full the placid brow of the Saviour, throws exactly half of his figure into shade, rendering conspicuous the glow of the raiment, symbolical of his risen state.

The two keys are most naturally interpreted as being keys respectively of heaven and of hell; but though doctrine might assign a double wardership, there was a difficulty for the painter, who could scarcely admit proximity of the two portals. Italian painters and poets usually distinguish the keys as one gold, one silver; the golden being taken to symbolize the divine authority of priestly absolution, and the silver, the learning and discretion requisite for the office. Another view is given in the line of Milton,—

“The golden opes, the silver shuts amain,” (*Lycidas*),

in a passage which always conveys to me the poet's familiarity

with this design. It was after the date of this poem that he went to Italy,—could he have seen copies of the tapestry in England, or the cartoon itself in the gallery of Charles I.?

The perspective diminution of the heads of the apostles, to agree with distance into the picture, which in strictness would be considerable, is somewhat neglected,—a neglect which may share whatever explanation shall be adopted for the small boats of the former Cartoon.

It will be noticed how the line of the natural horizon rises in order to provide harmonious background for the isolated figure of Christ. On the other side it is broken by a mighty tower, at the foot of which is a conflagration comparatively insignificant; I could almost think we have here a suggestion of the Church founded on a rock,—the rock of Cephas,—“and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”

It would be poverty of spirit and weakness indeed, to turn away scandalized from the truth and beauty of this design, on the ground that they subserved the false pretensions to authority of the corrupt head of a corporation of modern priests. As truth and beauty they must be right and good; and reason is the rather that we should claim them for the right and vindicate them from false appropriation.

What Raphael read in the Gospels and what he painted, was in the first instance a special appeal to the peculiar affection and attachment of Simon to his Master, and a consequent committal to him of charge and pre-eminence over weaker brethren,—weak though he himself might be,—brethren who witness the charge with not uniform cordiality. This incident he partly chose and partly made up from evangelical intimations, and painted it moreover as typical of the dignity and office of the admitted head of the Church and occupant of the chair of St Peter, as was held, in right succession. A certain Pope was not, Popes in general may not be apt to be, endowed with zeal and love like Peter's, and apart from these have no claim to his authority; but the essential verity as depicted held good for him nevertheless. It is spirits that are “finely touched” that are so “to fine issues;” and assuming that the contemporary chief of

the Church had not the qualities ascribed to Peter, the tapestry simply hung up before him in his enthronization, an ensample and a reproof, the most vivid exposition of an ideal that would shame his shortcoming and invalidate his title.

THE MIRACLE AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE OF THE TEMPLE.

The narrative in the Acts, which supplies the subject of the third Cartoon, is in these terms:—"Now Peter and John went up together to the Temple at the hour of prayer, the ninth hour (3 P.M.). And a certain man, lame from his mother's womb, was being carried along, whom they placed daily at the gate of the Temple called 'The Beautiful,' to ask alms of those entering into the Temple; who seeing Peter and John, as they were about to go into the Temple, asked to receive alms. And Peter, looking at him fixedly, together with John, said, 'Look on us.' And he gave heed to them, expecting to receive somewhat from them. And Peter said, 'Silver and gold have I none; but what I have that give I unto thee: in the name of Jesus Christ the Nazarite get up and walk.' And, taking him by the right hand, he raised him up; and immediately his feet and ankles were strengthened, and, springing up, he stood and walked and entered with them into the Temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God. And all the people saw him, and they recognized him as the man that used to sit for alms at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple; and they were filled with wonder and amazement at what had happened to him. And as the lame man that was healed detained Peter and John, all the people ran together unto them at the porch called Solomon's, greatly wondering."

We have no difficulty in identifying the Beautiful Gate as that bronze portal on the east of the Temple, and facing the portico of Solomon, which led from the Court of the Gentiles, through the Court of the Women, to the Upper Temple, the Court of Israel,—the entrance-gate which Josephus describes as far exceeding in embellishment even those others which were overlaid with the precious metals.

There are manifest indications that Raphael did not design the architecture of his composition without reference, directly or





RAFAEL'S FRESCO OF THE SCHOOL OF ATHENS.

indirectly, to the recorded plan and details of the place. We easily recognize the suggestions of the historic notices, though with no intrusive affectation of archæological precision. In the ranges of columns four deep, we have a detail adapted from the *stoa basilica*; and the subjects of vintage with which these columns are encircled are very fairly derived from the admission of a symbolical golden vine, branching around the golden portal of the very sanctuary itself. The variegated marble of the pavement is to the same purpose, and from the same source. For the rest, the architecture is treated with freedom enough. It is in parallel perspective, and the plinths of the bases of the nearest columns are close up the base line of the picture. The painter has taken two of these columns in such a way as to frame in his principal and central group, and to give a vista directly down the four pairs of columns to a doorway indicated at the back, where a lamp burning in the daylight, indicates a sacred precinct. To the right is another parallel range of columns in the same direction, and by all architectural analogy the lateral spacing of these should be the same. Regularity here, however, would have carried the nearest just beyond the limit of the picture; this evidently was thought undesirable, and nothing remained but either to modify the regular spacing, by bringing the central columns nearer together, which would have contracted the space for the chief group, or to take a liberty and leave the responsibility to be divided between the architecture and the perspective, and this was the course adopted.

The most natural interpretation of the architecture is, that Peter and John are standing between the two columns, by the angle of a tetrastyle portico, of which each front column was the first of a rank of four. This inference presents itself from the appearance to the left of rows of fourfold columns, at right angles to the plane of the picture, and most naturally appearing as the counterpart of the front. But, besides the anomaly of the widely-spaced intercolumn, the doorway and lamp seem to imply a central vista, in which case we miss a row of columns that should have stood on the left. An old engraver introduces a base in position here, but Raphael had good reason for leaving

them out. The pictorial result is most happy. The chief group is in an architectural frame, which aptly expresses the scene at the decorated entrance to the Temple. The columnar magnificence of Herod's porticos is expressed in the files of columns in perspective, with fanciful capitals and enriched shafts. The termination of the colonnade to the left gives an openness that relieves the scene from oppressive confinement; while a fresh breeze seems to blow in from the landscape-glimpse of the Mount of Olives in the distance. On the right hand, the more contracted columniation, by whatever licence it is obtained, enhances the importance of that in the centre, and the getting one more front column into sight helps to carry the colonnade easily out of the picture.

The historian is careful to mark John as contributing to the miracle "by looking fixedly" on the subject of it as well as Peter. The Cartoon does not neglect the point, and compensates John for the more immediate activity of Peter by presenting his front face, and pointing his expressive hand to the cripple's head.

There is something in the gesture and mien of John that has the slightest possible indication of the tenderness that might lapse, by undexterous handling, into the sentimental. The boundary between the highest refinement of grace and affectation is the most delicate and perilous of all, in morals as in art. The saving distinction lies in the latest finishing touches, and if these are lost or degraded, the creation of angelic purity is on the brink of caricature that instant. Not even a Madonna, an infant Christ, or a boy John of Raphael himself, can be insured against the lowest disgrace of all in expression, if the restorer is to repaint, or the repairer to clean off, these last ethereal high lights. The danger is much the same when the design has to pass from the original surface to the burin of the engraver, through all accidents of mind and hand and operation. No apology is here designed for the expression of John in the Cartoon, but much explanation how it is that engravings may resemble it so nearly, yet so utterly falsify expression. To those who are inclined, I leave the prosecution of the inquiry

how far Coreggio can be placed on the same line with Raphael, or how many steps below him in respect of harmonization of the expressions, of which the sentiment so easily, but so fatally, may become self-contemplative.

"What I have, give I unto thee," finds its expression in the expansive gesture of the hand of John, and the fully-extended arm, of which the outward turn involves, for perfect ease, the turn of the head to relieve the muscles of the shoulder, and thence derives the virtue of its expression. In another point, adherence to the text is equally conspicuous; the apostle with his left hand grasps the right of the beggar,—he grasps him, and at the same time seems to be, as in the text, lifting him up; and thus, as regards expression, the action of Peter embodies the energetic order, "Arise and walk," as definitely as that of John bespeaks the spirit of spontaneous and ungrudging endowment. The costume of this beggar does not exhibit the squalor that appears in the beggar to the left. Nothing is seen either of tatters or rags, and he wears a linen under-garment, fresh and clean. He grasps a crutch on the ground with his right hand, reaching for it instinctively when told to rise, though the movement of his leg shows, no less than a gleam of joy mingled with astonishment in his face, that he already feels the accession of sudden vigour that is to make him independent of crutches for ever. I am disposed to think that to him belongs also the crutch on which the figure just behind him leans his clasped hands and bearded chin. In the steadfast gaze of this figure I discern an expectant gratitude to the strangers who are interested in his friend. The lame man had those who cared for him, and carried him daily to the Temple gate; and here I conjecture that we have one who has just completed that service. That he himself is not lame, or in want of a crutch, is, I think, shown by the impatience of the stalwart boy, drawing him away for departure and companionship, and his ample drapery excludes the supposition that he is another mendicant.

To the same party probably belongs the eager figure just behind, who is rushing forward with an expression at least prepared for joy.

The feet of all the figures that are seen are naked,—their shoes put off for standing upon holy ground. The cripple himself has his lower garments drawn up above the knee, to expose, in true mendicant fashion, the miserable deformity of his extremities, to verify his plea, and excite compassion.

The marks of congenital deformity are seen not more decisively in the malformed legs and distorted foot, than in that exaggerated and peculiar conformation of the jaw that so constantly accompanies such defects, sympathetic consequences doubtless of some common cause. In the other beggar such marks do not appear; neither trace of deformity, nor positive proof indeed even of disablement. His face and sprinkled hairs, and the habit of his skin, convey the impression of only that deformity that ensues not from birth, but from customary manner of life—the true beggar's self-habitation to bodily idleness, and intentness of stunted mind on the lowest bodily requirements in their meanest forms. He leans forward, as if to attract a share of whatever benefaction may be designed for his companion or competitor; but in his bunched and protruding under lip, there is visible as much contempt of the wild promise of bodily regeneration, as some awe, seen in his eyes, at the impressive presence of the apostles, will allow him to display.

The narrative, it is to be observed, in no way ascribes faith or any other form of moral desert to the healed cripple antecedently.

Afterwards, however, unaffected gratitude is ascribed to the recipient of the benefit, and though this is only by implication, from his accompanying the apostles into the Temple with lively demonstrations of his new endowments, and from his detaining them so long that the crowd had time to come together, still the feelings accept the vindication of the apostles' insight in directing their bounty where it was not only appreciated but deserved.

The genius of the miracle, the sudden gift of energy and flexibility to the cramped and helpless cripple, seems to be symbolized in the conjoint expression of the apostolic figures, the firm, erect, preceptive Peter, and the graceful outpour of consent and sympathy of John.

The historical localization of the incident at the entrance of the women's court, gave opportunity for the introduction of the graceful beauty of young mothers entering or returning from the Temple, on the occasion of the redemption of their firstborn by sacrifice of a lamb, or pairs of doves and pigeons.

Such a mother we see in the lovely female on the left of the picture, returning with her infant, that may be but the month old, the prescribed term for the sacrifice. Her head is one of the most exquisitely beautiful in art; she looks with interest at the marvel that is being wrought, but not with the entire diversion of attention that appears in the face of her attendant. The infant, in lady's phrase, is not very interesting; I noticed the distinct indication, in the tapestry at Milan (1861), that a certain stiffness about it arises from its being represented swaddled; the tapestry of this subject at Mantua is very beautiful. With the true absorption of motherhood, she moves on with homeward step unchecked, and her hand lies still tranquilly attentive to the even movement of the sleeping breath of her nursling. The feeling of this arrangement is made more apparent by the proximity of the expressive hand of the extreme male figure to the right, which is expanded, and thrilling with emotion.

The formality of the dress of this figure indicates attachment to the service of the Temple; the expression of the face is refined and candid, and it is here that Raphael shows regard to the highly significant record in a text not very far off (Acts vi. 7), "and a great crowd of the priests obeyed the faith."

The healthful beauty of this youthful matron does not suffer, but rather the reverse, from a certain festal yet simple *munditia*, in carefully tressed hair, and bandlet and ear-drop, and the settled adjustment, by gathered knot over her right shoulder, of the plain purity of her robe. Station may even be intimated by the glimpse of a female attendant behind.

In front of, and in full pictorial relief upon, the white robe of this type of all social orderliness and health, is projected the broad, bold profile, in face and figure, of the secondary beggar already described. There is sufficient interval to save from repulsive contiguity. The attention of both is directed to the same

incident; and even, we may say, in both cases with certain restriction. But the beggar grasps his stick with unrelaxing hands, and purses his mouth from the contracting sentiment of self; the young mother has her sympathies controlled by the inextricable ties of offspring. The priest is by some degrees more unembarrassed; but even in him we see that the free movement of admiration is, at this moment, a surface ripple at most, as he is moving on with step undiverted to his daily function of ceremony and service. A single line in the waft of his robe is sufficient to indicate this. So, doubtless, Raphael had seen many an ecclesiastic of high original endowments subdued to the daily tenor of ceremonial routine; equal still to afford a sympathetic cheer, to feel a momentary glow for the noble; but disabled for more,—disabled ever for co-operating with a stroke of the world's work, which, as far as can be discerned, he ought to have been capable even to originate.

There is a scowling face looking from beyond the next column, whose dealings will have to be countervailed by philosophers or ecclesiastics of another kind.

In the more open space on the right-hand side of the picture we have groups in freer action. Another graceful female, in livelier movement, bears on her head a basket with vine-leaves, and a pair of birds; and a lovely active boy of eight years old runs on beside her with another pair hanging by a string from a rod over his shoulders. The pairs of birds indicate that here too we have allusion to a presentation and redemption of a firstborn; and it was by a liberty of the painter, doubtless not exceeding the liberty with which the law of Moses was habitually modified in practice and ceremonial, that the little fellow has deferred his appearance beyond the canonical age.

Still beyond these figures we see a pair—a woman and bearded man, standing dignified, but somewhat formally—side by side, with an appearance as if they were witnessing a religious celebration; and so the movement and agitation of the porch of the Temple is toned off to the tranquillity of stately function, suggestive of the Temple itself.

But it was not in the order of the art of Raphael that he

should pitch upon an excuse of simple consistency with place and time, for the mere sake of obtaining for his picture nothing more than a picturesque detail or two, and the variety of feminine and infantine forms; it could not be but that beyond this he must have discerned an opportunity for heightening the moral expression and significance of the essential subject. Had these incidents been inevitable, his genius would have found the means to compel them to such subservience; inasmuch as their introduction was optional, no doubt he aimed therein at giving point and brilliancy to his proper theme.

How this may have been I find shadowed forth in a note I made, and dated 12th June, 1856, and I do not know that I can now improve on the conception or the exposition of it.

“Cripples at the Beautiful Gate; the failure of Nature supplicating aid in the midst of the successes of Art; cripples asking alms of apostles, seeking the goods of life from those who could forego all in order to purvey for others the blessings of the spiritual. Apostles affording remedy and release to limbs that never had been strong, never had been straight, never complete; the interpreters of moral truth stooping to avouch the unity of the source of all health, the common fount of both moral truth and material,—natural good, by giving force to the energies that right mere physical distortion, and continue the work that in ordinary course is completed anterior to birth, and never should have to look for furtherance after, still less rectification!

“The ministers of truth and benevolence stand amidst the crowd of passers in and goes out, by the side of those who, to their grief and against their will, can neither come nor go. Reaching helping hands, and saying kindly and forceful words, they are heeded not only by the objects they befriend, but some of the jostling crowd are detained by wonder and regard; some of the farers by the world's common way of ceremoniousness are drawn towards the attractive centres of sympathetic helpfulness, and a new direction, if perhaps only a counter-deviation, is given to the current of the worldly stream.

“Women are passing in and out with the appropriate offerings of thankfulness, for happy rewards of earliest pangs. Strong

boys, active children, and healthy infants, move through the columns in tending of affection and protecting kinship, or rest on tender bosoms in the security that is secure because it does not know of danger, and if it approached would but defy and crow before it; and in the midst is the group round the man who has grown up distorted from the cradle where he was a sorrow and a shame to his mother, and has lived to come at last, and unexpectedly, to a later and more happy birth."

Taken broadly, the subject avouches the command of the moral over the vital powers, especially under the stimulus of healthy enthusiasm,—the reaction sympathetically, and even by simple contiguity, of mental health and force upon physical.

Make of it what we please, there is the mixed fact of physiology and psychology, that, in times of great mental exaltation, marvels akin to our miracle are ever rife; and if the fanaticisms of revivals, and the like, display more abundantly an influence of disturbance, the instances are not less significant to the philosopher as intimations of the direction to which he must point inquiry. This will lead at last to recognition of the principle that the controlling tone that must be looked to, to combine in harmony all the energies of the complex human constitution, is that of moral sense.

The bounding and elastic boy in front is the very embodiment of youthful health and strength, and capability of happy and harmonious development; a child still in all his contours, but we discern foreshadowed within them the promised outlines of the fully grown and knit Herculean man.

He is, in fact, set here as the very symbol of the strength which failed to the infancy of the cripple, but is now on the point of being infused into his maturity by a compensating miracle. He presents to us unsuspectingly, but not therefore with less effect, an image of glad exultation in strength, which the moment of the representation forbids to be exhibited in the distorted mendicant, though the spectator familiar with the story may see him already, in imagination, walking, leaping, and praising God.

It will be observed how happily the height of the standing

boy-figure ranges with that of the kneeling beggar in corresponding position on the right. The broadly illuminated line of his arms and shoulders helps the symmetrical opposition, and his grandeur of proportion, besides other appropriateness, makes him competent to sustain the balance.

But the happy invention and placing of his significant action is, above all things, to be admired. In his position, as from his age, he is inattentive to, or out of sight of, the miracle, and pulls at the girdle of the man who, resting his hands and chin on the crutch-head, as already described, is fixed immoveable in reverential gaze on the wonder-working apostle. The action of appeal, the energetic endeavour to rouse the otherwise engrossed, is a variation upon the motive of Peter's lifted hand, and lifting grasp, and encouraging command, "Get up and walk."

The value of such a reflecting episode in giving distinctness to the chief incident is extraordinary; and yet for this result it is not necessary that the relation should be thus definitely recognized; nay, it is not of necessity that it should even have been so by the painter himself.

The pulling arm of the boy, the drawn arm of the cripple, the freely extended arm of John, consent in most harmonious composition. In two faces only, salient enough, no doubt, but still in the background, is found the expression of hostility that accounts for the sequel of the anecdote. The most vindictive face is that to the right, seen between the nursing mother and the Levite; of the other only half is discernible, cut off by the left-hand column, on the inner side of which we see a half-face, expressive of startled astonishment.

Other faces, interfered with by the architecture in the same way, give scattered distribution to the crowd, and thus is evaded an appearance of the groups fitting into their spaces with unnatural neatness. Certain accidents of seeming awkwardness are admitted, in order to permit contrived combinations to have the air of happy accidents. It pertains to this artifice that here, as in the group of apostles in the Charge to Peter, we have an indication of one considerable figure, which fills out the mass of a group, but of which the face is hidden altogether.

There is more art in the apposition of the illuminated and shadowed portions of the several figures than I am competent fully to expound. On the right we have that sharply-cut relief of the edges of a limb in shadow on a brightly illuminated background, that Raphael always treats with such mastery, and with a force that he is still careful to keep subordinated. On the right we have as broad a contrast, but there it is the illuminated front figure that has its bright edges outlined upon obscurity in the background. In the intermediate group, in the centre, such oppositions are superseded by the blending of shadows into shadows, the graduation of lights into lights.

Colouring.—I copy the following memoranda from hasty notes.

“Peter wears yellow robe over blue tunic; John wears green robe over red tunic;—both as in the Charge to Peter, excepting that here we have no reddish reflections in shadow on Peter’s mantle.

“Peter’s head is relieved upon the green shoulder of John,—just escaping the less desirable background of the red robe. Coloured stripes are seen along the bottom selvage of John’s tunic.

“The beggar has a blue jacket bound broadly with red; the edge of his linen, both at neck and legs, is neatly crimped. His face is happily relieved against his own blue sleeve, and the shadow of that of John. The more ignoble and less afflicted beggar is simply in sordid sackcloth, with no linen visible. His bottle hangs by a leather strap.

“The female behind has green tunic, a light blue robe; very fair hair. The ‘Levite’ has red sleeve, passed through brownish-yellow tunic—so to call his sleeveless jerkin—and blue cap.

“The man leaning on head of staff has a brown dress, and the next a leather brown tunic, with dark-blue robe. The boy tugs at the blue girdle of the first, and his very red flesh-tones are boldly relieved upon a mass of dull, dark draperies.

“The woman with the basket on her head has a shot blue and pink tunic; her robe is red, but seems to be lined with white, and, being reversed at the lower part, expresses her movement, and gives a relieving background for the flesh-tones of her boy,—a light background here, as a dark in the other instance.”

THE PRINCIPAL RUINS OF ASIA MINOR.*

THIS is an excellent selection from the great work of Charles Texier, "*L'Asie Mineure*," and affords the substance of nearly all that it contains which is of value to the architect. The original plates have been reproduced by Messrs Day in lithography, in a way so perfect that none but a practised eye could tell them from the steels. Careful plans and sections with figured dimensions (those real treasures to the architect) are also given. The work in effect, with the exception of some slight errors, is a creditable successor to those of Stuart and Revett, Wilkins, Cockerell, and the other similar publications. In point of execution it is far superior to that of the Sicily of the Duca di Serradifalco. The chief omissions from the work of Texier are those of Archaic sculptures, the rock-cut tombs and those resembling carpenter's work, and the inscriptions. These, of course, are matters for the antiquary rather than the architect, and can well be spared, as the bulk and cost of the book are now reduced to a moderate amount.

Mr Pullan has not, however, been content with selecting the best parts of his friend's work, but has himself visited the various localities with a view of studying the remains for himself. An excellent map shows his travels on the coasts of Mysia, Æolia, Ionia, and Caria, in 1858-9, and 1861-2. In other places he extracts freely from Mons. Texier's work, from the *Ionian Antiquities*, &c., and fairly acknowledges the sources from which he quotes.

* The Principal Ruins of Asia Minor, F.R.I.B.A., &c., &c. Text, 51 Plates illustrated and described by Charles Texier, and Maps, fo. London: Day & Sons, Member of the Institute of France, 1865. &c., &c.; and R. Popplewell Pullan,

Our author, in a short and modest preface, states his motive for the publication of his book, and a worthy motive it is. Like all true students of classic literature or art, the object he keeps before his view is *Beauty*; and this he seeks in a fertile source, *Proportion*. "In the present day," he says, "Proportion is, for the most part, either altogether ignored, or else completely overlooked in efforts after the picturesque, or in the adaptation of buildings to suit the utilitarian and economical requirements of the age." He speaks with deserved reprobation of our "so-called original composition, in which stunted columns, top-heavy capitals, and windows absurdly elongated, are introduced by way of novelty, or for the sake of the contrasts produced by disproportion," and then hails the probability of a change. "A glimmering of light (he says) is beginning to be visible. Those who formerly were to be classed amongst the most vehement opponents of all art that was not mediæval, are now ready to acknowledge there is something good even in Greek architecture, which is pre-eminently based upon rules of proportion and geometry. At last the conviction that harmonious composition is inseparable from real beauty is making itself felt, so that we may entertain good hopes of the architecture of the future."

With such sentiments does Mr Pullan go forth to do battle for the cause of Beauty, and we heartily bid him "*faites votre devoir*." The light he speaks of has been lately increased from an unexpected quarter. One of our most celebrated art critics, who for years has done battle for the cause of conscientiousness, earnestness, and truth, is now striving for the great cause of Intellectual Beauty. He is endeavouring to teach men to drink in the *spirit* of their subject, to throw off the trammels of lay figures and models, and, like the Grecian poets and artists, to imagine, to think out, and to execute an ideal such as perhaps never existed in such perfection in our work-a-day world. *Macte virtute esto*.

But to proceed with our task. Our author commences with a short but useful Introduction, describing very succinctly the vast peninsula of Asia Minor, and some of its principal buildings. He also gives an epitome with dates of all the various

travels in Asia Minor from the days of Paul Lucas, and Spon and Wheeler, to the present time. He then narrates his own journey in 1861 along the coasts of *Æolia*, *Ionian*, and *Caria*. He hired an open *caïque* about 20 feet long, or about the size of one of the Ramsgate sprit-sail pleasure-boats. As there was no cabin nor place for cooking, the author, his wife, and the crew were obliged to land at night and sleep under canvas. The crew consisted of Spiro, who had been pilot on board of a British ship of war, and three other Greeks—and a picturesque group must have been formed on the 31st of August, when they landed on a sandy island in the gulf of Smyrna; the town *Leuké*, founded by a general who had revolted against Artaxerxes, perched on a mountain before them; two peaked picturesque mountains, “the two brothers,” behind; the *caïque* touching the shore; the lady in the door of the tent; and the crew broiling fish over the ruddy glow of wood embers.

The extreme heat, and the unhealthy climate, steaming with intermittent fever, seems to have impeded the operations of our author very materially. He, however, visited *Cyme*, from whence the original settlers at *Cumæ* in *Magna Grecia* are said to have emigrated, and a spot which, from fragments of pottery and coins, he supposes to have been *Myrina*. He then went to a locality upon which he supposes the Temple of *Apollo Grynæus* stood. *Elaæa* was then visited, where he found and purchased the colossal statue of *Hercules* now in, or rather boxed up in the boarded sheds under the portico of the British Museum.

It is not our intention to follow our author's route from town to town, as our business is with the subject of Art rather than of voyaging; suffice it to say the next place visited was *Teos*, dear to every lover of lyric verse as the birth-place of old *Anacreon*. Of this place he gives a short account of his own, and another—abridged from *Texier*.

Mitylene was the next place, and *Molivo*, the ancient *Methymna*; then *Kulaklee*, in the Troad, where the remains of the temple to *Apollo Smintheus* were recently discovered; and then *Assos*, also in the Troad, which is described. From *Mitylene* our author crossed to *Mysia*, and visited *Pergamos*, and

thence returned to Smyrna. This place he quitted by rail and proceeded to Ephesus (fancy a railroad from Smyrna to Ephesus!), and thence to Priene, Branchidæ, and Iassus, returning by Heracleia. This last city stands at the foot of Mount Latmos,

—"where the Moon
Slept with Endymion."

Then, crossing that classic river which has caused many a winding stream and narration to be said to meander, he returned by Priene to Smyrna.

Mr Pullan's object in this route seems rather to have been to find likely spots for exploration than to excavate at the time. If we may be permitted a sportsman's phrase, rather to mark his birds down than to bag them. At Smyrna he reported the results to the Dilettanti Society, and recommended excavations to be made in the following order as regarded their importance:—1st, the Temple of Apollo Smintheus; 2nd, that of Minerva at Priene; 3rd, of Bacchus at Teos; 4th, Apollo Branchidæ at Teronda.

After a rest during the inclement months of January and February, for winter is winter, that is, a great contrast to the temperature of summer, everywhere except in the tropics, Mr Pullan determined to explore the site of the ancient city Colophon. Ancient, indeed, for it claimed to be the birth-place of Homer, and in later times (about the period of the foundation of Rome) was taken by Gyges, the Lydian king, who owned the wondrous ring of invisibility before the days of Herodotus. For this purpose our author proceeded to a village bearing no doubt, if properly pronounced, the euphonious name of Ghaiour-keui. Finding he was likely to be engaged there some time, he hired "the best room in the village." It was small, we are told, the windows were without glass, and it had the slight disadvantage of being over a stable in which an unhappy pig was incarcerated, whose grunting, our author gently remarks, "tended" to disturb the night's rest. Whether there were any of those entomological specimens which caused a grave action at law the other day between a noble lord and a lodging-house letter, we are not informed.

There seems however every reason to believe that a site about three miles distant from this dwelling was that of the once famous Colophon. Here too was the oracle of the Clarian Apollo. The discovery of several fragments of statues, of columns and architraves and votive tablets, were found. Our author however does not state whether any of them were sent home, or whether they were left *in situ* for another time.

At Teos however he was enabled to excavate, and found some slabs of the frieze which were sent home by a British ship, and during the holiday of the Bairam week went to Ritri, which has been identified as the ancient Erythræ. Having now explored the whole coast (with the exception of a few slight breaks) from the south of Caria to the north of the Troad, our author returned, expressing a hope that at some future time he might be enabled to proceed further, and trace the whole Troad northward. He gives a list of thirteen cities which once were great and populous, and of which the sites are now utterly unknown, but which he thinks may be discovered. We hope he may be enabled to carry out his wishes.

The plates must now afford us the key to the further progress of the work. The first is the very old and curious Doric temple in the middle of the Acropolis at Assos. This is supposed to be of the date of the 5th century before our era, and is probably the oldest Greek Doric temple remaining. There is a remarkable resemblance between this temple and that at Corinth, but it is smaller, the diameter of the column being but a little over 3ft. 6in., while those of the latter measure 5ft. 10in. The height of the column at Assos is $4\frac{1}{4}$ diameters, while at Corinth it is only 4.065—a very small difference. The projection of the cap is very great, nearly half a diameter. The fluting has a great resemblance to that at Corinth, except that they are 16 in number, as shown on the plan before us; (the text says only ten, but this surely must be a misprint;*) and those of the latter have 20 flutes. The most curious and original feature is that not only the frieze is sculptured with figures as is usual, in fact

* Several circumstances, besides a list of | ture that the text was printed in Mr Pullan's
important errata, would lead us to con- | absence.

the very name *zoophorus* is derived from this circumstance, but the architrave is closely covered with bas-reliefs representing bulls fighting each other, lions seizing on bulls—a very usual subject in the sculpture of Asia Minor, and sphinxes. The triglyphs are much as in other Greek work, but the *tænia* is in one piece and not divided into *guttæ*, neither are there any *guttæ* in the *mutules*. The metopes are sculptured, says the text, with harpyes, but the plates show they are centaurs.* A long band, whether within or without the *cella* our author does not say, represents Menelaus seizing Proteus, and the marriage of Pirithous and Hippodamia. Plate 2 shows the cornice terminated with a simple corona and fillet with an apophyge, exactly like those given by some authors to the Tuscan order, and the text says there is no *cymatium*. The sculpture as delineated is altogether of the most Archaic character, and is certainly of the greatest interest.

We are now irresistibly led to consider whether the Greek Doric is derived from the Archaic Egyptian, such as the Tombs at Beni Hassan, as those two great authorities Canina and Sir Gardner Wilkinson would lead us to believe, or whether it be an architecture cognate to the Etruscan, or whether there be a third and independent element in its origin; we incline to think the latter. The Beni Hassan columns have nothing like the massive proportions, nor their extraordinary entasis. They are very nearly parallel from top to bottom, nor have they their diminution. The Egyptian entablature possesses, it is true, something strikingly analogous to their architrave and frieze, and the cartouches in the latter between two or more perpendicular lines might seem to be the precursors of triglyphs. But a slight glance will show material deviations. The archetype of the Greek temple was probably, as often has been said, the timber-built hut, enlarged and reproduced in stone. This archetype of the Egyptian was probably the rock-cut cave. The Etruscan has window and door openings less above than below, or with sloping jambs like the Greek, while the upper member of the cornice resembles the Egyptian. Now the stone tombs of

* In another place he describes the metopes correctly as bearing centaurs coming to the wedding

Lycia clearly show a derivation from and studied resemblance to the art of the carpenter. It is not improbable, then, that after all the same original element of art may have pervaded all these nations, varied and modified as the exigencies of climate, or the convenience of the respective material—wood or stone, may have dictated. We are, however, only too thankful to obtain any information that may tend to their further illustration.

Our author next takes us to the remains of the Temple of Apollo Branchidæ, as he terms it. Pliny * designates the place, "*oppidum Branchidarum, nunc Didymæ Apollinis,*" and Jamblichus, † Pausanias, ‡ and Strabo, § all say at Branchidæ—ἐν Βραγχίδαις. We do not quarrel with little things, but in nomenclature it is as well to be strict. According to Texier this vast building measured 362·258 feet by 167·984 feet, || on the top step. This is a little in excess of the dimensions given by the Dilettanti in 1821. The columns are 64 feet in height, or double that of those of St Martin's in the Fields, and consequently 8 times their bulk. They were 142 in number, besides 24 in the cella, and probably contained as much in cubical contents as all those of our public buildings put together. Our author has, however, given us very little more information than we get in the *Ionian Antiquities*, 1769—1821, before cited. The method of finding the centres for drawing the volutes in plate 7 is however a gift to the practising architect. It is curious that it comes out very nearly the same as the spiral of Goldmann. The fine pilaster cap at plate 9 is certainly superior to that given as stated above, but the other is not equal (and it is no disparagement to say so) to the famous "tail piece" of the 1769 volume, the joint work of the two celebrated engravers, Woollett and Basire. ¶

* Lib. v. 31.

† Cap. xi.

‡ viii. 694.

§ 814.

|| There used to be some quizzing when the Dilettanti professed to give the dimension of old, broken, crumbling ruins to the tenth of an inch, or one hundred and twentieth of a foot. M. Texier boldly professes to measure to the thousandth.

¶ Mr Pullan however has given us one valuable piece of information, that, like most of the large temples, it was hypæthral; which he infers "from the fact that the heap of ruins is hollow in the middle and not filled up, which would have been the case had it been roofed in."

But the next temple illustrated is a boon indeed. It is at Aizani, and is not given even by Canina, and it is but slightly noticed by Fergusson. The dedication was to Jupiter. It is not a large temple, being but 72 feet by 122, the columns but 32 feet high. But it appears to have stood in a magnificent peribolus, 520 feet by 485 feet. Within this, and surrounding the temple, there seems to have been a covered portico, formed by two rows of columns of the Corinthian order, about 190 feet by 290 feet, and in all probability the remainder of the enclosure was filled with triclinia, hexedræ, and gardens. In the front of all was a magnificent flight of steps, and a grand range of arcades. The temple itself is of mixed character, the mouldings being portions of circles, and the pulvinum of the capital being level, and not having the Grecian droop.* The palmettes in the cymatium and the antifixæ strongly resemble those at the Temple of Bacchus at Teos. But the most striking feature is the frieze. It is most original, and it is impossible to speak too highly of it. The space over every intercolumniation is filled with a species of console turning over at the top, and enriched with the acanthus. Between these are tendrils carrying alternately flowers and rosettes. The text says (page 63) "the pronaos terminates in the antæ, between which stood *ten* columns. The capitals of the antæ are composite." How can this probably be? There are only two columns shown, nor could there be more between the antæ, which last are drawn with a sort of Corinthian capital, while the columns themselves are delineated as composite. The plan shows a cella, with pronaos and posticum each having two antæ and two columns. The front has a double row, and the posticum a single row of eight columns; the flanks had 15 columns each. The details of the cella are very beautiful. Below the temple was a large arched vault with sloping openings into the peristyle above, probably for light and air, and approached from the posticum by a narrow staircase. We learn from Hero of Alexandria that these vaults

* The columns have the usual number of 24 flutes, each of which is filled at the top with a small sculptured vase. The base consists of a small and large torus, below which are two small reeds, and two small scotiæ, each also separated by similar reeds.

were used by the Priests for the purposes of jugglery.* The whole edifice resembles in arrangement the temple at Palmyra, and is probably of about the same date.

A plan of the Theatre at the same place is then given, with the details of the order, which is Ionic, the volutes of the capital being angular. The frieze is of the unusual depth of nearly two modules, and is sculptured with the common Asia Minor subject, lions seizing on bulls. There are both dentils and modillions under the cymatium. The latter are placed diagonally at the angles. The work is probably Roman, and certainly not of very early date. A very graceful Corinthian pilaster cap is given among the other details.

From Aizani our author takes us to the Augusteum at Ancyra. Of this most interesting building only the two side walls of the cella, the doorway between them, the projections or *humeralia* of the side walls, the antæ with their caps, and a portion of the frieze, are all that remain. The architrave and cornice of the door is richly sculptured. The antæ capitals bear a graceful winged figure, probably a Victory. The cornice is also carved in very good taste, and has a delicate meander in the soffit. The walls still bear the inscription recording the dedication of the temple, and the list of the various buildings erected by Augustus, of which Canina made such good use. This is generally known as the Monumentum Ancyranum, and has lately been carefully copied by the direction of the Emperor of the French. It would have been a great boon indeed to the architectural antiquary if Mr Pullan had given it in his work, in the same manner as the Dilettanti have done with similar inscriptions. There are sufficient vestiges to show the temple was hexastyle and peripteral, and that the order was Corinthian. The dimensions on the top step seem to have been about 130 feet by 60.

From Ancyra we pass to the temple of Venus at Aphrodisias, the remains of which are more numerous and have been better pre-

* Among other instances, he describes (cap. 37 and 38) the machinery in these vaults by which the temple doors were made to open of themselves, as soon as the fire was lighted in the altar: no doubt to the great amazement of the votaries.

served than any temple in Asia Minor, owing to its having at some time been converted into a Christian church. It was Ionic, hexastyle and peripteral, having the unusual number of eighteen columns on each flank. The dimensions are about 70 feet by 120, and the columns 34 feet high. It was surrounded by a splendid peribolus measuring about 400 feet by 200, and decorated with coupled Corinthian columns, at intervals, like the Forum Transitorium at Rome, or that which stood before the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina at the same place as given by Palladio. There were pediments over each pair of columns, and between each pair were niches recessed in the wall with Corinthian columns, and alternate segmental and triangular pediments. The mouldings of the temple in the centre and the design of the Ionic capitals bear evident marks of Roman feeling, portions of the architrave only are given, so that the restoration of the entablature and the great pediment are conjectural. Each column bears a votive tablet with the name of the donor. Fortunately, however, enough remains of the order of the peribolus to restore the whole. This is purely of Roman Corinthian, with a swelling frieze sculptured with the Acanthus. There are dentils under the cornice, but no modillions. The palmettes and the antifixes on the cymatium are somewhat more in the Grecian taste. The order of the peribolus stands on a bold plinth, and the whole measures about 36 feet in height. The smaller order, or that of the niches, is very nearly a reduced copy of the larger, but the pediments have an unusually sharp pitch. On entering the peribolus, to the right and left are two large pedestals, one of which, perhaps both, bore the statue of a recumbent lion. Behind these are two marble basins, probably for the purposes of purification, nearly 16 feet in diameter. The peribolus seems to have been divided into an outer and inner temenos by a double row or screen of Corinthian columns.

Our author then gives, in two very clever perspective views, a geometrical elevation, two sections and two plans of the Theatre at Aspendus. This is the best preserved building in Asia Minor. The cavea and proscenium are complete, the seats *in situ*, and it only requires the restoration of a few columns

and the usual wood-work to be perfect. The external elevation as shown measures over 340 feet in length, by more than 80 feet high. It is very massive and perfectly plain. From the back of the upper row of seats across the auditory, at right angles to the proscenium, measures about 200 feet. The latter, 160 feet front by 80 feet in height, has the place for the siparium or curtain to fall into, the three doors usual in classic theatres, and the whole is decorated with two orders of columns and entablatures; the lower is of Ionic and the upper of Corinthian architecture. A large triangular pediment surmounts the central four, the other columns are in pairs crowned with pediments, alternately segmental and triangular. According to the inscriptions this grand, this magnificent edifice was erected conformably to the will of Acurtius Crispinus, about the time of the Antonines, and it is recorded that the architect, Zeno, was honoured with a statue, and presented with a garden by order of the senate. A large hall or green-room extended the entire length of the stage, over which were three stories, probably used as dressing-rooms, and for machinery, &c. On each side of the proscenium is a sort of imperial *loge* or box for great people.

The details of the lower order, the Ionic, are extremely rich, and possess a Greco-Roman character. The frieze is decorated with *bucrania* between festoons, the cymatium has the palmette, between which and the corona is the rather unusual ornament (at least in such a place) of the carved echinus. The upper order, the Corinthian, is also very rich and bold. There are modillions but no dentils, but this we think rather adds to the simplicity and boldness of the order than otherwise. In the pediment is a three-quarter length bas-relief of a young girl rising from a mass of acanthus leaves, probably intended to represent the Muse supposed to preside over the representation. The Turks call this *Mal-kéz*, or the girl of honey, and have coined a legend in connexion with the figure, to which perhaps, when we remember their iconoclastic propensities, its preservation is probably due. Once upon a time, if a grave reviewer may be allowed to begin in the good old way, the king of the serpents fell in love with the queen of the bees, and made

proposals in form, which were coyly rejected. Now there was a deep valley between their respective palaces, and though it is generally believed serpents can twist and climb anywhere, he the king of the serpents resolved in royal fashion to build a bridge over which he might pass and carry the lady off. This was done, and the ruins remain alive, like the bricks in Jack Cade's chimney, to prove the truth of the story to the present day. Antiquaries say the arches are the remains of an old Roman Aqueduct, but the Turks know better. The boldness of the plan, so un-serpent like, succeeded, and a happy wedding took place, but, alas! the queen died within a year after, giving birth to a beautiful daughter, for whom the king built this very palace, which the same obstinate persons will have is a theatre, and caused the statue to be set up, which is the identical Girl of Honey now there, and which before us stands delineated.

Of the Island of Iassus we have only a general map. Of the buildings at Myra, Mr Pullan gives us the plan of the Theatre, an elevation of the proscenium in its present state, and also as restored. This is very interesting. It seems to have been only of one order, but instead of the usual three doors already alluded to, that in the centre called the "royal door," and the other two devoted to the protagonistes, and the deuteragonistes, there are *five* doors in the proscenium. Here again we get an odd discrepancy between the plates and the text. Plate 42 shows *five* doors, as we have stated, with a façade of about 176 feet long. Plate 43 shows the half façade restored to a larger scale with corresponding dimensions, and agreeing with the plan. The text, page 53, says, "The arrangement of the *three* doors of different sizes shows that the Greeks did not always sacrifice convenience for uniformity of design." If there be any truth in the drawing, there *was* a uniformity and consistency, the royal door being the widest and highest, and the subordinates less in proportion, but both sides of the scene are uniform, both alike, and there are five doors drawn, and their dimensions figured. The details of the work are varied in character; those in page 44 show tendencies very similar to early Greek, while those in page 45 are almost or nearly pure

Roman. The specimen there given is of the richest Composite, an order by no means to be sneered at, as it has been by the uninitiated. Plate 46 gives a very curious elevation of a tomb cut in the solid rock, and is no doubt of extremely Archaic work. The excavation would measure about 25 feet each way. The front shows an entablature composed of a pediment and architrave without any frieze, having the enormous projection of 8 feet beyond the supports. It is quasi tetrastyle. At the angles are two (apparently) three-quarter columns (as there is no plan it is difficult to judge) of an Archaic Ionic order, and two square antæ with plain capitals, above which are lions' heads. The architrave is composed of three plain fascias, above which is a row of unusually large square blocks more like the ends of projecting joists than the usual dentils. This feature, together with the great projection of the entablature, adds still further weight to the idea that all Lycian masonry was in truth derived from the observation and imitation of timber construction. In the tympanum is sculptured the old subject, a lion seizing a bull by the neck. Over the door is a bas-relief representing a man reclining on a couch with a woman sitting by his side, and attended by servants, probably intended for a funeral banquet. Between the columns and antæ caps is a richly sculptured ornament. A plan and some account of the interior would have been very acceptable, but of course we must not forget how absolutely necessary it is that space and cost should be considered.

From Patara we have two beautiful subjects,—the details of the pilaster of a small temple *in antis*, and of the doorway of a tomb. The capital of the former is quasi Corinthian (not Composite, as it is called), and very elegant. It much resembles those of the doorway of the Tower of Andronicus Cyrrhestes, and consists of three graceful acanthus leaves rising from the necking, above which are seven carved flutes. The abacus is a sculptured torus. The entablature is shown as perfectly plain; with a pulvinated frieze, a cyma in section. The second subject is extremely rich, and the mouldings and carving more purely Greek in character than many of the other examples given.

The upper cymatium is very flat, and does not appear to have been described by compasses like Roman work. Mr Pullan has given us one only out of many inscriptions which he copied. It would have been very desirable had he given more: they would neither have increased the cost nor bulk of the book to any material degree. We would venture to suggest a correction, and to supply the omissions of illegible letters, thus :

. . . ἐκ ὧδε κλεος καὶ ἐν αυτοῖς
Ωδευ μεγάλην ἀμφὶ βαλλῶν ὄροφην.

One of the most interesting of all subjects is the Basilica of Pergamus. This appears to be so ruined that the author is unable even to guess at the restoration of the details. It measures about 137 feet by 70, or, as nearly as possible, is the size of Santa Croce, in Gerusalemme, at Rome, which was originally the Sessorian Basilica. Like this church, and those of S. Agnese fuori-le-Mura, and SS. Quattro Incoronati, it has had a double colonnade in height on each side, forming a nave and side-aisles. Rows of holes for the joists show it had galleries, as those Basilican churches have. The author says there "is neither *exo-* nor *eso-narthex*; *atrium* nor *gynæconitis*. There is an apse certainly, but not deep enough to have formed the *bema* of a Byzantine church." Now, the fragments on the plan, and the chases near the entrance in the section, show there was an end or return gallery, under which is the place for the *eso-narthex*. The women's place was probably in the gallery, as is the case with the nuns at S. Agnese to the present day. The apse is exactly like the bema, or tribune, of the Christian churches at Rome. The probability is that the building was a Roman basilica, converted, as hundreds were, into a Christian church, and that before any Byzantine element had developed itself. These basilicas mostly had a *narthex*, or porch, but they did not always possess *atria*. There were none to those of Julius, Paulus Æmilius, or Constantine and Maxentius at Rome, nor at Pompeii.

A most curious feature is that the main church is flanked by two circular edifices. They stand right and left, level with the line of the apse, about 50 feet each from the church, and

have evidently been attached to it at some time by walls. They are each 36 feet in diameter, and about 60 feet high; are covered with flat domes, and have recesses for altars in the same direction as the bema of the principal church. Under the one to the left hand is a crypt, supported on square pillars. Our author seems to think they were temples to Æsculapius and Hygeia. It is much more probable from the form that the one to the right was a baptistery, while the crypt of the latter was the *gazophylakion*, or treasury, and the upper part the *skeuophylakion*, or sacristy. As our author very justly observes, these last are usually to the right and left of the apse, but in this case it could not have been so, as the position is occupied by the staircases to the galleries.

We regret to hear that Mr Pullan is still in England, and that there are difficulties which lie in the way of his being able to prosecute further investigations at present. The Dilettanti Society is short of funds, and so is the Museum, and the Government hangs back. Mr Dennis,* H.M. Consul at Ben Ghazi, has been more fortunate. He has been excavating on the north coast of Africa, in the old necropolis of the Hesperides, at Teuchira and at Ptolemais. He writes us that he has found some large Panathenaic Amphoræ. On one of these "is one of the most spirited quâdrigæ at full gallop I have ever seen on a vase." Another vase, a large *calpis*, or water jar, has the most interesting subject, the Hesperidan Gardens. Another has the inscription Πολυζήλος Αρχων, which fixes its date at 367 B.C.† Mr Dennis proposes to visit some of the islands this summer. The Government rather shrinks from the expense of a ship of war. Mr Dennis thinks a gun-boat would answer all his purpose. A hint we would recommend to Mr Pullan.

No time was ever more favourable for Eastern research than the present. We are all at peace, and the prejudices of the Turks and Arabs, who have always thrown such difficulties in the way of excavation and even of drawing, are much softened. In Asia Minor, in particular, there are important railways, and

* Author of the Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria, &c.

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† We are happy to hear that these have reached the British Museum safely.

many of the natives have learned to wield European shovels and pickaxes. And there is such a field for exploration. From the Troad to "the seven churches that are in Asia;" from the Homeric period to that of the Byzantines; we find the land full of historic interest. The harvest is probably extremely rich, and the reapers we know are ready. Cannot a country like this provide the wages? We hope it will, and that ere long Mr Pullan will give us a second volume as valuable as the first.

A. A.

Poets' Corner.







HIPP. FLANDRIN PINXIT

J.B. PONCET SCULPT.

RELIGIOUS PAINTING.

HIPPOLYTE FLANDRIN.

Who amongst us, by the mere words *religious painting*, is not transported to the golden age of Italian art from the 13th to the 16th century?—that epoch of internal conflicts in which Italy was sustained solely by her religious faith and her love of Liberty, two forces which work miracles. Art then took refuge in the churches, secure asylums from the tempests without, where the zeal and activity of artists were displayed with incomparable ardour, an ardour which the love of Liberty alone can inspire, by enhancing the sentiment of individuality, a sentiment as indispensable in the domain of Art as in that of Politics. What masters, too, had not arisen, from Cimabue and Giotto to Raphael and Michael Angelo,—those wonderful men round whom gathered a host of pupils, eager to learn and anxious to rise, themselves, towards the pure regions of high Art. Ardent and docile, they did not think that twelve, or even twenty years were too many to learn the secrets of painting. Disciples formed by such long and profound study, often surpassed their masters, and founded new schools.

In vain do we look for anything like this amongst us. Not only we have no schools,* but painting, purely religious, one of

* By *school* we mean not the studio, as it is now understood; but the constant work of the master amongst his disciples, who not only profit by his instructions, but see and follow him in all his works. It is a life of initiation.

the highest aspirations of Art, has rarely been attempted in our age. Hippolyte Flandrin alone has felt its beauty, has perceived its ideal which springs from faith. The depth of his convictions would have fitted him to become the head of a school; but his sickly constitution, his gentle and timid character, were an unconquerable obstacle. He was afraid to take the position, and speak with the authority of a master.

France, however, had in the 17th century two artists who rose to great eminence in Religious Painting: Poussin, the artist of reflection, was one; the other was the gentle, the candid Lesueur,—the painter of St Bruno, who was equalled once only by Philippe de Champagne in the Ex-voto which he executed in memory of the cure of his daughter. The Chapel of St Bruno and many pictures of Lesueur, such as *St Paul at Ephesus*, the *Descent from the Cross*, are beautiful examples of Religious Painting. These works demonstrate that Religious Painting has laws and traditions which will not be forgotten,—“certain types consecrated either by the genius of artists or by the veneration of peoples;” for which we must resort to the Italian masters of the 14th and 15th centuries, Giotto, Orcagna, Masaccio, Fra Angelico.

Complete independence in Religious Art is therefore a serious fault; servile imitation a fault more serious still. Study and an instructed admiration of the past will enable us to reach those calm heights of sentiment and faith in which those masters dwelt; and will enable us to ascertain their qualities and their weakness,—to avoid the latter, and to appropriate the former by personal inspiration. It is, in one word, a process of *assimilation*. Flandrin accomplished this work with singular tact and perfect taste. He was aided in it by the lessons of his illustrious master, M. Ingres, who, during a long sojourn in Italy, drank, as at an inexhaustible source, from that deep and pure spring, the genius of Raphael. Flandrin owed to the admirable training of the first of our masters, his elevated understanding of the decoration of monuments, which occupied his life. “The painter,” says M. Ch. Blanc,* “when he wishes to reach the highest regions of

* Grammaire des Arts du Dessin. Gazette des Beaux-Arts, Tom. XI. p. 97.

his art, without passing its limits, must approach equally two elder artists, the architect and the sculptor. He will thus, doubtless, lose part of his liberty ; but how much authority will he gain by this austere obedience ! What imposing majesty is there in these mural representations, the pale seriousness of which interferes neither with the harmony of the building nor the abstraction of thought ; and the figures in which, unsubstantial as the shades of the blessed, and covering the wall without concealing it, recall the tranquil and gracious bas-reliefs of the Grecian temples !”

We find in the works of Flandrin, and especially in the decoration of the Church of St Vincent de Paul, this noble alliance of the three arts. But before we proceed to the analysis of the life and works of our artist, we would fain ask our readers, Why should not the revival of religious art, so worthily commenced in France by Hippolyte Flandrin, take place in England also ? Why should not the efforts of English painters be directed towards that end ? “To decorate monuments,” says a distinguished French critic,* “was the first object of painting, its most noble use.” And are not churches, the most noble of monuments, most worthy of receiving embellishments, which would give life to them, and by their pure and holy character exalt the soul and inspire it with heavenly thoughts and aspirations ?

The genius of Protestantism seems to require bare walls. This is an article of faith against which we are not afraid to *protest*. For what purpose should we retain that barbarism, which, as soon as the Reformation was established, had no meaning ? When Savonarola thundered against the voluptuous tendencies of the artists of his time, when he committed their works to the flames, was it to destroy Art ? No, it was to purify it, to prepare for a fresh commencement, to prepare the way in which artists like Giotto and Orcagna alone had the right to pass. And why should not Protestantism act as Savonarola did ? Why should it not now call to its aid a purified and vivified art,—Christian art in its original earnestness, in its imposing austerity ?

Jean Hippolyte Flandrin was born at Lyons on the 23rd of May, 1809. His parents were not in easy circumstances. His

* M. E. Vinet, Bibliothécaire de l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

father had been obliged to give up history and genre painting, and, to bring up his numerous family, to confine himself to the profession of miniature-painter; and he esteemed himself happy when that work did not fail him. Hippolyte was the fourth of seven children; and his two brothers also devoted themselves to painting. Auguste, the eldest, a genre painter, died in 1842, 38 years old. The youngest, Paul, the only survivor of this numerous family, is the skilful landscape painter who is universally known. He was Hippolyte's inseparable companion, his most active and devoted assistant in most of his great works.

The commencement of their career was difficult. Obstacles which seemed insurmountable sprang up at every step. Nothing less than a perseverance worthy of all admiration, and the power which a faith that could not be shaken gave them, saved them from sinking under such trials. They first had to contend with the opposition of their mother, who wished them to learn a business by which they might live. But thanks to the unexpected assistance of the sculptor Fayatier, this obstacle was removed. Passing through Lyons on his way to Italy, he desired to see the drawings of the two children, which were already spoken of. He highly praised these first attempts, which were almost all sketches of soldiers, or of episodes in the wars of the Empire, for the Empire and glory filled with enthusiasm these young hearts. Their father was triumphant: he saw in his sons great battle-painters. "I," said he, "am only fit to make miniatures; my sons at least will be real painters."

The encouragement of Fayatier, who in his youth was a shepherd, made a great impression on the mind of M^{me} Flandrin. She consented that her sons should follow the course they had chosen; and it was decided that the two brothers should enter the studio of the painter Magnin, at Lyons. And thence they proceeded to the "school of Fine Arts," in the same town, where they remained seven years. Whilst studying with ardour, and always working with the view of becoming historical painters, the two young Flandrins endeavoured to lighten the family expenses by selling drawings and lithographs. They even succeeded, by privations and perfect prodigies of sparing and

toil, to accumulate a small sum for the realization of their dearest hope—a journey to Paris. It was, indeed, a very small sum, and they were obliged to manage most economically. So they went on foot, carrying their light luggage on their backs, for the hundred and twenty leagues which separate Lyons from Paris:—a journey which Hippolyte afterwards made six times, and Paul eight times, in the same manner. Arrived at Paris, in the beginning of 1829, they took up their quarters in a garret in the Faubourg St Martin, and hastened to see the museums, the monuments, the column of the “Place Vendôme”—everything, in short, which recalled the glorious remembrances of their youthful admiration. The director of the Academy of Lyons had given them a letter to Hersent; but before taking it to him, they went to the “Salon,” where they met a young artist from Lyons, M. Guichard, who, like them, had been recommended to Hersent: “I have seen,” said he, “the portrait of M. Amédée de Pastoret, by M. Ingres, and I said to myself: ‘He who painted that portrait must be thy master.’ He is so; and he must be yours.” The young Flandrins were easily persuaded. The drawings which they brought procured them a welcome from the master, who received them into his studio, and encouraged them in their hopes. There soon sprang up between him and Hippolyte Flandrin, that noble friendship which was never for an instant afterwards weakened. The gratitude and love of Flandrin for M. Ingres were perhaps more vivid at his last hour than when he first knew him.

In October, 1829, the two brothers were admitted to the competition of the school of Fine Arts, and afterwards divided their time between the studio of M. Ingres and the school. But what a life of privation they were obliged to lead! the slender funds they had brought from Lyons were soon exhausted; they did not always succeed in selling their drawings and lithographs, but the rent, the fees at the studio, had to be paid, and they must eat. How many times they went to bed in winter at five o'clock in the afternoon to protect themselves from the cold of their icy garret! How often they dined at the humble stalls established in the open air on the Pont Neuf. Their master

was not aware of their poverty ; but later, when he was informed of it, he cried : " And I was taking their money." But if the sale of a drawing or a lithograph enabled them to buy some oil, one of them would read to the other, for misery and suffering, far from abating their ardour for learning, incited them the more to make up for their want of early education.

In the midst of so many trials, the recollection of their home awoke in them tender regrets, which they could not express to their father, for fear of afflicting him. But Hippolyte wrote thus to their eldest brother : " You cannot imagine how earnestly I wish to see and to embrace you, as well as my father and mother. Almost every night I find myself at Lyons ; and yesterday I was really angry with Paul, because he awoke me just at the moment when I thought I embraced you. I was crying for joy. . . . Remember that we have agreed to pray for each other every evening. I never fail to do so, and I feel sure our poor mother never forgets it. She loves us so much, and she is so far from us. Poor father, good mother, you have no more all your children round you." This touching letter shows that, far from souring the disposition of these two noble boys, suffering did but elevate their souls, and in the highest degree develop their religious feelings. Such as we see Hippolyte at that time, he always was ; at once timid and proud, having the pride which commands respect, and, withal, in his habitual manner, gentle, modest, even humble, with that Christian humility which a profound piety tinged by asceticism could impart. Nevertheless, such are the infinite complications and contrasts of the human heart, Flandrin, humble as he was, felt his worth and knew his power. But his ardent desire to succeed, an ideal which he could perceive without the power of realizing it, cast a kind of sadness over him. Never intoxicated by praise, his artistic consciousness alone could satisfy him, and he was scarcely ever satisfied. A flattering word from his master, however, always appeased his anxiety ; for no one ever understood better, or more sincerely admired, M. Ingres than Hippolyte Flandrin. Never was found a pupil more respectful towards his teacher ; and that even when he was at the height of his glory, when his own

great talent was the admiration of all. One loves to linger over this respectful attachment. *Respect* is so seldom met with in our days, that when we do find it we cannot but be moved by the manifestation.

The influence of M. Ingres over Flandrin is not contested. Everybody knows what he owed to the lessons, the advice, and the encouragement of his master, but it would be a mistake to suppose that he suppressed his own tendencies. Far from it; and he would smile gently when he heard it stated that his painting was an imitation of his master's. "I wish it were," said he, "for he shows his power in the smallest details; but I know that I do very differently, and cannot do otherwise." Although he was compelled to give up his first design, to be a battle-painter, and to follow the most classic and enlightened instruction of our age—"the school," says M. H. Delaborde, "which has reconciled two elements, till then, amongst us, always at discord, truthfulness of form and ideal nobleness of the style,"—he preserved those qualities which were his peculiar merit: those resources of imagination, and that wonderful and elevated sentiment which we discover in his decorations as well as in his pictures. Inspiration never yields there to science. These merits were visible even in his "*Theseus*." But we anticipate.

In 1831, after spending two years in Paris, Hippolyte Flandrin for the first time competed for the "*Prix de Rome*," and failed. The master was more grieved than the pupil, and was even indignant. Let Flandrin himself tell us of this check, which was so soon forgotten on account of his victories. He wrote thus to his brother Auguste: *

"My good friend, my dear Auguste, I have experienced the last trial in competing for the Great Prize, but it has been dreadful! The subject was a figure in painting, three feet high. I executed it, and yester-

* We borrow the fragments of letters we quote from a work published a year ago by a friend of the artist, the Viscount H. Delaborde, under the title of "*Letters and Thoughts of Hippolyte Flandrin*," a truly reverent production which cannot be spoken of without respect. But Flandrin's life was too uniform, his heart

too solely divided between the love for his family and his master, and the religious sentiment, to give an equal interest to the 550 pages of this volume. A more limited number of letters (only a few of which treat of his art) would have been more favourable to our pious Artist.

day was the day of the decision. I was satisfied with myself, and had hopes, but you shall see: M. Ingres, M. Guerin, M. Granet, and three other members of the Institute, on entering the hall of exhibition, wished to place me first. But no: M. Gros and his party carried it otherwise; and instead of *first*, I have been voted *last*. M. Ingres, at length, in despair left the room, protesting with all his might against the proceedings of the meeting, and I have not been received. You may imagine what I felt when I heard I was excluded, without knowing the particulars of the decision. I dared not call on M. Ingres; still I could not reproach myself; my figure was far the best; I can say so without pride. At last, in the evening I determined to go. I found him at dinner, but he ate nothing. Several members of the Institute, and among others, M. Guerin, had come to comfort him, but he would not be consoled. He received me with: 'Behold the lamb they have slaughtered!' Then, turning to his wife, who was trying to calm him: 'Oh! you do not know how cruel and bitter injustice is to the heart of a young man.' And all this with the accent of a heart so deeply moved, that tears filled my eyes. He made me sit at his table, dine with him, and at last embraced me as a father would his son. I went away and was comforted. Oh! what do not I owe to this man who has already done so much for us, and who, on this occasion, has perhaps done more. I do not know what to say to him, nor how to address him; but I weep when I think of him, and it is for gratitude.

"From time to time, however, regret seizes upon me, for this would have been the means of taking a great step, and I could hope to do it. I was resolved to put out all my strength, and, in fact, was prepared to do so. And then it was the only way to show my gratitude to M. Ingres, for to you, my brother, I can say that my good master had founded great hopes on my picture."

To meet the expenses of this competition, Hippolyte had requested his brother to sell a medal he had received a month before. But having saved a little money, he did not execute the commission, and sent to Hippolyte the trifling sum he required. In proof of his gratitude, Flandrin gave him his painting, which had been refused indeed, but was consecrated by the praise of M. Ingres.

In the following year, Flandrin found himself in still more narrow circumstances, and thought of giving up the competition from the fear that he could not pay for his models and colours. But a word of M. Ingres:—"What a pity, I should have been so

happy,"—decided him to become a candidate at any cost. He was admitted fifth, and began his work at once. Happily, too, at this very time he was spared the anguish of actual penury. He was accustomed to take portraits in crayons or in oil, and contented himself with the most trifling remuneration. Months, however, often passed without his receiving any orders. But, just at the very moment of the competition, by good fortune, there came to him a gendarme who wished to send his portrait into the country. The price asked for it was ridiculous,—30 francs, I believe. But these 30 francs were a fortune for Flandrin. He began the portrait, and produced a master-piece, now unfortunately lost.*

But new and yet greater obstacles intervened. It was the spring of 1832, and the cholera was raging. One of the competitors died suddenly on his way to the school; Flandrin himself was attacked. This man so gentle showed then wonderful courage. He struggled with the disease, and though seriously affected, dragged himself every day to the school, leaning on his brother's arm. Constrained at last to yield, he kept his bed for a month; but as soon as he could rise he returned to his work. There remained but a few days more, yet faithful to M. Ingres' advice, he did not begin to paint until he had definitively sketched his composition. "But! my poor fellow," said the master on hearing how little he had done, "you will never have finished!" Perseverance and will work miracles. Flandrin finished his picture. On the last day, when the competitors opened their private rooms, and invited each other to inspect their works, Flandrin kept his closed, and continued at work. One of the students broke open the door, and the whole crowd rushed in; but their laughter soon changed into loudly expressed admiration. *Theseus recognized by his father*,—this was the subject. Flandrin had treated it with such striking simplicity, as a man divining antiquity rather than knowing it.

* The price fixed was 30 francs; but the gendarme looked at the picture with admiration, and said to the painter: "I promised you 30 francs, but here are 35!" Flandrin used to say that he never was more pleased than by these five francs additional out of the soldier's savings.

Led by his genius towards all that is great and beautiful, a few engravings had enabled him to understand Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. This early picture, well designed, and well composed by a certain elegant sobriety and peculiarity, gives promise of the painter of St Germain-des-Prés. The competitors at once acknowledged his superiority, and without hesitation awarded the prize to him. That decision was confirmed by the public, but the jury hesitated long, and violent discussions arose within it. Let us hear Flandrin speak again; remembering only, that the combat between the Classicists and the Romanticists was then at its height.

"To-day, 25th of September, the exhibition of our paintings has taken place. As the hour of opening approached, my heart beat very high, for it is a fearful thing to present oneself for the first time to the criticism and censure of the public. At last, the doors were opened, the public came in; and from behind, I studied the feelings of the different groups. I saw immediately a great crowd in front of my picture, and then a great many people whom I did not know asked if I was not M. Flandrin; and when I said I was they complimented me. One moment after came all at once our fellow-students. They looked, they decided, they came to me, surrounded me, took me by the hand, and embraced me. How happy I was at these tokens of friendship. Soon came the pupils from other studios. Many of them joined my friends in their congratulations; and their number was increased by a crowd of persons I had never seen before, amongst whom were newspaper writers, as you may see in the '*Constitutionnel*' of the 26th. This general assent made me very happy, but I wanted the opinion of M. Ingres. He had not yet seen my picture, and I trembled. Towards noon I went to see him, and told him what had passed at the exhibition. He cried for joy, and told me to come back to him at five o'clock, when he would have seen it. In the mean while I went again to the exhibition. The crowd was still before my picture, and remained there till the evening. When five o'clock came I went to my master's. He met me with open arms, embraced me, said that very few painters had commenced in so brilliant a manner, that he was proud of having taught me; and, in fact, many very flattering things. I tell you all this because you are my father, my mother, and my brother; and what gives me pleasure fills your hearts with joy. And surely I could not receive a sweeter recompense than M. Ingres' satisfaction, and the manner in which he expressed it to me. In a word, the result of this day is that

the artists and the public have decided by an immense majority that I deserve the prize. With the public and M. Ingres, I think I deserve it too : but I do not believe I shall obtain it. To-day, Thursday the 27th, the crowd is as numerous as yesterday, and says the same thing. Many persons have called on M. Ingres to congratulate him, which has given him great pleasure. This morning he went to see his pupils and praised my picture before them. He spoke of us with such kindness and affection ! My success is infinitely more than I expected.

"Again to-day, the 28th, the crowd is still in front of my picture. Everybody assures me of the prize, but I don't believe it, for the cabal is stirring frightfully.

"To-day, Saturday the 29th, it is the day for the decision, and yet I feel much more tranquil than when I was waiting for M. Ingres' opinion. He and the public have awarded the prize to me, this is the cause of my calmness. I have done my best : I hope to endure injustice with courage, because I have done my duty.

"For us painters, our contest is the battle of Good and Evil : these two principles can never be reconciled. Our adversaries too are going to assemble all their forces. M. Ingres has left me to go to the decision, and said : ' We shall see how far men can carry their wickedness.' "

And underneath, with a trembling hand, he adds : "Well, I was mistaken ! I have obtained the prize. I will tell you more about it soon. Good-bye.' Your son who loves you, who loves you much."

One loves to follow thus day by day all those pure emotions, amongst which no feeling of envy or irritation finds a place. This was the first prize carried off by a pupil of M. Ingres, and, in consequence, it caused as much excitement amongst the public as amongst those who entered warmly into the quarrels of the school. And when Flandrin set out for Rome, his name was already uttered as one that would become renowned.

On his way to Rome, he stopped nearly two months at Lyons, where he had to part with his dearly loved brother. That separation cast a gloom on the happiness of his new position. What a different life was now before him ! No more poverty, no more anxiety about material wants, he could devote himself entirely to his art, and study on the spot the greatest masters,

("speak face to face with them," as he used to say)—enjoy Italian nature, and all the master-pieces of Rome. And yet one perceives a deep sadness in all the descriptions which he sent to his brother, of the marvels round him.

"I have just spoken of the town and its beauties. . . . They are sublime, but the mind is not always disposed to feel them. Often, I am very dull; especially in the evening when the sun has set (for I am at my window sometimes); the sky is magnificent, but the night, which begins to fall, sends my thoughts farther, and more deeply than the day. I look at the horizon for a long while. . . . I close my window when the lights begin to be lighted in the town; I read Plutarch till about nine o'clock, then I go to bed, read your letter over again, and that of M. Ingres,—and I sleep thinking of you and of him."

That separation lasted only a year. In 1834, M. Paul Flandrin obtained the prize for Landscape, and joined his brother. And a few months afterwards, M. Ingres succeeded Horace Vernet as Director of the Academy of Fine Arts at Rome. Flandrin thus found himself surrounded by all whom he loved best.

His severity and the elevation of his character soon made him as much loved as esteemed by all the pupils; with some of whom he became an intimate friend. "He exercised a real fascination—the fascination of a superior artist," said an able and charming painter, M. Ambroise Thomas (his fellow-student at Rome), over his grave. Thus respected and beloved, Flandrin spent his five years at Rome in serious and increasingly fruitful study. The first works he sent home were—a study, *Polites, the son of Priam, observing the Grecian camp*; *Euripides, writing his tragedies in a grotto at Salamis*; *a young Shepherd in a landscape*; *The Shepherds of Virgil*, a charming little picture which he had begun at Paris; *St Clair healing the Blind*,* and the beautiful *Study* which is at the Luxembourg. In that picture there is but one figure, a young man, nude, seated on a rock by the sea, who seems wrapped in a deep reverie; but what purity, what firm and skilful modelling;—all is warm, living;—it is certainly one of the most perfect works which painting has produced in our age. When M. Ingres saw

* In the Cathedral of Nantes.

this "Study," he threw his arms round Flandrin's neck and exclaimed: "I see that great painting is not dead in France."

The perfection of colouring which made that picture a master-piece, is not to be found in the other works of Flandrin. Sometimes there are cold tones and harsh grounds, which spoil his finest compositions. His "*Dante and Virgil visiting the envious, struck with blindness, and comforting them*," painted during his first stay in Rome, is more harmonious in colour and tint than other paintings superior as compositions. The face of Dante is beautiful, simple, and very striking. His pity for the wretches crouching beside the rocks is admirably rendered. The group of the envious is very fine, and the rocks are well characterized. But Virgil does not seem to us happy. Erect and impassible, he appears more like a young man unmoved by the sufferings he contemplates, than a being set free by death, and raised above all sufferings and terrors.

In the mean time Flandrin felt more and more drawn towards religious subjects. Although the reading of the poets, and especially of Dante, had moved him deeply; it was to the Holy Scriptures that he returned as to his daily bread. He rarely laid aside Pascal also. And soon the example of the great masters made him see in Religious Painting "the height of art and the most worthy employment of genius." He burned to imitate them. In his enthusiasm he wrote one day, on a corner of the door of his studio, this verse from the Bible: "Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work; I will triumph in the works of thy hands."*

His "*St Clair*" is his first attempt in that direction. One can admire in it, even, all the qualities of drawing and of style which afterwards made him so remarkable in religious and decorative painting. This picture is not, however, free from a certain coldness; and his "*Jesus and the Little Children*," a year later, is infinitely superior to it both in breadth, composition, and fine arrangement of groups. We admire especially the two women kneeling before Christ, and the group around him. As for the

* E. Saglio, Gazette des Beaux Arts, Aug., 1864.

children, they are enchanting from their grace and naturalness. The first woman, clothed in yellow, is wonderfully painted; and forms with the second a group, in which the lines, perfectly parallel, astonish the spectator without shocking him,—so pure and beautiful are they. The face of Christ does not entirely satisfy us. But what painter has not felt his weakness, when he had to trace the divine features of Jesus? Flandrin felt that weakness, and frankly owned it. He almost always represented Christ with *his own features idealized*. The background of the picture is less happy. When Flandrin finished it, he was recovering from sickness. The time fixed for the sending in of the pictures from Rome was drawing near; and he could not complete his work as he wished. Nevertheless his "*Jesus and the Little Children*" is a magnificent piece of Religious Painting, and it placed Hippolyte Flandrin amongst the first painters of our school.

The artists hastened to greet him on his return from Rome. Ary Scheffer loudly expressed the esteem in which he held that talent, already so firm and elevated. Attracted to Flandrin's studio by the noise which his "*Jesus with the Little Children*" made in the world of art, the painter of *St Augustine and St Monica* seemed struck with a kind of stupor at the sight of the painting of his young rival. For a long time he remained before it motionless, and keeping a silence which at last gave the two brothers some inquietude. Withdrawn to the studio, they questioned each other by their looks, with a curiosity not free from anxiety. All at once Scheffer turned to Hippolyte, and cried out: "No, I know nothing, nothing at all." Then taking both his hands he congratulated him most warmly. This anecdote should surely find its place in any Life of Ary Scheffer, among the noblest records of a life (both as artist and man of genius) so worthily spent.

Soon afterwards, the Chapel of St John in the Church of St Severinus was entrusted to Flandrin; who from this time devoted himself to grand decorative painting, working at his easel but occasionally. We must, however, mention "*St Louis dictating his Institutions*;" "*Napoleon as Legislator*;" and the

"*Mater Dolorosa*," painted for the Duke of Berghes, who placed it in his wife's mortuary chapel. This picture was exhibited in 1845. At the sight of it, the Queen Marie Amélie, who a short time before had been so cruelly afflicted by the death of the Duke of Orleans, burst into tears,—it was so full of pathos.

Let us now visit the Church of St Severinus, and examine more closely this remarkable *début* of the artist in great painting, and attempt to make our readers appreciate all the sweetness and charm of this first revelation of a talent so especially distinguished. The mural paintings of St John's Chapel (which, unhappily, are already suffering from the antiquity of the walls) are divided into four panels, two on each side. One of them, on the left, represents "*the Lord's Supper*," the arrangement of which is in the feeling of the old Italian masters,—of Giotto, especially; although Flandrin knew how to preserve, even in following Giotto, the individuality of his talent. The St John in that fresco is one of the most impressive figures an artist can conceive. Overwhelmed by grief, he leans his head on the shoulder of his Divine Master. His attitude expresses tenderness and despair. The soul of Hippolyte Flandrin shines in that exquisite face. Religious enthusiasm, mingled with and lost in that of the "young man," renders it a marvellous creation. Flandrin too seldom gave the reins to his happy nature.

"*St John writing the Revelation, under the dictation of an Angel, in the Isle of Patmos*," is the subject of the second panel, on the same side. That angel, all brilliant with light, and sustained by his powerful wings, imparts to us the mysterious and profound sensation of the Apocalypse itself.

On the right side we see "*The Calling and The Death of St John*." In the first, the apostle, in all the glory of his traditional beauty, appears beside his brother James: both are mending their nets. Jesus passes by, and says to them, "Follow me." Flandrin has rendered this scene with rare excellence. The gesture of Jesus is gentle, eloquent, and irresistible.

In the "*Death of St John*," the apostle is seen half plunged in

a vessel of boiling oil. Broken by tortures, he can scarcely lift towards heaven his arms, already weakened by old age and austerities.

In these compositions, which more resemble pictures than the grand decorations which he painted afterwards, Flandrin strictly follows the laws of mural painting. No large perspectives, no great depths, no sharp projections, nothing which could injure the proportions of the edifice: the lines of the painting harmonize with those of the architecture,—the colours and the effect are not discordant; and the painting does not attempt to captivate the eye at the expense of the architecture. The painter has restricted himself to showing behind his figures solely what was necessary to put these scenes in their own places: the walls of a town in *The Martyrdom*, and a line of mountains in *The Calling of the Apostle*.

"The Chapel of St John," says M. Delaborde,* "is not only a work full of Christian feeling and tenderness; it is also a remarkable specimen of the picturesque rules which should be followed in such cases; and if these rules have been better respected for these last twenty years; if, generally, artists who have had similar tasks, have seemed to observe more closely the conditions of this branch of art; to M. Flandrin belongs the glory of having been one of the first to set the example, and to contribute towards the determination of that progress more than any one else."

The success of this chapel secured for Flandrin a still more important work,—the decoration of the sanctuary of the ancient Church of St Germain-des-Près;* the nave of which he painted many years afterwards. On the right and left hand sides of the high altar, he painted two great compositions, "*Jesus entering into Jerusalem*," and "*Christ going up to Calvary*," on a gold ground, in the Byzantine style, and that of the Italian painters of the 14th century. The former painting attracts more general attention, being placed in a better

* Etudes sur les Beaux-Arts en France et en Italie. II. 389.

† The Church of St Germain-des-Près was founded in 556, by Childebert. It was at first called "the Basilica of St Vincent and the Holy Cross." Later, on

account of its great magnificence, it received the name of "St Germain-le-Doré."

During the Revolution this Church was turned into a manufactory of saltpetre. It was repaired by Charles X., but it has only lately recovered its ancient splendour.

light; but if one seizes the moment when even a feeble ray falls upon the badly-lighted *Bearing of the Cross*, it is seen to be a deeply impressive painting, in which religious pathos rises to the height of the great masters. It would be difficult to discover more heart-rending eloquence than that of the holy women and St John.

M. Ingres holds this painting in the highest esteem; and we cannot add anything to the praise of such a master. Flandrin has surpassed himself in the composition of the isolated figures in the ogival niches of the second and third stories of the sanctuary, and in the choir, properly so called. Here we already perceive the infinite resources of his talent for monumental painting, which unites with the architecture, completes it, strengthens it, and assumes its solidity and power.

In the choir are the twelve apostles, clothed in white; above them, the great compositions, the allegorical figures of the Virtues; and higher still St Germain and St Vincent, and the founders of the Church, Childebert and Queen Ultrogotha, King Robert and the Abbot Morard. All these figures have noble forms and a grand air; with a certain power and majesty which till this time had not been enough attended to.*

M. C. H.

* The illustrations, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of M. Emile Galichon, editor of the "*Gazette des Beaux-Arts*," represents the figures of *Adam and Eve*, subsequently painted by Flandrin, in the clerestory of St Germain-

des-Près, and is a fine example of severe religious feeling, combined with grace and tenderness, which characterized the works, in this manner, of this great artist.—*Ed. F. A. Q. R.*

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF OUR LORD.*

By MRS JAMESON and LADY EASTLAKE.

WHEN, in the year 1842, Mrs Jameson first engaged upon "The Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art" as her special theme, the public had but very limited opportunities of access to pictures of that peculiar class to which her volumes most frequently referred. Indeed, it was not till the year 1848, the date of the actual publication of her first series, that a single devotional Italian picture belonging to the 14th century could be seen in our National Gallery. This first specimen of early art, which at the time was received with very mixed feelings by the majority of artists, was regarded as an unworthy and baneful importation of errors and pictorial deficiencies under the guise of simplicity. It was a donation from Mr W. Coningham, and consisted of two wings of an altar-piece by Taddeo Gaddi, painted on a golden ground, and having flat circular glories round the heads of the various figures.

A powerful impulse towards a systematic study of Italian painting had already been given by the publication, in 1842, of a translation of Dr F. Kugler's Handbook, with learned notes and an instructive preface by C. L. Eastlake, R.A. And this interest was strengthened by the appearance in the following year of a series of "Essays on the Lives of Remarkable Painters," contributed by Mrs Jameson to the *Penny Magazine*; in which, almost for the first time, the external life, vicissitudes,

* The History of Our Lord, as exemplified in works of Art, with that of His Types, &c. Commenced by the late Mrs Jameson. Continued and completed by Lady Eastlake. 2 vols. London: Longmans, 1864.



THE MOCKING OF CHRIST.

Gigoli, Pitta, Florence



and worldly struggles of the great Italian painters were set forth in a popular and engaging form. Until this period all legendary stories, beliefs, and traditions to which mediæval art had chosen to ally itself, could only be derived by the English reader from the dry and tedious pages of Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints," or from the prolix and strange stories related in the Golden Legends of Voraginus. Mr Eastlake in his Preface to Kugler's Handbooks of Italian Painting truly remarks:—

"Some acquaintance with the legends and superstitions of the middle ages is as necessary to the intelligence of many Italian and German works of Art, as the knowledge of the heathen mythology is to explain the subjects of Greek vases and marbles."—Page xviii of Preface to first edition.

This branch of knowledge was materially advanced in 1847 by the publication of Lord Lindsay's "History of Christian Art," the introductory portion of which was devoted to a learned and elaborate exposition of what the writer appropriately termed "Christian Mythology." Lord Lindsay's book, however, was too ponderous and solemn to become generally popular. He pointed out in a very impressive manner to those interested in the progress of Italian art, the great earnestness of purpose and self-devotion which characterized the earliest painters and sculptors of that country. And his work will long be appealed to upon questions connected with the mental development of the middle ages.

Didrou had already published, in 1845, his "Manuel d'Iconographie Chrétienne Grecque et Latine," which was a translation of the Byzantine *Ἡγεμνεία τῆς ζωγραφικῆς*, but it was confined to the narrow limits of the earliest Greek forms of Christian art, and only exhibited the undeviating actions and colours of garments imposed upon all church painters. As a point of departure, however, and including certain themes rarely to be met with in the later schools of art, this work maintains its special value for purposes of reference.

By a fortunate combination of artistic talent and appreciation with precision of thought, and a power of setting forth the older legends in poetical language, Mrs Jameson was singularly qualified for the task she had undertaken. She at once suc-

ceeded in arousing an interest and supplying information in a condensed and agreeable form. The chief aim in the selection of her illustrations was to exhibit contrasts, and to show what opposite forms the same subject, taken equally from sacred history or monkish legends, might assume. Thus, in treating of St Sebastian, we are struck by the wide differences of appearance which the representations of the same saint, according to their period of time or school of art, exhibit; ranging from the classic beauty of the Italian pictures of the 16th century, to the bizarre and grotesque conceptions of the early German woodcuts and carvings. By this undertaking it is hardly too much to say that Mrs Jameson, in a great measure, prepared the public for the reception of certain of the earlier examples of German and Italian art, now highly esteemed in our National collection. It was soon felt that glaring artistic faults and even technical deficiencies might derive compensation, from the remembrance of some touching incident to which the picture referred, or from the particular interpretation of some interesting legend, with which the spectator had become acquainted.

Mrs Jameson's first volumes were prepared and issued in a spirit of unfeigned diffidence of her own powers, blended with so much real earnestness in the subject as amounted to art-enthusiasm, and which, as successive editions were demanded, rose even to a still higher pitch. Her exquisite sensibility and clear judgment became still more strongly manifest in her treatment of that most difficult subject of all, "*The Legends of the Madonna.*" Great as the difficulties and dangers attending such a subject were known to be, Mrs. Jameson successfully overcame and avoided them. Her pure womanly nature and generous and independent mind were the mainsprings of her success.

One single point, however, tended to impair the effect of this concluding volume. The beautiful and tender etchings, printed in a delicate brown colour, which had imparted a singular charm to the first portion of the series, were, unfortunately, discontinued; and heavy outlines executed in lithographic transfer employed instead. The change was much to be regretted, since

in portraying the tender and sublime attributes of the Virgin Mary, the "Mother of God," a superior precision and delicacy of pencilling would have been most desirable. But, unfortunately, the alteration was not a matter of choice or inclination; the authoress stated in her Preface that she was compelled to relinquish the use of copper engraving in consequence of a failure in the powers of sight.

The culminating point of the series had, however, still to be attained. This was to be the History of Our Lord and St John the Baptist; than which no sublimer or more universally acceptable theme could be imagined, and, at the same time, one which would have been open as daylight and free from those difficulties of a theological nature which had so seriously imperilled the former portion.

Whilst actively engaged in the collection and arrangement of materials for these concluding volumes, the authoress was suddenly snatched away by death; and for awhile, there appeared no prospect of the work being brought to a satisfactory conclusion; or even of the disjointed materials and fragmentary portions, already written, being made at all available for the public. Fortunately, at this juncture, Lady Eastlake, whose position and remarkable endowments as a writer on Art at once singled her out for the task, when applied to, cheerfully undertook the work of completion.

How much still remained to be done she has herself gracefully told us, and we may naturally imagine how great must have been the perplexity of unravelling, arranging, and blending the tangled threads, all of which had doubtless been clear in the mind of the originator. If in the refined style and treatment adopted by Mrs Jameson, a tender earnestness and spirit of persuasion lingered, we must acknowledge a superior sense of power and grandeur of treatment to distinguish that which her continuator has achieved. It appears almost significant that a dignity and superiority of style have been thus reserved.

On first looking into these volumes the reader will naturally be surprised to find so large a space—more than half of the first volume—devoted to matter and subjects antecedent to

Jesus Christ himself. Those patriarchs and prophets who have been regarded as types or persons directly prefiguring our Lord, would unquestionably claim a passing notice, such as Mrs Jameson gave of Judith, Esther, and other types of the Virgin, in the introduction to her volume of the Madonna. But elaborate pictorial notices were hardly to be expected. Such, however, in her zeal and the abundance of artistic materials, Lady Eastlake has vouchsafed to us.

The system of placing subjects taken from the New Testament in connexion with those from the Old, so as to present both type and antitype, was learnedly treated of by Mr Eastlake in his notes to the original edition of Kugler; wherein also he was the first to point out the value of the MS. collections of pictorial designs, bearing the name of "*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*," and of the series many times repeated in primitive wood engravings, generally known as the "*Biblia Pauperum*." Busts and figures of prophets and sibyls are frequently introduced in the borders surrounding these pictures. Various subjects copied from these early woodcuts facsimiled by M. Berjeau, are introduced among the historical illustrations. It is in these works that the relation between our Lord and Enoch, Joseph, Moses, David, Solomon, and Jonah, are most dwelt upon.

This system of retrospection is, however, carried back beyond either the creation of man, of the world itself, or the division of light from darkness. And we find representations of "God creating Light and the Angels," "Lucifer in rebellion," and "Christ blessing the 7th day" (under a human form).

Only a very small portion of this introduction has been written by Mrs Jameson herself. It was eventually found necessary to depart in some measure from the general arrangement of matter as at first intended. Lady Eastlake tells us that in the original plan it had been proposed to place the ideal and devotional subjects—such as the Good Shepherd, the Lamb, the Second Person of the Trinity, first; the Scriptural history of our Lord's life on earth next; and lastly, the types from the Old Testament. Seeing now the abundance of material and the indication of a

very great deal more that might have been forthcoming, and would only serve to satisfy a craving already raised, it is to be regretted that this last-named portion of the work had not been reserved and set apart to form a distinct and concluding volume. This idea, Mrs Jameson had herself, on a former occasion, expressed to the writer of the present article. The heroic spirit grace, and power, shown in many of these precursory figures as they are now placed in the volume, have somewhat a tendency to interfere with, or detract from, the singleness and importance of the one great subject of the book.

We do not find any worthy representation of those pictorial subjects, Moses and the Brazen Serpent, and the Burning Bush. The Passage of the Red Sea is represented only by a group of five classic figures from the alto-relief on an ancient sarcophagus. The text, however, leads us to wish that a second illustration had been given from a Psalter in the Bibliothèque Impériale



(10th century), where Pharaoh in armour is vainly contending against a grand male figure, ΒΥΘΟΣ, or the Deep, who is pulling him down.

The Pastoral group of David surrounded by his sheep, and playing the harp, taken from a Greek MS. at Paris (9th century), affords an admirable illustration of the simple treatment of this subject, according to classic forms. Melodia and the mountain near Bethlehem are personified under human shapes; and the distant trees in landscape treatment, with a monumental column encircled by a fillet, might almost be taken for a fresco from Herculaneum of the Augustan period. The city of Bethlehem, notwithstanding the personifications of locality already introduced, appears as an actual group of buildings, with the name written below, in front of the gate, in the far distance.

The History of Solomon, one almost more capable than any other of artistic differences, both of representation and of dramatic rendering, is dismissed in a comparatively small space, whilst that universally attractive theme in all branches of art, "The Judgment of Solomon," is allowed to pass without a single illustration.

The Root of Jesse does not form any subject of special example: it is merely mentioned at page 203; but the Tree of the Cross receives particular notice in the second volume, and an extremely well-executed copy of the fine illumination (Arundel 83) in the British Museum, is introduced with elaborate transcripts of the various labels. In a pictorial sense we might naturally have desired to see further illustrations of the prophets and sibyls, notwithstanding that Mrs Jameson had previously, in the *Life of the Madonna*, enlarged upon Augustus and the Tiburtine Sibyl. We are strengthened in the wish, remembering that in that volume (p. li. of Introduction) she had observed "of the Prophets and Sibyls who attend on Christ in his character of the Messiah or Redeemer, I shall have much to say when describing the artistic treatment of the life and character of our Lord."

The gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ is passed over on the ground that the miracles ascribed to our Lord's childhood

are of puerile or vindictive nature, and that the art derived from this source is insignificant in amount and generally inferior in character. The "Massacre of the Innocents" and "Christ disputing with the Doctors" are subjects given, as they stand, almost entirely from Mrs Jameson's pen; but there can be little doubt that they were intended to receive still fuller treatment, and would have been distinguished by pictorial illustration. In like manner the parables of "the Good Samaritan" and "the Wise and Foolish Virgins" have been left merely as the authoress had sketched them, with only a single illustration, a woodcut from the "*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*." In few subjects are greater varieties of artistic treatment to be met with than in the "Baptism of Christ" and the "Raising of Lazarus." Here, again, it is to be regretted that pictorial illustration was not more extensively adopted.

The second volume commences with the "Passion of our Lord," and the subject extends beyond the Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension, to Christ as the Second Person of the Trinity; ideal and devotional subjects; and concludes with the Last Judgment.

The labours of Mrs Jameson do not extend beyond the first. From this period the work assumes a different character. The second volume may be regarded as complete in itself, and the illustrations are selected with due regard to variety and contrast. It is in this volume that the superior powers of Lady Eastlake become at once evident. At the period when Mrs Jameson first undertook the series, she had, in addition to the advantage of her own practised hand for preparing copies and etchings, the skilful and ready pencil of her niece, now Mrs Macpherson of Rome, to depend on. This young lady had rendered her extensive assistance; and at the same time another clever artist, Miss Harriet Clarke, engraved most of the earlier woodcut illustrations with good success. The wood-drawings in the "History of our Lord" are also the work of two accomplished ladies, Miss Clara Lane and Miss Matteaux. But the principal feature of these new volumes is the excellent etchings done by Mr Edward Poynter, in which the precision of drawing and

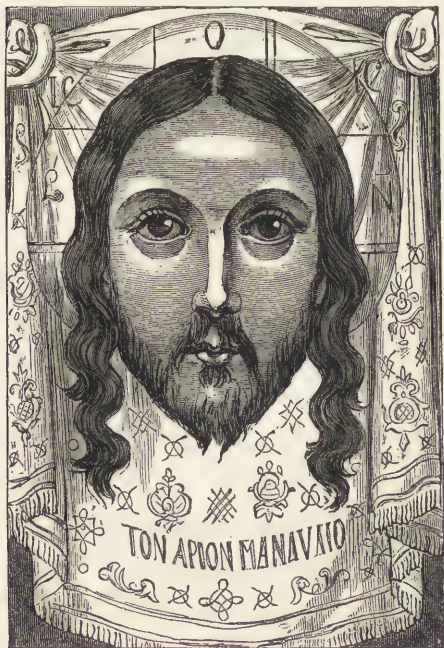
firmness of line are especially remarkable. At the same time, it is no less to be observed that his works are equally distinguished by the readiness with which he has adapted his needle to the imitation of so many opposite peculiarities of style.

Great power and refinement are observable in his transcripts of Luini's "Christ being unbound from the Column" and "Christ after the Flagellation," by Velasquez. Cigoli's "Ecce Homo" and the "Elevation of the Cross," by Van Dyck. It is hardly possible to point to two more opposite subjects than the "Tree of the Cross," from a MS. of the 14th century in the British Museum, and "The Ascension" from Perugino's celebrated picture at Lyons, both of which are rendered with an almost Protean facility.



The pictorial illustrations in this volume are so arranged that one may by them alone study a succession of events, with all their subordinate incidents, such as few persons have observed, and fewer still are familiar with. The representation of the Crucifixion is divided into various classes, an observance of which not only assists our comprehension, but greatly contributes to our interest in them. It might have added to the value of the work, had more extensive references been made to the fine monuments that exist in painted glass, illustrative of the history of our Lord. The comprehensive series of subjects arranged as types

and anti-types in the spacious windows at King's College chapel, Cambridge, at Fairford church in Gloucestershire, and to be found also among some of the oldest glass at Canterbury Cathedral, might have afforded some valuable materials to the Art student. But the most generally interesting portion of the book will be found in those passages which relate to the Portraits of Christ. The changes of type observable in the different representations of the countenance of our Blessed Lord surprise by their extraordinary variety. This subject is judiciously placed at the very beginning of the book. The woodcut illustrations are excellent. From the classic and beardless face, as shown in antique sculpture, we are led at once to the severe and forbidding countenance of the Byzantine school, by passing over the long-accepted and very interesting portraits from the Roman cemeteries of St Calixtus and St Pontianus. These, as Lady Eastlake explains, she abstains from reproducing, not because they are too well known, but because they are "surrounded with too much obscurity," admitting, at the same time, their importance as having been



"generally cited as fixed points from which all heads of Christ diverge." It is also observed "that all accounts of pictures of our Lord taken from Himself are without historical foundation. We are therefore left to imagine the expression most befitting the character of Him who took upon Himself our likeness, and looked at the woes and sins of mankind through the eyes of our mortality." The mild and handsome face taken from a Russian or Byzantine representation of the picture sent to King

Abgarus is one of the most pleasing of the earliest types. Another eastern portrait from a Byzantine manuscript in the British Museum (Harleian, 1810) of the 12th century is of still greater refinement and of superior character; owing to the greater expression of intellect and, as it were, of purpose, infused into it. The truth of the writer's general observation that "the type was that given to the general human physiognomy in that particular school and period, and not to the separate person of our Saviour," is shown by the strange forms adopted in some of the Anglo-Saxon illuminated manuscripts, and by the heads of Christ painted during the reign of Henry III. of England. "Fra



Angelico was the first who attained the wondrous gift of expression, by which each individual received a separate existence. He therefore may be said to have been the first who isolated Christ. * * * Nor could Raphael run his course without setting the stamp of his mind on this sacred head. * * * As Art exulted more and more in her mechanical tri-

umphs, the likelihood of a true homage to that head diminishes. The juicy and facile brush of the Venetian School scarcely rises above a courteous and well-liking benevolence of expression, and Christ in Titian's *Tribute Money* falls even below that standard. Albert Dürer, however grand in his *Man of Sorrows*, is most so when he hides the face. Flemish art passes from the meanest and ugliest conceptions, in the engravings of the 15th and beginning of the 16th century, to the handsome, florid, earthly head by Rubens, and that more refined, but scarcely more spiritual, by Vandyck;

while the highest conception of latter days was reserved for that Dutchman who occasionally transfigures vulgar forms with a glory that hides every blemish ; so that Christ, under the hand of Rembrandt, though not beautiful and not dignified, has yet a holiness which scarcely any other master has attained."

It is indeed rare to meet with learning and deep research so equally distributed throughout a succession of varied stories and sentiments, as we find in the present volumes. Many of the scenes, notwithstanding even the present predilection for depicting modern events of every-day life, could hardly fail to incite the pencil of rising artists. The very fact of certain thrilling subjects remaining hitherto comparatively unattempted in art, ought to rouse the ardour of poetical invention, and lead to productions of a really sublime character ; such, for instance, as "Our Lord subject to His Parents," and, when upon receiving the news of the death of a beloved friend, "Jesus wept." What lessons of humility and example of sympathy with our own nature ! Grand and touching as such subjects are, we cannot but feel that we have among us artists abundantly qualified not only both with imagination and executive powers, but also with becoming dignity of conception and intensity of pathos, to engage upon them.

Were it practicable, either in regard to space or time, for us to quote largely from Lady Eastlake's work, we should be disposed to reproduce entirely that portion of the second volume (pp. 305—313) which relates exclusively to the Ascension. It affords a perfectly fair and comprehensive example of the whole. Within the compass thus indicated we find legitimately contrasted sculptures and paintings of the most opposite character. Even here, however, the chief pictorial representations are described by the pen in lieu of being reproduced by actual forms. The description of Coreggio's treatment of this subject in the cupola of S. Giovanni at Parma may almost be said to be as full of life and vigour as the figures in the fresco itself ; thus preparing the way for a concluding and comparatively playful description of the extent to which superstition still lingers in the East, and how long it remained impressed upon the pictorial

productions of Italy and Germany, to a period even beyond the middle ages. Lady Eastlake thus terminates her chapter:—

“In thus giving to the subject of the Ascension the various forms natural to different periods and minds, Art has also retained the impress of a superstition obtained in the scholastic times, and which even still attracts the devotion of the pilgrim. In addition to the many holy places in Jerusalem, which to this day are matters of ardent controversy, the very spot on the Mount of Olives whence our Lord ascended was pointed out. There was no difficulty in this, for the prints of His sacred feet were asserted to have been left. * * * * Finally, a church was constructed around these precious memorials, with a circular opening in the roof above them, through which, by a reversal of dates, which does not seem to disturb the pilgrim’s faith, the body of our Lord is supposed to have ascended. Of this church Art takes no account, but she retains the record of the footprints in the ‘*Speculum Salvationis*’ and other religious illustrated works, both in the Italian and German forms of the 14th and 15th centuries.”





THE ASCENSION.

Ferrigno Museum. Lyons.



ABOUT ETCHING.

L'eau-forte était le délassément et le caprice favori des maîtres. Ils jetaient sur la planche l'idée ou la conception que le pinceau aurait ralentie ; ils dessinaient sur le vernis comme sur le papier. Leurs plus intimes confidences sont écrites sous cette forme libre et rapide ; car l'eau-forte d'un grand peintre suppose toujours un éclair de verve qu'il n'a pas voulu laisser refroidir.—*Paul de St Victor.*

Could we chain down the original artist to the engraver's stool and get him to carry his work as far as he could with intelligent execution we should have a "finished" engraving far more valuable than any etching.—"V."

* * *

PRACTISED with enthusiasm by the older painters—fitfully and rarely by the new ; of general artistic interest in one age—of comparative indifference, if not of mystery, in the next ; in healthy activity for a century—asleep for two ; an Art to which Rembrandt devoted a life—Reynolds, probably, not a thought ; once in such esteem that even its vendor sought to identify himself with its *éclat* by inscribing with his autograph the finest specimens of it that passed through his hands—now the art of all others that the modern publisher is least disposed to embark in.

A Man of sordid temperament—a great painter ; a miser—a spendthrift ; a low fellow, gross, licentious, insensible to the claims of society or even of common honesty—a Jew who constantly drew his subjects from some touching passage in the life of our Lord—an avaricious man who spent a fortune on the emblems and accessories of his art—a coarse man who surrounded himself with whatever could elevate the taste or correct the judgment.

A House, the second on the right as you enter the Breestraat from the bridge of St Anthony, in the Jews' quarter of Amsterdam, squalid, neglected, stripped by the bailiffs, condemned by the law—fit tenement for a man who was born and who died a beggar.

A Museum of European reputation containing not a tithe of what that house contained.

A Statue just set up.

Such, if we listened to it, would be the dissonant key-note—if we accepted it, the discordant text—to any inquiry we might contemplate into the claims of Etching and of Etchers to rank in art. We think it honest to say, at once, that we reproduce it only to find in its paradoxes and its contradictions a justification for disallowing it; and that if—as a map of a rugged country over which we invited them to travel—we set it before our readers, we do so only that they may avoid its pitfalls. Our object in the short paper we are about to write is to invoke new interests, not to maintain old prejudices. If Etching is a mystery, our aim is to explain it; if its capabilities have been exaggerated, to define their limits; if underrated, to plead for their extension; if it is an art worthy of revival, to revive it. If we are not sanguine of complete success in this, we may do something to clear the way for abler writers. We shall endeavour to effect this end by such a cursory estimate as our space permits us to make of the part played by the old Etchers in the history of Art—and especially by the chief of them, Rembrandt—by a comparison of Etching and engraving, of the etching line and the burin line, and of the special qualities of each—by a glance at the theory that Etching implies imperfect drawing and the loose treatment which belongs to the sketch—by a consideration of what good drawing is, and of the part it plays in the production of expression—and by a demonstration of the kind of previous knowledge and skill which appears to us to be required by the Etcher. We then propose to describe the practice of Etching, as we ourselves understand it, and the part which depends on the printer.

I. If we take the great roll of engravers on copper from the invention of the art in the 15th century to its absorption by photography in the 19th, we find that, with the exception of a few men who interposed and (for a time) practised a novel method, it consists entirely of workers with the burin. Secondly, that these burinists divide themselves into two main classes,—those who were original artists and engraved their own works, and those who merely copied the works of others. The first of these groups, which we may designate that of the Painter-engravers and which represents the use of the burin in its simplest and purest form, begins with Martin Schoen and has its perfect type in Dürer. The other, that of the line-engravers commonly so called, takes its impulse from Goltzius, Cornelius Cort, and Agostino Caracci, and brings their innovations with but slight modifications down to our own time. The Etchers and the mezzotinters appear to have come in somewhat, as it were, *en contumace*, the first to protest with the early engravers in favour of greater liberty and a more natural treatment—the last with the mechanical engravers for a more painter-like quality. We

find, as might be expected, little bond of union between any of these groups beyond the plate they worked upon. The early painters with their imperfect chymistry appear to have been content to use the graver as the only tool known to them capable of ploughing the copper, and some of these, being great masters, so far triumphed over the instrument as to produce with it work which excites our wonder and admiration to this day; but the moment the possibility of acting upon the plate by an implement used like a pencil was shown to them the burin fell from their hands and they became Etchers, while the graver descended at once to a class of men who till then had had no existence, and who thenceforth undertook, by a slow and laborious process to which, if they had used it properly, the instrument was not ill-adapted, to reproduce the works of the others. We say advisedly, if they had used it properly: because no sooner had they obtained possession of it than, like inferior workmen, they seemed bent on showing to what extravagance its use might be carried and how independent it might be made of the painter's art. Ridiculing the unskilful attempts of Marc Antonio to make it effective as an instrument of expression, they proceeded at once to show how tones might be rendered by lozenge-shaped intervals with or without a dot in the centre of each—the bursting rain-cloud by an arrangement of concentric curves not unlike the engine-turning at the back of a modern watch—atmospheric backgrounds by a sort of tooling which produced something of the effect of watered silk—draperies by recipe—skies by a machine—and the swelling muscles by flourishes which outdo, as *tours de force*, all the efforts of the modern calligrapher. There is not, therefore, and there never was, anything that could be called a rivalry between the etchers and the later engravers. They represent distinct classes—the class of artist and the class of copyist,—a distinction to be firmly insisted upon, partly because it is a radical distinction, but principally because we shall have to show that it is impossible to invent with the graver, and that the mere adoption of the tool implies the practice of a secondary art. Nor is this position shaken, but rather proved, by the fact that the painter-engravers used it, since, even in their hands, it only served them (and that in a servile way)* for copying the drawings they had previously elaborated. Rembrandt was among the first to protest against the continued use of the burin, and the documents recently discovered in the Chamber of Insolvents at Amsterdam show us clearly the grounds on which he founded his intervention.

* See an unfinished proof of the Adam and Eve, by Albert Dürer, in the British Museum.

In Rembrandt's house in the Breestraat, besides upwards of 150 pictures in oil, most of them by himself and his pupils, but some of them by Van Eyck, Raphael, Giorgione, and Michael Angelo; besides casts from the life of whole and of parts of figures and animals, statues, antique busts, arms and armour, wind and stringed instruments, zoological, mineralogical, and botanical specimens, costumes, and every conceivable accessory to artistic suggestion and production,—were found nearly 100 volumes of the prints of all the great painter-engravers who had flourished in Europe from the discovery of the art to his own time—Schoen, the Meckens, Lucas Cranach, Lucas of Leyden, Dürer, Vandyke, Rubens, Hollar, Holbein, Jordaens, Andrea Mantegna, Bonasone, Titian, Guido, Tempesta, the Caracci, &c.; the most precious works (we quote the catalogue) of Marc Antonio, after the designs of Raphael; together with a supplementary collection of the prints of contemporary artists, who, as they are not mentioned by name, were probably the etchers. In a word, not only a complete illustration of the engraver's art as it had been practised for 200 years, but an almost equally complete representation of Art itself, as it had existed since the revival. The gothicism of the Germans, the academicism of the Italians, and the realism of the Flemings, had here each a fair and, as exemplified in their engraving, a more ample demonstration than they had ever received before;—the graceful contours of Marc Antonio conveying a refined ideal of that kind of beauty which depends upon form—the complex but more dexterous curves and inflexions of Albert Dürer, not devoid of a certain semi-barbarous expression—the noble simplicity of Andrea Mantegna—the strength of Rubens—the weakness of Guido—the truth of Holbein—the courtly artifice of Vandyke. Rembrandt availed himself of this vast collection as a man who lived only for his art would. It was an open book to him to which we find him making constant reference; at one time adding to its stores by bidding chivalrous prices for single prints of masters with whom he might be supposed to have little sympathy, but in whom, doubtless, he saw a quality which he thought cheaply acquired at any price;* at another making elaborate studies of subjects which interested him or which served his immediate purpose. To this collection and to his numerous copies of the Oriental drawings which it contained,—prompted, of course, by the innate sentiment which led him to use them for such a purpose,—we probably owe it that of all the men who have undertaken to illustrate the Bible, he is the only one that has been able to give faithful expression to its simple reality and to make us personal sharers in the homely and impressive incidents

* For "The Espiegle" of Lucas Van Leyden 88 guilders.

with which it abounds. Who, for instance, that has seen that commonest of his etchings the "Return of the Prodigal," * or that still more affecting one of "Tobit" †—the stricken old man vainly feeling for the door which is within a foot of him ;—or the little subject full of grief of the disciples carrying our Lord to the burial; ‡ or the so-called "Death of the Virgin," §—the body slipping towards the foot of the bed, as dying bodies do—without being sensible of this faculty, and of the deep natural tenderness of character by the promptings of which alone their author could have produced them? To the influence of Titian, again, whose drawings Rembrandt possessed, we owe the splendid backgrounds of some and whole subjects of others of his etchings; || while, in a minute copy of a morality of Andrea Mantegna's, ¶ we have a singular proof that the quaint but impressive work of the earliest and most simple of his predecessors was not without its influence upon him. We have been thus particular in directing attention to the copious use made by Rembrandt of his collection,** because we wish to show that it was not without due warrant and consideration that he broke through the prescriptions of two centuries, and because it presents the great student to us in a noble aspect and in a character as far removed as possible from that of the charlatan and the cheat. Then, again, what man more competent or more likely than he—surrounded by all that was accounted great in art—to perceive and to weigh, to select and to turn to account, whatever he thought worthy his adoption, or—if he had found a better—to amend the practice he had begun in his father's mill?

(It may not unreasonably be asked how far a knowledge of mezzotint would have affected the practice of Rembrandt and his brother Etchers. It is not probable that he ever saw a print engraved in this manner, for though Siegen lived in his day and Prince Rupert enjoyed a European reputation, Abraham Bosse, †† who wrote in Paris in 1645, appears never to have heard of either of them (as engravers), or, even of Rembrandt himself. We think it not unlikely that had Rembrandt known of this art he would, like Reynolds, have been glad to avail himself of it in the reproduction of his works; but that he would have seen in it a substi-

* Ch. Blanc. 43.

† Ch. Blanc. 15.

‡ Ch. Blanc. 60.

§ Ch. Blanc. 70.

|| The St Jerome with the lion and the square tower. Ch. Blanc. 75.

¶ See an elaborate drawing in the British Museum.

** The collection of Rembrandt includes

no work by Velasquez, a circumstance only to be accounted for by the isolation of Holland in those disastrous times, and the enmity then existing between that country and Spain.

†† Taicte des manières de graver en taille douce sur l'airain. Par le moyen des eaux fortes et des vernis durs et mols. Paris, 1645.

tute for etching, or that he himself would have practised it, we do not for a moment believe; for, though the results are undoubtedly painter-like, the process by which they are obtained is negative rather than positive, a process rather of elimination than of artistic construction, in which the original touch of the master has no part, and, therefore, one which would have been intolerable to a genius essentially creative.)

II. We have next to compare Etching with engraving—the etching line with the burin line—and to estimate the special qualities which belong to each. It is a serious task, and one which, to do it justice, would require all the space at our disposal. As it is we must content ourselves with a mere appreciation of the differences between them, leaving it to others to work out the subject with the care it deserves. Such a cursory comparison as we are able to make here may, we think, be best obtained by an examination of the instruments themselves—the point and the burin. It is the comparison of the pen with the plough! In one case a finely-pointed style obedient to every movement of the sentient hand—in the other a tool driven by the elbow against an object brought to meet it half way; in one case suppleness, liberty, rapidity and directness of utterance, and the faculty of keeping pace with the ideas as they are formed—in the other, the combined action of two hands and the active opposition of two forces—that of the instrument against the plate, and of the plate against the instrument. What wonder that the line described by one should be free, expressive, full of variety—by the other, cold, constrained, and uninteresting; that one should be personal as the hand-writing—the other without identity; that the difference between the two should be, in point of fact, as the difference between any two things of which mechanical effort is the parent of one, and brain impulsion of the other! We invite those able writers who contend that more painter-like qualities are to be obtained from the burin than from the point, and whose opinions we are anxious to respect merely because they differ from us, to reflect for a moment upon the fashion of the two instruments and on the way in which they are used; on the mobility and independence of one, and the limitations and restraints which its very form imposes upon the other. What marvellous memoranda may not be made by the point while the burin is delving its conventional and inexpressive furrow! Take but a single instance, and that a small one, of the work of the point—the little portrait two inches square of Rembrandt's mother (so called,* but which should rather be his grandmother, seeing that it is the head of a woman of 75 and he then but 22)—the finely-drawn mouth, full of

* Ch. Blanc, 193.

shrewd experience and ironical humour—the puckering inward of the upper lip—the flaccidity of the soft parts of the face as they hang from their attachments above, or lie loosely on the flattened bones beneath—the half drooping, half corrugated lid (sign of vigour in age) just disclosing, and that with surprising archness, the small grey iris—the arching upwards in expressive folds of the brow on the same side—the age of the forehead—the minute point (marvel of observation in an artist who had enjoyed none of the benefits of academical teaching) of the end of the right nasal bone over which the fleshy part of the nose has slightly sunk, and the consequent want of symmetry between the two sides of the nose itself—and lastly, the intelligent establishment of the planes which compose the head, and the attribute of expression which pervades the whole. Here is a portrait, we had almost said, by an amateur, for Rembrandt when he did it was still an inmate of his father's mill. What do our figure painters say to it? Is it well drawn? Or our engravers? What if it had been done by the burin and a month bestowed upon it instead of a sitting? Could the burin have done it at all? Then, by way of contrast, take a good example of what a distinguished writer has called the great military qualities of line engraving—the first of the masterpieces of Goltzius, “the Annunciation,” *Pone metum*, &c.*—and compare the clouds on which are the attendant angels with the clouds in Rembrandt's etching of “the Angel appearing to the Shepherds.”† We have chosen an important example, and, as the two incidents are not dissimilar, the comparison is not an unfair one. Here we have some of the ingenious modes adopted by the burinist to render texture, light, and air. We forbear to dwell upon them. But what of the other? What dramatic interest, what gradation, and, in the landscape beneath, what mystery of shadow! Or, take the wonderful heap of cumulus in the etching known as “The Three Trees,”—sun and rain contending in wreaths of various transparency, and all ready to burst and scatter themselves in glittering spray on the thirsty and expectant plain! The properties of the etching line are, in point of fact, almost wholly mental—those of the engraved line wholly, or almost wholly, mechanical. The mental properties of the etching line are originality and personality, so that we actually recognize a line of Rembrandt or of Claude; out of which properties, again, come the qualities of expression, delicacy, colour, tenderness, and whatever else the artist is capable of. The burin line being without either originality or personality is without mental expression, except such as may be evolved from it in the act of copying. It is on account of its personal

* Bartsch, 15. (1.)

† Ch. Blanc, 17.

qualities that the Etcher takes care to break the continuity of his line as seldom as possible, leaving it, so to speak, to assert its own beauty. Let us, however, not be misunderstood. After all it is but a conventional expression, and this respect paid to it as a line may only be when the artist employs it in the conventional sense. When he has to elicit tones and values from it he will not only not hesitate to sacrifice it but will even take care to ignore it. For, art being but the representation of nature by means more or or less conventional, the best art should be that in which the conventional element is in the least quantity, or in which its employment is least apparent. A line—there being none in nature—is the acme of conventionalism: therefore, painting and sculpture, in which it is least employed, should be the best arts. For Etching we claim no more than that of all the reproductive arts in which the conventional line is employed it is the one in which, being used by the artist, it is made most conducive to intellectual expression. We think that line engraving should be among the least esteemed of the arts because, in it, the objectionable element is not only paraded but reduced to an absurd formulary. How, then, it may be asked, does it happen that this form of art has imposed itself upon us for so long, and that line engravers, who are copyists, are admitted to the honours of the Academy, while Etchers, who are artists, have scarcely a *locus standi* there? The answer is little suggestive of the independence of our art judgment. We fear that in looking at a picture, instead of taking a standard of comparison in nature, we are so apt to take one in some mode of expressing nature which has become, by common consent, the accepted mode, that we find what we are looking at good or bad only in proportion as it approaches or recedes from that standard. Any familiar example will serve to show how readily the eye becomes vitiated and suffers itself to be abused by what, intuitively, it would feel to be bad. A new fashion in dress—an enormous bonnet for instance—however ludicrous at first, soon establishes its sway, and maintains it too, till the sense of propriety, which was just becoming secure, is disturbed anew by the pretensions of a small one. So in art: we are probably unconscious how conventional it is, and what slaves we are become to particular forms of it. The first attempt at representation by lines had, doubtless, much the same effect upon the observer as the peripheral tracings upon the Egyptian monoliths have upon us; but after a time he became accustomed to them, and could even bear to see them twisted and twirled into the patterns we have described, without feeling the extent of the imposition in an art sense. In the application of these purely abstract reflections we are to be understood, of course, as

dealing with prepossessions and with tenets, not with persons. We respect the triumphs of the line engravers as we do triumphs over difficulties of any kind, but we demur to the *dictum* which would impose their works upon us as anything more than the ingenious application of instrumental and manual skill to the perfection of a secondary art, and altogether repudiate the pretension which would set them above "any etching."

III. The theory that Etching supposes imperfect drawing and the loose treatment which belongs to the sketch, we believe to arise out of the fact that in the more open parts of the picture—in the parts, for instance, in broad sunshine—it is the practice of the best Etchers to put little apparent work. It is, however, precisely in those parts that selection, skilled drawing, knowledge, and that peculiar reticence which we shall presently have to speak of as the "labour of omission," are most required. The Etcher it is true works, or should work, from nature: but there is nothing in this, or in the plate, or in the mode of drawing on it, which proves that his concentration is less than that of the painter in his studio, or that his task is an easier one. Rather the reverse. For the painter by overlaying his work may modify and correct as he goes on. Not so the Etcher. Every stroke he makes tells strongly against him if it is bad, or proves him to be a master if it is good. In no branch of art does a touch go for so much. The necessity for a rigid selection is, therefore, constantly present to his mind. If one stroke in the right place tells more for him than ten in the wrong, it would seem to follow that that single stroke is a more learned stroke than the series of ten by which he would have arrived at his end. His great labour is to omit, to keep his subject open, to preserve breadth, to establish his planes, and to secure for them space, light, and air. If he succeeds in expressing his whole picture in this broad way, the common observer will see in his work only a "sketch;" but the faculty of doing it supposes, as we have said, a concentration and a reticence requisite in no other art, and which will altogether escape him. He sees an easy-looking result, and the idea of "facility" immediately occurs to him and furnishes him with a ready explanation of it. The more masterly it is the more "sketchy" he finds it, and if it is still more masterly—that is, if the art in it is successfully hidden—the greater the chance that he will see little or nothing in it. The labour which is in it—that is, the labour of selection and omission,—being an unappreciable quantity, is just that which will be probably lost upon him. Now let us suppose the converse of this—a feeble, uncertain artist, or amateur, it matters not which, seated before nature with a copper-plate and a needle. He has painted many a picture, and, by dint of searching with opaque

materials has even earned the reputation, such as it is, of "finish." For the first time he finds himself under the necessity of considering every stroke. He begins, and has soon made a hundred where a master would have made one; but he goes on, and, at the expense of many qualities which as a painter he would have held dear, he arrives at last. "How finished," says one; "How worthless," another—for the last knows what the first, possibly, does not—that it is one thing to cover a plate with work till the effect has been obtained, and another to obtain it with little, or rather with the appearance of little. Etching is not painting but an art (though in close alliance with painting) in all respects distinct. He who so mistakes its end, intention, and scope as to overlay his work till all brilliancy and transparency have gone out of it, is confounding two things and only labouring to produce opacity. But of all the modern misapprehensions connected with Etching—once accounted an art in which only a master could excel—is that which supposes it to be particularly suited to the half-educated artist. The experience which has arisen out of close observation and practice, and which enabled the old Etcher to express himself promptly and by simple means, is in these days, it would seem, a proof that his treatment is loose and that he deals only in indications. The fact that he has learnt to select essentials and reject non-essentials, and especially if he is able to do this before nature, that he is merely sketching; in short, the very qualities which even a great artist is the last to arrive at—simplicity and breadth—are, for some unaccountable reason, quoted to his prejudice if he happens to be able to observe them on copper. For ourselves, we are well persuaded that Etching, of all the arts, is the one least fitted to the amateur; supposing, of course, the amateur to be the person he is generally described to be. But there are amateurs of different degree. There is the amateur who loads himself at fabulous prices with whatever the dealer is ready to supply him with, and there is the amateur who would think twice before he accorded space on his walls to the popular picture of the year. There is also a point at which amateur and artist become convertible terms.

IV. We have said that in proportion as the Etcher has arrived at a learned simplicity his work is likely to be accounted a sketch. We are, therefore, not surprised to hear that good drawing is not to be looked for in it. We fear we may not clearly understand in what sense the term good drawing is here used. Good drawing, we may be told, is a correct expression of form by a line or a series of lines exactly laid down. We do not think it is. We think that good drawing is the correct representation of any object or series of objects as they appear in nature; that it is the art of conveying on the flat a

verisimilitude of what the eye sees upon plane ; that it is an aggregation of values, a bringing into juxtaposition and harmony and relation and balance every one of the surfaces which compose a picture in relief. But planes and surfaces are not lines, and cannot be expressed by lines. The cube which is before us, the book which is upon the table, and the table itself, present us with certain facets which are in opposition, or in apposition, or at various angles with each other ; but there is no line, or anything like a line, between any two of them. The cube asserts itself by the physical properties which belong to a cube, not by a line which divides it from the table or the table from it, or it from surrounding objects. He, therefore, whose eye is sensible of the properties which belong to these bodies and of the relative value they bear to each other, and whose hand can express them—it matters not how, or how rapidly—can draw them. He who fails to convey them in their reality, however legitimate and consecrated by usage his mode of procedure, cannot draw them. If, having made an exact outline of their forms, the *ensemble* of his work (which is likely) fails to convey this idea of their reality—he cannot draw them. The imaginary lines which compose the *contour* of the human hand may be laid down with geometrical precision ; but if they fail, as they are very likely to do, to convey the idea of the hand in its attributes as an active member of the body, they have not succeeded in drawing it. Whereas, a great master or a great genius, who, by a process thrown off by his brain—he knows not how—holds it out to you, plants the thumb firmly on the table with a pressure which is to be felt, and gives it the exact relation which it should bear to the body of which it is a member, has drawn it. Nor have the means he has employed, or the rate at which he has accomplished his aim, anything to do with the question, unless, indeed, we may infer (which is reasonable) that he who attains his end rapidly, is, *tant soit peu*, a more able draughtsman than he who arrives at it slowly. By masterly work we do not, of course, mean the impertinent scratches which conceited people are in the habit of employing to produce a vulgar effect, but that sort of work which supposes reflection, knowledge, and power, brought to bear upon every single stroke. The man of feeling being one, and the man of rules being one, the first, without misapprehending the value of good drawing, is anxious, above all things, to seize expression ; the other, that in doing so his point or his brush, it matters not which, swerve neither to the right nor to the left. Shall he stay, then, to efface the false trait and lose the expression, or ignore the mechanical defect and preserve it ? Let him, we say, on no account lose it, and if in preserving it he offend precision, let him—as Rembrandt and as Reynolds did scores of times before him—offend. Between

genius and precept there lies a more unfordable gulf than the mere æsthetic is ever likely to allow. Let us neither be carried into license by the one nor shackled by the other. If Rembrandt found it better to study drawing through the medium of expression in his father's mill, let not him who has been taught to consider expression subordinate to form, judge him. If Velasquez, as is evident by a comparison of his earliest with his later pictures, evolved the power of drawing by the use of the brush, let not him who is incapable of appreciating that peculiar mode of acquiring force call it "suggestiveness." Let Ingres have his pedestal, but place it so that his cold shadow fall on no one. Above all, let us be wary of the influence of teaching and of what are called the "schools." The history of all of them is the same. It is the history of some eminent individual, some great original power, on whose stem it has been sought to graft a future stock of bastard fruit. Let us be at once assured that that thing is impossible. Raphael was a power of this kind, Shakespeare another, Velasquez another, Rembrandt another. Each adopted—and had a right to adopt—a mode of proceeding suited to his own genius, which those who like to reduce things to terms may call, if they will, the "principle" of his art; but the moment it is attempted to impose the principle of one of these upon another—the principle of Raphael, say, upon one of his pupils—you tear the mantle of Raphael to pieces, but you do nothing to insure its descent. It will not descend, or if it does, only in diminishing shreds, till at length nothing is left of it. And this, without metaphor, is the end of all schools; they die by successive dilutions.

V. What, then, is the amount and kind of previous knowledge and skill required by the Etcher? It is the sum of all we have been writing about. It is an innate artistic spirit, without which all the study in the world is useless. It is the cultivation of this spirit, not arduously but lovingly. It is the knowledge that is acquired by a life of devotion to what is true and beautiful—by the daily and hourly habit of weighing and comparing what we see in nature, and the thinking of how it should be represented in art. It is the habit of constant observation of great things and small, and the experience that springs from it. It is taste, which a celebrated painter once said, but not truly, is rarer than genius. The skill that grows out of these habits is the skill required by the Etcher. It is the skill of the analyst and of the synthesist—the skill to combine, and the skill to separate—to compound and to simplify—to detach plane from plane—to fuse detail into mass—to subordinate definition to space, distance, light, and air. Finally, it is the acumen to perceive the near relationship that expression bears to form, and the skill to draw them—not separately—but together.

VI. It now only remains to describe just so much of the process of Etching as is sufficient to illustrate the position we have assumed for it as a painter's art. Etching is engraving by corrosion; the agency, any convenient metal, and any substance capable of acting upon it chymically. The old etchers used copper for a base; and, for a mordant, common salt, vinegar, verdigris, and other substances equally simple. The moderns use copper, zinc, and steel, and various dilutions of nitric acid. The *modus operandi*, however, is susceptible of infinite variety, and should depend on the chymical skill, the peculiar views, or the special practice of the artist. If he etches in the studio he may find the plan and the materials in ordinary use convenient enough; * if before nature, too cumbersome. If the preparation of the plate by heat, the execution of the subject, and the "biting in" by successive operations, appear to him, as they do to us, destructive of the quality of spontaneity, he may prefer the process we are about to describe.

The requisites are: a drawing-board of pear, cedar, or any light wood, 18 inches long by 14 wide, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick; in its centre, a shallow trough of the shape and size of the plate to be engraved, formed by removing the wood to the depth of an inch; through the middle of the floor of this trough, a small wooden waste-pipe closed by a peg; out-rigged from the sides of the board, two spring clips to hold an etching needle and a camel's-hair brush; on the under surface of the board, holes to receive a tripod support to convert it into a table.

A sketching stool of sufficient height from the ground to enable the artist to look well into the trough.

A piece of cedar-wood 16 inches long by 2 wide, shaped like an ordinary paper-cutter, but flexible like a harlequin's wand, to serve as a maul-stick.

A point formed of a faulty diamond, or a colourless sapphire, or a piece of chalcedony, or a rock crystal, or any primitive stone having a natural cleavage and a cutting edge, † firmly fixed in a pencil of ebony by a gold or platinum band.

A flexible leather case, like a cartouch box, to hold the ingredients of the mordant, viz. three small stopped bottles, one of chlorate of potash, one of hydrochloric acid, and one of a solution of common etching ground in chloroform or highly rectified turpentine.

We suppose the Etcher, thus equipped, established on the banks of some pellucid stream, for he will want water to make his mordant with. If he has not varnished his plate before coming out he will do so now,

* See "Lettre sur l'Eau forte," par Martial. Paris, Cadart. | this subject in the Transactions of the Royal Society.

† See Dr Wollaston's experiments on

by pouring, first upon its back and, that having becoming hard, upon its face, a sufficient quantity of the chloroform ground to coat it, inclining the plate to allow the surplus fluid to run back into the bottle by one of its angles after the manner of the photographers. While his ground is hardening, which it soon does by the evaporation of the chloroform, he makes his mordant—by dissolving two parts of chlorate of potash in 88 parts of water and 10 of hydrochloric acid—equal to 100 parts in all.*

He is now ready. He has filled the bath with the mordant and placed the protected plate, face uppermost, in it. Point in one hand, and harlequin wand laid obliquely across the trough as a rest, he will probably begin by considering the scene before him. How is he to render it? Which are the strong points in the composition? Which, and where, and how to be expressed, the great planes which lie between him and the extreme distance? Which, on each of these planes, are the objects which he thinks essential to give force, grace, or balance to the work? Which the obtrusive ones that mar its effect, and which he will on no account allow a place in his picture? The diamond in his hand which is to be the exponent of his best thoughts and whose lustre he is not to sully by common-place expression—how is he to use it? The idea that he is going to express free-handed, in single, positive, and ineffaceable characters, not merely the lines which compose the scene before him, but the foreshortening of that row of barges in the middle distance and the compound curves which their up-turned bulwarks present; that he has not merely to express those tall half-stripped poplars but to incline them by ever so delicate a bend before the breath of the evening; that he proposes (always with the fine point in his hand) not merely to render that solemn-looking wood but to clothe it with the gloom which tells of coming night, and to suggest the mysterious and hidden windings of the silent river which he feels to be stealing through it, but the emergence of which only he actually sees and can represent. Nay, he may even, if this is his first essay in etching, cunning draughtsman though he be, find himself putting up the apparatus which is so provokingly simple that it will do nothing for him, and going home without having ventured a stroke. Or it may be that, engrossed by what is before him and unconscious of the difficulties of his task and of the exact means by which he has overcome them, he may find, at the end of his sitting, that he has transferred a something to his plate which is no unworthy interpretation of his two hours' dream.

His mode of proceeding will have been this. His point lightly

* Or, if he prefers it, he may carry the mordant ready prepared in a water-proof bag over his shoulder instead of the car- touch box, his plate having also been previously varnished and smoked,

poised and with only just enough pressure to displace the varnish, he will draw in with all the truth of which he is capable the principal objects in the foreground, or rather, the principal parts of the principal objects, feeling that what he is now doing will turn out to be the strongest parts of the picture. These done, he will put in the secondary markings, articulating them well with the first, and looking for their insertions and attachments as jealously as an anatomist would those of a muscle the action of which he desired to understand. The strokes he did first are still biting—the last, of course, in a secondary degree—but to this he pays no attention, and, as with the mordant he is now using there is no ebullition to frighten him, he soon loses the uncomfortable sensations which have a tendency to arise from that phenomenon. Drawing on with the greatest deliberation he may now think it well to attack the more prominent objects in the middle distance, or to indicate, by markings here and there, the great lines which principally compose it. In any case he will take care in this early stage of his work to proceed broadly and to leave ample spaces everywhere, not merely because the continued biting of each stroke is always tending to bring it nearer its fellow, but because he has in view some subsequent painting and wishes to leave clear room for it. This laid in, he will attack the plane in the next degree of remoteness, treating it and its members in the same way, and so on from plane to plane till he comes to the extreme distance and to the sky. It may be that, by this time, the sun of that day has well nigh set—that the trees in the foreground, whose every angle shot off an arrow of light when he began, now detach themselves in dark masses against the picture beyond them—or that the curtain of night has fallen upon some sleepy hollow the details of which were at first visible—or that some considerable part of the landscape on the far horizon, which was before in half tone, has become changed by magical agency into a sea of light—or that the river, which was a silver thread in the low-lying land, is now no longer to be seen there. Has our Etcher, then, been working in vain? By no means. He has up to this time been no more than the prudent, conscientious, pains-taking, selecting draughtsman. Now, we are to see to what extent he is a poet and a painter. His instrument, which before was a point, has now to become a brush, and with it he is to proceed to suppress, as it would seem, but in reality only to colour (and that still in the broadest way) not only the objects which he took so much pains to define, but whole mountains and plains. The shining river, in whose tender reflections he saw such cunning imagery, he has now ruthlessly to cover—it and all the wood that slopes down to it—with a pall of velvet. Let him not hesitate or he is lost. With somewhat more rapid but yet with intelligent and more painter-

like work let him deal as before, first with the foreground, and so onwards, from before backwards, till he reaches the horizon, and thence the zenith. May be, a slight streak of light is all that remains there. Let him leave it. It is the death of a day—the promise of a morrow.

He has now finished. His plate has been all this time, and is still, in the bath. He has not to take it home and, by biting it the next day or a fortnight after, paint at second-hand the impressions of that calm evening. It is already bitten, and that, as it should be, in measure and in cadence with the thoughts that prompted it. That very night he may have a proof, and let him rest assured that if that proof should convey to him but a pale image of the glories he has seen, it will speak eloquently to those who were not there to see them, and—months and years after—words of sweet remembrance even to him.*

* The work of the printer may be summed up in a brief note. All that is requisite is that he should be a workman of sufficient ability to understand and respect the intentions of the artist, and a sufficient adept with his hands to leave every line full of ink. The theory which supposes an arbitrary tint here, or a smudge there, or that it is any part of the business of the printer to eke out the effect left incomplete by the artist, is without foundation. If Delâtre, who is an excellent printer, attempted this it would be the signal for his immediate dismissal. If the reader will take a fine proof of Rembrandt's he will find, to his surprise, that it is printed with the greatest simplicity, that not a mark or

a stain is there that has not its counterpart in the plate. The few examples that exist in museums of proofs treated otherwise are evidently nothing more than experiments made by the artist himself while his plate was in progress. It would be quite impossible to print a whole edition in this way. On the other hand, a person accustomed to print line engravings cannot print an etching. With his rough treatment and heavy canvases he would wipe half of it away. If the artist cannot print his own works he should choose a little finely-organized man with the palm of a duchess to do it for him, having first set before him a proof to his liking. Nothing more is necessary.

WEIGEL'S "CATALOGUE OF FAC-SIMILES OF DRAWINGS."*

THE true appreciation of Drawings by the Old Masters will most probably never be very general. Some amongst them, carefully finished, or at least completed, irresistibly command the admiration of all. But it must be quite otherwise with those which the genuine Art student prizes most highly: in which the efforts of the artist to give adequate and satisfying expression to his conceptions, can be most clearly traced; and by means of which we are admitted (as it were) into his most intimate confidence, stand beside him in his studio, and share his very thoughts and feelings. It requires some special training, or some special object of study, to be able to appreciate them aright; and they do not, in general, find much favour. Yet many things have, of late, tended to increase the numbers of those who can enter into the meaning of the sketches and studies we speak of. The exhibition of so many superb specimens in the British Museum, in the galleries at Oxford, in the Louvre at Paris, and in almost all the other great Museums on the continent, has done much in that direction. The publication of photographs of the Drawings, which are at once more accurate, and more easily procured, than engraved facsimiles, has done even more. And the general advance of Art-culture may be considered as a third and still more effective influence in producing that result.

Yet there is wanted still; as a companion to all exhibitions, a commentary upon all photographic fac-similes, and a universal text-book for those who are consciously interested in Art; some treatise or essay, which should point out the characteristic features and peculiarities of the several masters,—the kind of excellence they strove after, and reached,—and the special nature of those preliminary studies, which they made for their great works, or for their perpetual practice and training.

* Die Werke der Maler in ihren Zeichnungen grosser Meister . . . Von Handzeichnungen. Beschreibendes Verzeichniss der . . . Facsimiles von Original-
Rudolph Weigel. Leipzig, 1865.

And more particularly there should be pointed out in the accounts of all Drawings, the history of which cannot be traced, the reasons for attributing them to certain schools or masters. And thus a beginning, at least, would be made of divesting connoisseurship of that empiricism, with which it has always been so unpleasantly associated.

One other thing, however, is still more lamentably needed, in some publicly exhibited collections, and in most private ones,—more conscientious care in the attribution of Drawings. It is, of course, not easy, nor agreeable, to bring oneself to admit, that what we have been proud of, and perhaps paid dearly for, as the work of a great master, is in fact the production of one of their numberless imitators. But it is always better to do so; were it only that the maintenance of such mistaken opinion must always with well-instructed critics bring the soundness of our judgment into question. And as error always has a strong tendency to multiply itself, our own ability to judge is injuriously affected; and we are ourselves, as well as those whom we mislead, kept in worse than ignorance, by the very means of accurate knowledge.* Of the culpability of the manufacturers of Drawings no word need be said; the most successful, like all forgers, have lost more by their craft than they might have gained without it. And all that we have said, applies as completely to Paintings as it does to Drawings.

With *professional* artists and connoisseurs, the study of Drawings is of the first importance. For as Dr Turnbull has quaintly said in his treatise on Ancient Painting (pp. 158, 9): "Drawings are in respect of Pictures, originals; and for that reason it must be by the study of Drawings that one may not only learn the characters of masters, but likewise, in general, form to himself the justest notion of beauty, truth, spirit, greatness, grace, or of any other of the more essential qualities in good composition. Those who are not acquainted with Drawings, or who do not begin by studying them, are very apt to mind nothing in pictures but the colouring; and to prefer pictures which please in this respect, to others which have far superior excellencies; which is like preferring a fine complexion to sense, goodness, and every other moral qualification,—the beauties of the skin, to those of the mind."

* Too much praise cannot be given to the authorities in this department of the Louvre, who have willingly renounced the glory of possessing the actual drawing of the colossal hand, made by Michael Angelo (as Condivi relates), when he wished to convince a gentleman that he was the sculptor he sought for. Although

it had been in the collections of Crozat and Mariette, and had been engraved by the Comte de Caylus, and published by Bottari, and Quatremere-de-Quincy, as genuine; it has on sufficient historical evidence, unexpectedly obtained, been dethroned, and is now called, as in truth it is, the work of Annibale Caracci!

But the formation of a useful collection of original Drawings, at no time easy, except to princes, or men of princely fortune or specially favoured by circumstances, is at the present day a task of the greatest difficulty. Patience, and vigilance, and caution, and money, must be exercised and expended, without any stint. And therefore it is that faithful fac-similes must be accounted of great worth. For most of the practical purposes of those who study Art professionally, a good collection of fac-similes is quite equal to a collection of originals. They are reliable representations of Drawings which they have studied, and therefore of those they have not been able even to see also. For collectors of originals, fac-similes are indispensable.

And this leads us to the work which has suggested these observations, and which, though it pretends to be no more than the catalogue of a collection of fac-similes of Drawings, is in fact the only hand-book for the collector of Drawings now extant; although it does not, as Reveley's work upon the Drawings of the old Masters* attempted, give any account of the characteristics of the styles and manners of the different masters; and is a guide, very nearly complete, for the professional collector of fac-similes, whilst it cannot fail to be a prize to all who are in any manner concerned in this branch of Art-study. It has been compiled with almost religious care by the eminent collector and publisher of Leipsic, Mr Rudolph Weigel, whose "Vorwort" displays the pious enthusiasm which animated him, with the most charming simplicity, and endears the man and the work alike to those who share his tastes and are engaged in similar pursuits.

In a work of such magnitude, extending to nearly 800 pp., whatever earnestness and diligence be bestowed upon it, it is impossible but that errors and omissions should occur; and as the book was published for *use*, we believe we shall best show our value of it, and our sympathy with the author, by offering to our readers some remarks on these points; that they who take it as a hand-book may find it the more serviceable, through knowing where it is not to be implicitly trusted; and may also be induced to assist in the collection of materials for some work which, being constructed on a more extended basis, may prove of yet more extensive utility to students and collectors.

Our observations shall be arranged according to the various sections of the book; and we commence with the Introduction, which speaks of Fac-similes in general. Here we note that scarcely sufficient importance, or definiteness, has been given to the faults and defects of almost all

* Notices Illustrative of the Drawings and Sketches of some of the most distinguished Masters in all the principal Schools of Design, by the late Henry Reveley, Esq. London, 1820.

fac-similes, engraved or lithographed, except those of Leroy, some in Young Ottley's "Italian school," Earlom's Claudes, some by F. C. Lewis, Bartolozzi's Guercinos, and a few others. In most of the fac-similes, little effort is made to represent the *manner* of the drawing, and in some, as in those engraved by the Comte de Caylus, and in the Düsseldorf Gallery, no effort at all. The same may be said of many of Bartolozzi's engravings, and most of Mulinari's, Metz', and others. And in the *clair-obscur*, of course, all resemblance in this important respect was sacrificed. Again, the *tint* of the original was not deemed a matter of much moment. From the *clair-obscur*, and the engravings by Metz, Mulinari, Bartolozzi, &c., one can get, with confidence, no notion whatever of this. In Mulinari's fac-similes one impression of the same print may be in green, and another in brown. And Bartolozzi had a decided predilection for *sanguine*, even when the drawings were in *pierre d'Italie*. Chamberlaine's Holbeins, in unfaithfulness to contour, manner, and tint, surpass all possible previous conjecture. The third point in which so many of these fac-similes fail to represent the originals, is the *direction* of the composition, which the engraver reverses at pleasure, or for convenience, without giving any hint at what he has done. This is sometimes of little moment: but in some instances it leads to grave mistakes; and it should always be noted, that no one may groundlessly ascribe either *gaucherie* or *ambidexterity* to masters guiltless of such qualities.

In the History of Collections of Drawings, the important collection of Padre Resta is not mentioned; nor that of Nicolas Lanier and his brother. Dr Meade's collection is only casually spoken of. The fine collection in the British Museum is passed over as lightly as that in the Louvre; and no mention is made of two of our best known and finest private collections,—those of the late Dr Wellesley of Oxford, and of Mr J. C. Robinson. The account of the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle, although the article in the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, No. II., is referred to, is very much at fault—the Drawings possessed by Charles I. being spoken of as if they formed part of the general collection, though not one of them is found in it; and the Drawings which there is every reason to believe were purchased by Charles II., at the first sale of the Arundel collection in Holland, and which were nearly a century afterwards discovered in a bureau at Kensington Palace, are referred to as if they had formed part of the collection of Charles I. Many other omissions and defects might be pointed out, but this will suffice to call attention to one most interesting portion of the work, where correction and completion are especially to be desired.

The list of Auction Catalogues may be imperfect without any blame being due to Mr Weigel, for a life-time of special study could scarcely enable one to make such a list complete. But it is to be regretted that it commences so late as 1754, as there were, both in England and Holland, before 1700, so many important sales, the catalogues of which can be found in Libraries like those of the British Museum.

In the Bibliography of Works on Drawings, we notice some serious omissions. Mr Carpenter's printed Catalogues of Drawings exhibited in the King's Library, British Museum, are not named; nor the Catalogue of Lely's Drawings, printed with Vertue's edition of Vanderdort's Catalogue; neither does M. Reiset's Catalogue of his Drawings appear. Whilst of engravings after Drawings, Hollar's, after those in Lord Arundel's Collection when it was in Holland, are not mentioned; nor Dalton's and Houbraken's, after the Holbein and Leonardo Drawings in the Royal Collection; nor the etchings of Nicolas Lanier, after his own Parmigiano Drawings; all of which are of considerable importance and value.

The two pages devoted to Collectors' Marks are sadly deficient, and sometimes wrong. But in this place we can only take notice of three marks, the history of which is of some interest, and will show what care must be taken to avoid error.

It has long been known that there are certain marks, in the form of stars, of different sizes and various numbers of points, found generally upon drawings of superior excellence or rarity; and that they have been assigned, without any very clearly-ascertained grounds, to Charles I. and Lord Arundel.* Now, it has been ascertained that some of the Drawings in the Royal Collection come from that of Lord Arundel. For example, the whole of the Holbeins, almost all the Leonardos, and sundry others, a few of which are noted in the only Catalogue which exists (and which is a recent copy, and very imperfect), as having been found in the same bureau at Kensington with the Holbeins and Leonardos. On a few of these miscellaneous Drawings are found three different stars, as collectors' marks. One is a large one of eight points, very distinctly characteristic in form, as the centre is blank, and some of the rays are oblique; the second a small, five-pointed star, also with a blank centre; and the third, one of seven points, all of them blunt and oblique, impressed in blank three times on a Drawing also stamped with the second star. The ac-



* Walpole's Anecdotes, Wornum's | stars spoken of have no resemblance to the
Edit., p. 273. The fac-similes of the two | originals in any of the editions.

companying fac-similes are traced from the marks.* It was plain that these marks are not those of Charles I., nor of Lord Arundel; and the only collectors to whom they could be attributed were the Laniers. This has been confirmed by the following passage from the French translation of Richardson's "Description of Statues, &c., in Italy," the work, apparently, of the famous connoisseur and collector, L. H. Ten Kate; but certainly not translated from the English edition, as there are omissions, and additions, which Richardson alone could have made. In an *Introduction* to this translation, we have not only much information about collections of Drawings, which Mr Weigel would have found very serviceable, but also this paragraph—

"In the same reign (of Charles I.) the two brothers Lanier took into England their fine collection of drawings, of which at the present time so many are met with in our collections; and which we know by *the large star with eight points*, or by *the small star with five points*, stamped on the lower part. The first was the mark of the elder brother, and beside the star was written the name of the master, in the collector's hand, with figures which show the price at which he valued the Drawing. The second figure was always 1, 2, 3, or 4; of which 1 signified a shilling, 2 a half-crown, 3 a crown, and 4 a pound sterling; and the first figure denoted the value; e.g., 2.1. signified two shillings, 1.2. half-a-crown, 3.3. three crowns, 3.4. three pounds sterling, and 10.4 ten pounds sterling. Nicolas, that was his name, was also collector for the King."

In the Royal Collection there are numerous Drawings with the names of the masters to whom they have been attributed, and two figures written in the handwriting of about 1600—1625, but no star accompanies the writing; whereas, with the larger star given above, there is often found the name of the supposed master, written in the exceedingly delicate (so-called) Italian hand of that same period, without any figures; and with the smaller star, the name of the master, in a similar hand, but as if written with a coarser pen, also without figures. The stars occur at times without any writing; and in other collections, Dr Wellesley's for example, instances of the writing with the numbers, and without the stars, occur; though none of the three stars described above.

Bearing in mind always the various probabilities and forms of error in arguing from such facts as have been detailed, our conclusion is, that the Drawings with the names of the supposed masters, and the prices,

* Another star is found on Drawings in the Royal Collection, it is six-pointed, blank in the centre, with thick rays, rather smaller than the largest of those given above. There is also another



star, to be seen on one or two of Dr Wellesley's Drawings, one of eight light rays, issuing from the centre point; and respecting both these information is requested.

but without the stars, are from the collection of Nicolas Lanier; and that those with the stars, of which fac-similes have been given, are from his brother's collection; but that one of these stars, or perhaps both, may prove to be the mark of a still earlier collector; and that, in any case, not one of the stars described is to be regarded as the mark of either Charles I. or Lord Arundel.

Something remains to be said of the Catalogue itself, which, as it is that of one of the most complete series of published fac-similes of Drawings ever made, contains much curious information, beyond the original purpose of the collector who formed it. Thus, one is, at first sight, struck by the very remarkable fact, that beside the three great masters, Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, so very large a number of fac-similes should have been executed of Drawings by such masters as Guercino and Guido. And although Albert Dürer, Holbein, Claude, Parmigiano, and Titian, are well represented, the preference of the last century for the School of the Caracci is recorded imperishably for our guidance and warning. We must also note the want of an Index, or available table of Contents, which is in such a work a very grievous deficiency.

We would counsel collectors to interleave their copies of this valuable Hand-book, and then to note the corrections which need to be made in the attribution, &c., of Drawings. For as each one is catalogued under the name to which it was attributed by the fac-similist, the errors must needs be numerous. By way of example, we append some notes upon the list of Raphael fac-similes, for which we are indebted to Mr Ruland, under whose hand the Raphael Collection of H.R.H. the Prince Consort was carried to the extraordinary degree of completeness, and skilful arrangement, which have made it what it is—a perfectly unique treasure of Art history and criticism.

6339. This is after a drawing in the Düsseldorf Academy.

6340. There is no drawing of the Fall in the Royal Collection; it must be one of the *Expulsion* which is intended; v. No. 6344.

6342-3. Are studies for the *Transfiguration*; the drawing is in the Louvre.

6368. In the British Museum.

6384. Is a drawing by Perino del Vaga, and never was in Lawrence's Collection.

6385. In the Royal Collection at Berlin.

6388-9. Studies for the *Spasimo*. 6388 evidently original.

6391-2. Studies for the subject in the ceiling of the *Stanza del Eliodoro*.

6401. More probably the destruction of *Korah*, or of *Dathan* and *Abiram*.

6408 and 6815. The death of the Levite's wife. The first belongs to M. Ingres; the other to the Archduke Albert. Both are copies by, or after, Poussin.

6427 and 6433. Are after the same original.

6431. This drawing has no relation to the picture to which it is assigned.

6436. Now belonging to the Baron H. de Triqueti.

6449. Not the head of the Horse in the *Heliodorus*, which could not be photographed.
 6454 and 6461. Both after the drawing at Lille; but if it represents the Preaching of John the Baptist, it is not for the *Ansidei Predella*.
 6459. Heightened with *gold*, not white.
 6468 and 6469. Represent the same composition.
 6474. Is on the reverse of 6462.
 6509 and 6521. Are after the same drawing; as are
 6510 and 6522.
 6520. After the *Cartoon* in the *Accademia delle Belle Arti*; it has been engraved by Ravano.
 6524. The drawing is now at Frankfort.
 6525. A study for the *Madonna Terranuova*, now at Berlin.
 6335-6 and 6546, represent the same groups.
 6557 is the same as 6511 and 6512.
 6561 is one of the late Dr Wellesley's drawings, now about to be offered for sale in London.

This we offer as a specimen of the notes by which an interleaved copy of the Catalogue might be made a repertory of the most precious information for the collector and amateur, and for Art students generally.

Collectors will, of course, be able to make their special use of this work. For the history of Art, it has its own value; and yet another service will be rendered by it to those who are occupied by the works of particular artists. For the study of Drawings has this peculiarity—that it may be carried on upon purely æsthetic grounds, and the works may be prized for their own sake, as they approach, or fall short of, that ideal standard of excellence which every one who pretends to connoisseurship must be possessed by; or it may be pursued as a historical inquiry simply. In the first case, the attributions are of no moment; but in the other, they are of the highest importance. And it is in relation to this *historical* branch of the study of Drawings, that we regard and recommend this Catalogue of Mr Weigel's Fac-similes as of such inestimable worth.

STUDIO-TALK.—No. I.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

SCENE :—*Hugh's Studio.*

Hugh (painting). SPEAK your mind, Guy. I don't think you know much about it, so you can be as sharp as you like.

Guy. Thank you ; you have put me quite at my ease.

Hugh. Well—what do you make of it ?

Guy. I see a man and some trees, but I don't see any relation between them.

Hugh. Why should there be ? They are there on their own business,—not his.

Guy. Ah, I see ; you are painting landscape and figures, not nature and man.

Hugh. That sounds clever,—what does it mean ?

Guy. If you paint them together, why not relate them ?

Hugh. Is there always a relation ?

Guy. Yes, either of sympathy or opposition. If there is a man in the landscape, he is the centre of it, and it must be looked at from his point of view ; but your man is not *in* the landscape at all, but is only added to it.

Hugh. That is a droll kind of criticism.—Take a cigar.—Sympathy, and—what was it ?

Guy. Opposition ; as when nature is still and you are moved, or gay when you are sad. This has a powerful charm for us moderns, and is sweet or bitter according to our character and mood, while the other we have in common with the Greeks.

Hugh. What—sympathy ?

Guy. Yes.

Hugh. I thought it was agreed that they had little feeling for nature,

and were glad to get away from her. Is not this the difference between classic and romantic art?

Guy. When the Greeks were groaning and breast-beating over the body of Achilles, they remark the agitation of the sea, and Nestor explains to them that it is caused by the grief of Thetis, who is coming to mourn for her son. He might have said it in this way, "it is sympathy, it is agitation for *us*." This is the Greek feeling. They go further than we go, that is all. If your man had been in a Thessalian wood, probably a nymph would have accosted him before now, or a Faun would have pelted him for looking such a zany.

Hugh. So we are to learn landscape from the Greek now!

Guy. I can imagine him saying to some painters of the new school, "You are parting what we united. You paint not *men* but *figures*, that have nothing in common with the life you put about them. What do you want with woods, and hills, and waves, and rivulets, but their voice and meaning to man? We have done all that can be done in this direction. We have drawn the line from nature to ourselves. We have loosened the tongues of the rocks and the streams, and made the rushes pipe to us, and the fountains sing us songs. What is *this*? Stone, and clod, and water, and turf, and leaf;—leave them to the farmer and the herdsman, to the birds and beasts," and he would be right in saying so, if this is all the nature you give us.

Hugh. Do you mean to say that we have not more living fellowship with nature than the Greeks?

Guy. I mean to say that in the way you are beginning to paint nature, you have less.

Hugh. Would you have me turn trees into Dryads, and waves into Daughters of the Flood?

Guy. Certainly not, if you can make them speak to us without; but if not, I for one would rather

"Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
And hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn."

Hugh. Well, then, to come to the reality of to-day and yesterday, of you and me, and the sunshine on the window there—what do you mean by this relation of man to nature that you call sympathy or opposition?

Guy. To begin with sympathy. In the midst of the forest when you are alone, and are beginning to hear the finer sounds, the turn of the leaf, and the thud of the nut, did you never feel as if you were an attraction there, as if all were drawing round you?

Hugh. I know what you mean. I remember when touring in

Scotland, swinging out of a wood on the top of the stage from Oban, into a wide space of sea and sky, with a glorious foreground of cattle and their doubles in the lucid shallows of the bay; colour so pure, so bright, so precious, that it drew a grunt of admiration from the Highlander on the box. I was put down, and bestowed myself quietly in a corner of the wood we had left, and was soon part of the calm, from the water to the sky. The ripple hardly broke louder than my pulse, and we seemed to count together how long it would take the pigeon to cross the breadth of the mountain facing the sea; just half-way high he flew, over the gorse, with his shadow on the umber rock. Presently a stoat bounds into the road, and I had time to observe what enjoyment of life there was in the unalarmed, untamed step of the creature. The heron rose near me; but as I was beginning to take it all in with half-shut eyes, and to remark how the powerful tones of the cattle, fawn and flame colour, white and yellow, blood-red and black, seemed to give infinitude to the space,—a photographer walks briskly before me, and with an air and noise of satisfaction begins to open and adjust his box. I give you my word, Guy, that the look of quiet horror that came over the scene was unmistakeable—not horror exactly—did you ever remark the face of a girl when she *sets* it?

Guy. I know.

Hugh. Well, it was precisely that. Not only did the stoat jump into the wood, and the birds disappear, but—I don't know whether it was the creaking of the machine or the business-like stare of the man—the cattle grew conscious and uncomfortable, and it was not without satisfaction that I saw a mist creep up from the sea, and steal away the shimmer and the charm. I left him some cows lashing their tails, some black thorn and Scotch fir, and the average coast formation.

Guy. I wish you would put some of this perception of the half-shut eyes into your painting, Hugh. It is curious that you who can feel like this should prefer that dogged stare at nature which is sure to put her out of countenance, as your photographer did.

Hugh. The impression comes and goes. How can you paint such things?

Guy. You must, more or less, if you are to paint nature.

Hugh. Well—I daresay—but you see I can make out your sympathy with the stillness of nature pretty well.

Guy. And as of stillness, so of passion; the loud buffet of wave on cliff, or cry of the wind after the flying cloud, the sea-bird's rapid and impulsive sweep, the thousand-fold dash and murmur and ululation of the elements, increase and provoke our joy;—and so of grief.

Hugh. Lear?

Guy. Yes, Lear!

Hugh. I can make this out pretty well. Though I should not attach so much importance to it, perhaps.

Guy. This is not merely a passive or brooding sympathy, but a productive one. The right man in a landscape will fill it with ardour and generosity, the right group with endless festivity. Landscape without man is a suggestion unfulfilled—a fitness unused. You have travelled in Scotland, have you never remarked how little the Scottish landscape has been used by painters in connexion with legend and story? it is voiced, so to speak, as yet only up to the deer. They seem to appeal to the imagination, these isles and glades, with their airy depths and mountain distances. There is often a sense of pain in proportion to their beauty. They are homes, but of what? The imagination begins to create in order that it may enjoy.

Hugh. This is quite contrary to Shelley—

“ I love all waste
And solitary places, where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we feel our souls to be.”

Is not this peculiarly modern?

Guy. It is: but why did Shelley love this scenery? because it excited him to work; the very piece from which you quote, is an attempt to people it—all his narrative and drama, with the single exception of the Cenci, is nothing but this exhalation from nature into man, chiefly indeed under the spell of this boundlessness, and therefore peopled with rather marrowless men.

Hugh. You seem to want more than what is called “local association.”

Guy. People little think that what they call association is in its highest form creation: that as far as it is knit to very fact its influence is often inhuman and injurious: that it grows deeper as it is more remote, because scene and event are being matched and modulated; and that only when recast by the imagination is it thoroughly healthy and good. Hence the finest productions of Art are owing to this creative sympathy.

Hugh. How so?

Guy. To the endeavour to supplement nature with the corresponding humanity. When I spoke of nature appealing to the imagination, I referred not to a sentiment but to a secret fact; her expression is incomplete, and therefore sad and even depressing till it is repeated in our key. You hold her shell to the ear, and hear a distant revelry. Perdita and the Idylls of Theocritus, Rosalind and Una, Miranda, and

the Giaour and Corsair of Byron (ridiculously supposed to be painted as a study of man), are properly nature-pieces, impersonations, the highest kind of "landscapes with figures." The "music parties" of the Venetian painters are naturally connected with landscape. I have seen a modern "music party" in which the trees were all angles, trees that never heard a note of music in their lives. Do you know I doubt whether you can treat landscape rightly without a knowledge of music.

Hugh. Good, that is a flight even for you.

Guy. Not so far as you think. Harmony, you know, is the essence of both.

Hugh. You mentioned Miranda just now, but Shakspeare found the story, not made it.

Guy. True, but he made the correspondence—he recast character and manners to the scene. This is the key-note,—the island isolation—the solitude of nature emerging round the solitary man, into the hum of elemental life, into "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not," into spirits of the air and "brave creatures" of the earth: the harmony of nature deeply felt breaks up into another region, builds its human side, creates its counterpart—for the society of the Tempest is a counterpart of the nature, from the rock-flower Miranda, to the rock-limpet Caliban.

Hugh. Any other instance of this?

Guy. The Syren of Homer grows from the lisp of the wave in the sinuosities of islet and hollow rock. Any long smooth-gliding billow in the after-glow of an Italian sunset when the mistrale has ceased, in the "wayward indolence" of its approach to the reef, and the cry with which it gluts it under the cliffs edged with ilex and bay, will lead you to the cave of Calypso.

Hugh. But we cannot make these myths.

Guy. You find them, as Shakspeare did, as Titian did, as Turner did; a thing is made again, every time a man of genius uses it. Shakspeare generally, and Titian always, produced from the human side—the personality of the man penetrating the landscape; with them nature is plastic and subordinate; in this kind, Titian's Peter the Martyr is the finest example, and probably the best "landscape and figures" in the world; though, on the other hand, in giving the predominance to nature, and making it the medium of a human expression, we may sound depths unreached before. This is Turner's way. The "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," and the "Hero and Leander," are instances far apart of this creative sympathy.

Hugh. I daresay, but I am curious to hear something about the *opposition*.

Guy. I don't mean the glare of contrast, or the vulgar effects of an obvious and violent antagonism. I mean the value that is given to a thing by the want of it; for instance, in the opposition of colours, where the true artist will make brown do duty for red.

Hugh. I understand. Nature constantly does that. That is why you fellows as constantly misname the tints. I can understand the opposition of colours, but not that of nature and man.

Guy. Take a simple instance. A day or two of hard brain-work in our study will give a new value to nature even in its elements, an exquisiteness of sensation, and poignant relish, even of space and simple outwardness; the world is given us as a new creation, almost as a new body; we seem "clothed upon," drawn outward with all its extent, and unbound with all its liberty; while our thoughts, as they grow more and more sheathed, and soothed, and indefinite, find repetitions, faint and remote, yet so familiar, that we find it is indeed a home we have come to, where the old ties are acknowledged, the rest provided, and the welcome tenderly given.

Hugh. I know the holiday charm you mean. When the faculties are tense with work, you appreciate all the leisure and laziness of nature.

Guy. Then is the time to paint it, do you see? It will give more lustre to your work than ten years' additional craft. Perhaps that is the reason why Art itself has such a charm for the busy mind—why it is a power developed in the state by the side of its industry, and generally in proportion to its industry. Most, therefore, in free states and—

Hugh. Stay; what has all this to do with landscape and figures?

Guy. It has to do with the value of beauty and the relish of nature. When we turn in Dante from those who are beating their bosoms or pillowing their cheeks on their hands with pain, to the

"Era già l' ora che volge 'l disio,
Ai naviganti, e 'ntenerisce il core,"

we have by the magic of the opposition such a glimpse of common life as makes it divinely sweet. And in that feast in Don Juan,—do you remember it?—with the children in procession, and the garlanded ram—observe how the joy is heightened by making us look at it not from our own revels, but from the depths of Lambro's sombre meditation; and when Beethoven wants to give more energy and fleetness to an impetuous presto, he stops it, and introduces a bar or two of chaste and graceful melody, so that when the agitation begins again it acquires a tenfold speed and precipitation.* So it is in all art and all nature. Every scene has that correlative feeling which will give it the greatest intensity,

* Finale of the Quintet in C Major, op. 29.

and every object its moment of highest value. The rosemary may be in Ophelia's hand, the cypress in Juliet's garden. It is for the artist to master this spell of opposition, and nature becomes exalted to another plane. I had a fit of the blues dislodged one fine autumnal morning by some saplings of ash and birch. I came upon them as I was crossing a torrent bridge, springing out of the deep-toned pines, and I shall never forget the beauty of their restrained liveliness and the grace of their wild animation. I had often crossed the bridge before without remarking them, but this morning they were like a pageant on the dull earth, beside my dull mind. It was my gloom that gave me this glimpse of nature, apart from myself, in all her sweet pride and independence. I turned away unsated, and unsated I still remain when I recall them.

Hugh. This may be worked up into poetry, but not into painting.

Guy. If you use man as a means of expression in his opposition to nature, your power of contrast is infinitely extended and infinitely refined: you are using two palettes at once; and, choosing your own level, you can deepen and intensify at will, since you cannot soar above him, nor sound beneath him. He is the perpendicular to nature's breadth. Let her range, then, be multiplied by his; do you see?

Hugh. Not very distinctly.

Guy. Remember that an artist can either treat this opposition in a lyrical spirit under the influence of the special fascination I have described, or dramatically—as for instance Turner in the Napoleon at Elba, or Shakspeare in the death of Ophelia; Titian, perhaps, alone would have given us all the tragedy of this.

Hugh. Do you ignore what has been done?

Guy. No; but he would have given us the human side in all its strength, and therefore the true pathos, and not masked her with the indifference of nature.

Hugh. Why is this opposition peculiarly modern?

Guy. I will keep that for another time; I think you look bored enough already.

Hugh. Not at all; on the contrary, I really am very much obliged to you; though as far as getting any practical good from your suggestions, I honestly confess that your talk has had very much the same effect on me as if you had been playing the flute. I like music, and this fantasia on themes from nature has been very good to work by. But I suppose you don't pretend that it is very practical.

Guy. This is all of one persuasion.

Hugh. Of what persuasion?

Guy. That the deepest part of our knowledge is the most unreal, that the imagination must be vague, and feeling deceptive, and that in

order to be practical in Art you must banish its poetry ; but the shortest sentences, Hugh, and the most bristling with matter of fact, may be as fallacious as the most windy generalities.

Hugh. Very likely ; but, Guy,—

Guy. Well ?

Hugh. Don't air these theories before Selwyn. He is a professed critic, and an accomplished judge of Art—do you know him ?

Guy. I have met him before,—only once, it is true ; but that gave me a long acquaintance with him. There are some men you recognize, so to speak, the moment you see them. Why should I not air my theories, as you call them, before him ?

Hugh. Because, although you know something about nature, and about poetry—you know, I must repeat, positively nothing about the art of painting. How should you ?

Guy. So one may know about nature and about poetry, and yet must remain utterly dumb before painting ? Has it ceased to be a fine art, then ? What are you doing it for ? Are you producing something that will sell ? In what is *that* supposed to interest any one who has no need of it ? Is it an article of furniture ?

Enter SELWYN.

Hugh. Glad to see you. You are just in time to put an extinguisher on some amateur criticism of a bewildering kind. I am telling Guy, here, that he has no right to abuse my picture, seeing that he has never drawn a line himself, nor prepared himself in any special way for the office of critic.

Guy. Granted ; but I have still the presumption to form a decided opinion as to the merit of a work of Art.

Selwyn. Pardon me, on what grounds ? By what methods ?

Guy. My method is very simple. I first try to see what the artist intends to say ; when I know that, I know the possible value of the picture.

Selwyn. How so ?

Guy. I know how far what he intends to say is worth saying ; then, and not till then, I try to discover with what degree of force and completeness the thing is said.

Selwyn. But this is the whole matter.

Guy. I think not.

Selwyn. You will find it so when you come to examine it a little more closely. For my part, I honestly confess that although I have worked pretty hard as an artist for some dozen years, and have drawn in most of the galleries in Europe, beside making a rather careful study

of the phenomena of nature, I hardly feel yet up to the mark of what true criticism demands.

Hugh. Well, I consider you so, at all events. Look here, Guy, here is an odd volume of Bacon to "oppose" your vagrant fancies, while we do a little work.

Guy. You must know, Mr Selwyn, that Hugh, though the best fellow breathing, is just one of those to whom a narrative beyond their experience is a fancy; a fact out of their sphere, a theory; and an argument that discriminates, however slightly, sophistry.

Hugh. Don't be vicious. Now, Selwyn—(*Guy reads apart*).

Selwyn (studying the painting). Ah! we are more solid this year and our tone is more equal—that quarry in the wood is very thorough, something new too; How did you come by it?

Hugh. I had long thought a quarry would tell, besides being rather a novelty, so I looked about for one, and here it is.

Selwyn. Quite a treasure; holds so much work. I suppose the labourer has just left it.

Hugh. No, not exactly. I put him in to bring down the yellow from the clouds.

Selwyn. Yes, the waistcoat is highly effective; but—let me see, we must have as much motive as possible—why not give him a pick, put a respectable female at the cottage door yonder, and call it the "Quarryman returning from work?"

Hugh. By George, you are a good fellow, Selwyn, that is an excellent idea.

Selwyn. This bit of work is very forcible. What an improvement too in the texture of your moss; that knob on the sycamore has positively grown there. Admirable!

Hugh. I am glad you like my picture. I have still a fortnight; have you anything else to suggest?

Selwyn. I think perhaps you might put another fellow here; there is an ugly glare about the lane,—or, say, a dog.

Guy (aside). Oh a dog by all means.

Hugh. You have hit a blot, yet I don't half like another figure, and I've no notion where to find the dog I want.

Selwyn. I'll send you my spaniel, she has just the right shade of brown about her ears.

Hugh. Stay; would a spaniel be following a ploughman, eh?

Selwyn. By-the-by, that requires careful consideration. What county is it in?

Hugh. Derbyshire.

Selwyn. Ah! then I'll ask Buxton, he knows the habits of the place. Yes, I like the picture.

Hugh. Well, Guy, have you found anything to your satisfaction?

Guy. What do you think of this? "The best part of beauty is that which painting cannot express."

Hugh. I don't think there is much in that, eh, Selwyn?

Selwyn (smiling). Well, I suppose the great man was not much of an authority in painting.

Hugh. Certainly not, but that is just like Guy.

Guy. You have drawn, you say, in the galleries, Mr Selwyn; tell me, did you ever see a copy of Titian, for instance, equal to the original?

Hugh. What a naïve question!

Selwyn. Certainly not, nothing proves the extreme difficulty of painting more than this, that in the most skilful copy, the by-stander, even though a tourist, detects the failure at once.

Guy. What is wanting?

Selwyn. The best part.

Guy. Excuse me, where is the best part of a picture to be looked for?

Selwyn. Everywhere. I am speaking of the life, the spirit, present in every part, through the magic touch of the master—most notable, indeed, where the expression most resides—in the vitality of the eye—in the sensibility of the lip, where a thousand impalpable hues and shadows play at will, and seem to render you almost the breath, almost the ardour of life. In the copy this is all wanting, because only the artist can see it, and, in fact, it is rather to be felt than seen; you cannot expect it in the copyist.

Guy. However skilled he may be, there is this great short-coming?

Selwyn. Oh yes, any one of the least sensibility perceives an immense gulf between them.

Hugh. Surely your travels must have taught you this, Guy; don't make yourself out a greater novice than you are.

Guy. Come, let me learn a little in my own way. There is, you say, an immense gulf between the living original and the lifeless copy, although the parts may be complete in the latter, the drawing accurate, and the painting solid?

Selwyn. Yes; as a rule copies, however good, are worthless as works of Art.

Guy. Yet they may be of various merit as copies, and it requires, I should think, considerable technical knowledge to distinguish between them; none but an artist, I suppose, is sufficiently acquainted with the detail of the craft to appreciate the degrees of excellence?

Selwyn. Certainly not.

Guy. While any by-stander can tell you the value of the original. It

is the same in translation, I suppose ; whatever is rendered, something escapes, and this is the "better part," in proportion as there is beauty or genius in the original. In Pindar or Göthe or Heine, for instance, the parts are there, but not the whole.

Hugh. Exactly : the ineffable charm is gone—broken up. Psyche is no longer on the wing, but on the board of the naturalist.

Selwyn. But I thought all this was acknowledged.

Guy. Still I am glad of your opinion. There is however the same difficulty, I fancy, in gauging the respective merits of translation. There must be special knowledge of a more exact character than even the educated man generally possesses,—knowledge of the aims and limits of translation, of the structure of metre, and the minutiae of style, &c.

Selwyn. Of course, it requires a trained literary man to do this, but I don't see your drift.

Guy. As their merit is in these minor points, you cannot go off in generalities ?

Selwyn. Exactly. Why do you ask ?

Guy. Because, you see, I will be the critic of the original, and you of the copy ; I will be the by-stander, and you the artist, who is required to pronounce on those portions of the work, between which and the merit that you own, I can understand, there is an immense gulf.

Hugh. This is a curious *dénouement*.

Guy. I will be "even the tourist," Mr Selwyn, and you shall be the critic, whose 12 years' study and experience hardly qualifies him for his office.

Selwyn. I think our illustrations have misled us, because the original in Art is still a copy of nature.

Guy. Is it a copy of particular objects merely, or a transference of the whole, of the life, as you called it just now ?

Selwyn. Of both.

Guy. Then the same argument applies. I will be the critic of the life, and gauge its presence with all its concomitants of power and expression, which can be felt, as you say, as well as seen ; and you shall be the critic of the workmanship as far as it is merely technical, or let us say grammatical. Do you consent to this division ?

Hugh. Nonsense, Guy.

Guy. Or would you rather admit, with Bacon, that "the best part of beauty is that which painting cannot express?"

Selwyn. You show skill in fence ; but I suppose that is not the question.

Guy. Hardly.

Selwyn. Our difference, I think, is really this. You prize the indi-

cation of meaning, we require its complete embodiment. Mr Ruskin has something very much to the point here. He says that "poets and men of strong feeling in general are apt to be among the very worst judges of painting: because the slightest hint is enough for them."* You write verses, don't you? you will not consider me rude, I hope, in recalling the passage to your mind.

Guy. Although I have no right to claim a place in this animadversion I am at no loss to answer it. Neither my respect for Mr Ruskin's powers, nor my gratitude to him for connecting our love of art with our love of what is manly and noble and sincere, bind me to accept his verdict in a matter so remote from his argument. To say that the imagination of the poet swerves from its object rather than penetrates it, is to confound vagary with vision, and flightiness with flight. You may be sure it is only the half-fledged poets, those who hop from suggestion to suggestion, and who neither rest nor soar, who do not look into and through a thing when they look at it. But since you have referred to the presumed disadvantages of the poet, let me in return express my conviction that those under which the artist suffers are more serious and more tangible.

Selwyn. As for instance?

Guy. There is first the bias of a particular branch of their art, which, as it were, organizes their opinion so that it can never be free and disengaged enough for a truly impartial judgment; this we may call a sectarian bias; there is, then, the overvalue of technical work, common to all artists, which we may call a professional bias; and, lastly, there is that listless indifference that our modern studio-life begets to all that practical men look for or prize in Art.

Hugh. So you are casting in your lot with practical men, eh, Guy? Well, as this is your first appearance in that character, I need not say that I wish you every success; and so, I am sure, does Selwyn.

Selwyn. Yes, I suppose we may expect the zeal of a sudden conversion.

Guy. The criticism of those engaged in other work is far more wholesome and far more valuable than the verdict of the connoisseur; for they alone can tell you whether your Art is real in the best sense: and it is for them, and not for myself, that I arrogate the right of judgment—for the "ignorant public," as you are so fond of calling it.

Hugh. So it is.

Guy. And yet the term makes a curious impression on the unsophisticated mind, for as often as you talk of the "ignorance" of the public,

* Modern Painters, vol. iii. p. 137.

you declare your own incompetence,—you confess that you have lost the art of addressing man as man, that you cannot use the transcendent language we all understand—beauty,—and have never reached Art's highest attribute—expression. Thus, the false direction of your Art to learned accuracy is naturally allied with the doctrine that none but yourselves can determine the value of your work.

Hugh. I see your drift now.

Selwyn. You are refining too much, I think.

Guy. I only want to get at the first discriminations; as this, for instance—between means and ends. Every art has a science of means, and is based on laws peculiar to its element, such as those of counterpoint, perspective, &c. These have to be mastered both in theory and practice; but they are nothing to us till they reach our level and begin to speak our language. Art is only half-human, and, like a mermaid, has an inferior half adapted to its element, which lands it, so to speak, at the water's edge, and presents it to the gaze of man. We should naturally look at the face, but you insist that we should examine the appendage first, that we should remark the complexity, that we should admire the finish, of the structure; how bravely the scales glitter, and how neatly the articulations join; which appendage, indeed, it is rather its instinct to hide—"Ars est celare artem." Now, the only excuse you can have for this is one you would, perhaps, decline to use.

Selwyn. Which is—

Guy. That the human face of your art is so unmeaning, that we are driven from the interest in what is akin to us, to the wonder at what is strange.

Selwyn. That is not a bad myth.

Hugh. Then I suppose we are to work down to the public taste?

Guy. Up to it, Hugh.

Hugh. Nonsense, Guy; my opinion represents, at least, the knowledge of hard work and intense interest; am I to submit, or pretend to submit it, to those who know nothing and care nothing about the matter?

Guy. You mistake my meaning.

Hugh. Or am I to go popularity-mongering at once?

Guy. Just the reverse, I think. To be public in one's work requires a certain depth, a certain audacity, and a certain disinterestedness too.

Selwyn. This is as good a paradox as the other was a myth.

Guy. What of all great public benefactors? prophets, reformers, poets? To whom did they appeal as witnesses of the truth they spake? To a school or party, to pedants or priests? nay, to the public; to the nature we all share, to the faculty we all possess. He who would do

this seeks a greater rather than a less success—discards the prizes of immediate use, and the plaudits of a silly wonder or sectarian zeal; and, knowing his ends are human, waits with patience and courage till they are felt to be so: for the need of the public is not always in the mouth of the public, and greatness is ever too serious for the crowd; yet at last Truth is known by her own light, and Beauty even more readily by her own charm, for the growth of man is ever towards them, while it is away from all other merit. Nothing less than the heart of humanity can be the mirror of genius. The Public rather than the Patron, the Public rather than the School, rather than the Market, rather than the Mob.

Hugh. But where are we to find our public? how come in contact with it? What we meet is crude, or careless, or conceited judgment; no wonder we prefer our own.

Guy. Leonardo and Angelo found the direct judgment of the people on their works advantageous, did they not?

Hugh. Undoubtedly; for there *was* a public then. I remember reading in Grimm's *Angelo* that Francia writes from Bologna how much he misses the fault-finding and contentious critics of Florence, for "among them," he said, "there was life at least, while here, though everybody praises me, I am losing interest in my work."

Guy. If we cannot have this healthy publicity, the more reason we should retain, as far as possible, a public character in our work, as the only means to command it.

Selwyn. I don't quite follow you.

Guy. I will endeavour to make it clear, though I am afraid I shall tax your patience not a little.

Hugh. I give you *carte blanche*, for my part.

Selwyn. I, too, would willingly hear you, and then, perhaps, shall claim your attention in return.

Guy. The cities of Athens and Florence were Art-exhibitions, and their streets were galleries. What did this mean? It meant a very different relation of Art to life than the modern relation; it meant that the ideal was the completion of the actual, and not aloof from it; it meant that in these cities every impulse had its outlet, and every aspiration opened to a career. Any Florentine citizen entering the palace of a noble saw his ideal of life written in the doorway, graven on the stones of the court, painted on the ceiling of the hall; saw that the life of the noble was *his* life, and so his wealth and splendour a portion not of a private but a public prosperity. As he passed through the street this symbol of community was there in loggia and piazza, and greeted him as he entered the church. That which was common to all was so glorified that the straits and inequalities of life became less grievous to bear; and—

since it was thus the function of Art to enhance and illustrate this common property, to exalt what was public above what was private, and thus to help freedom and cement fellowship—of course the State was glad enough to place hall and loggia, portico and temple, at its disposal. Its publicity was simply a statement of the fact that it was an active and useful servant of the Commonwealth.

Selwyn. One word—how could the Renaissance Art be a true ideal to the Florentine?

Guy. I think that this classic revival was wholly consonant with the spirit of their civil institutions. It is this that brings Athens and Florence together, and to me it is peculiarly interesting. How could the Florentine be insensible to the feeling of freedom in the Greek forms? Surely that which kindled a mind so natural and so devout as Angelo's, could not be without its influence on his fellow-citizens. This revival must be studied in its historic as well as its æsthetic features, to be truly appreciated.

Hugh. Our revival is better.

Guy. Yet it may show the worst features of the Renaissance if it ever becomes a school.

Hugh. No danger of our being conventional again.

Guy. What is convention, Hugh, but a school of artists kept from too close contact with the public by a group of admiring dilettanti who are kind enough to be interpreters of their genius, till from want of air and healthy exercise it grows so poor and sickly that the advocates themselves begin to blink at it and to steal away in the obscurity they have made.

Hugh. A pleasant prospect, Selwyn.

Selwyn. It is not immediately alarming, I think. I interrupted you, however; you were explaining the publicity of Florentine and Athenian Art by its connexion with the civil and social life of the people.

Guy. Well, the Art of the day is in a very different relation to us. The prominent fact of our civilization is the amount of feeling and aspiration, not worked up into life—the amount of inward activity, for which there is no practical issue. Nothing is more striking than the mutual repugnance of the imaginative and practical man of our time. That portion of our mind which is disengaged and condemned as useless, scorns in its turn the use which so condemns it. There is thus an ideal realm, not as before within the real, but apart from it and antagonistic to it. What direction does it take? It is, and has been for a generation, a recall to nature—to nature, because it is an impulse and a sentiment, rather than a purpose, or a decisive aim; to nature, because any standard more positive would repel us, any less divine

would not suffice us. One might almost say that there is a certain scepticism in the Englishman of the present century, as to whether what he knows to be good, *can* be realized, and it is a peculiarity of our age, that where its Art is most serious, it is least in contact with its actual work. There is indeed a neutral ground of culture where they meet. There is the man of the world, who accepts his better thoughts as dreams, who favours a low standard as the only possible one, and looks upon whatever is matter of business, or policy, as a dull and rather selfish affair. To him Art is a luxury, for that is his ideal: the poetry of life stoops here, for there are artists who minister to this luxury, and they touch, but only where life is idle and Art is insincere. On both sides where there is earnestness there is a keen antagonism. Any attempt or hint at reconstruction, whether in the second parts of Faust, or Meister, or in the "Revolt of Islam," is, like the last Mass of Beethoven, set too high for human voices. It is this which retards the appreciation of Sculpture. It is too definite, shall I say too ethical, for the taste of this generation. It brings too near to us the nobility, virtue, and grace we miss, is too stern in its witness, and makes us feel too mean and miserable to be popular with us, at least in our time. In its very search after popularity it has of late lost its decisive character. So much the more should we be ready to welcome with favour and affection any true work in the most humane of arts. But nature's rebuke is gentle, "its wind is not so keen," its reproach is veiled, the reproach of a reminiscence and a regret: to her we bear the unuttered thought, the obscure presentiment, the unattempted ambition; who does not blame, but yet recovers us; who pronounces no judgment, but makes us feel our deficiency, and saves us by her attraction from sinking to the levels of a mean success and an unreal prosperity; who is the home of our unacted life, the breathing-place and forum of our restless and aimless energies. As exiles congregating in a distant country carry with them the language and traditions of the father-land, so our better thoughts are beginning to colonize nature. We cannot walk within hearing of the sea, or within sight of the expanse of earth and sky, without being overtaken with those voices speaking now of our failures and of our successes more fatal than our failures, now of the grandeur and serenity of nature as the symbol of a more magnanimous life. The genius of the age we are leaving attests this. The poet is either retired among the clefts of the mountains, lamenting that the world "is too much with us;" or he is self-expatriated. Its greatest painter is equally isolated. Turner, stubborn and uncompromising—unpopular, yet, in the highest sense, public in his work—visionary as a man among men, shrewd and exact as an observer

of waves and clouds—is as representative a figure as Wordsworth, Shelley, or Beethoven. So in the utterance of the present day. Novel writing, for instance, is just landscape and figure drawing, in which the part that nature takes as a kind of chorus in the heart of the action, the confidante of the wrongs of humanity, in general, and of the hero and heroine in particular, is very significant. The inhumanity of society, the humanity of nature, such is the staple theme.

Selwyn. What do you deduce from these epitomes?

Guy. First, the true claim of Art to be accounted a public matter: which is little considered by those who are loudest in their complaints of the inadequate provision made for it by the public purse. We have had a glimpse of the fundamental relation of Art to life—of what may be called its intrinsic value. It is that which, by the expression of the higher mind of a people, adds to the common bond—for whatever elevates, unites. It penetrates with a truer fellowship the society that is divided, as much as held together, by the ties of material interest; it helps to the possession of what we divine but cannot prove, of what we love but cannot comprehend; it stirs us in our trammels, enlarges the boundaries, and extends the horizon of life, and fires us and frees us in whatever material it works. Now, this function of Art, to realize for us our finer mind, and to increase our fellowship, is common to both the periods we have sketched. But it may do this in two ways. It may represent, as in Athens or Florence, the life that is being acted, whether social, political, or religious, in its fullest reach and scope; or it may be a protest against it, as in our 19th century Art. In the former case its publicity is natural and necessary.

Hugh. But in the latter? How are *we* to obtain it?

Guy. You must first prove your title to it. Now, when instead of giving us man, it may be very clever and admirable work; but on the face of it, it has a very slender hold on the attention of thoughtful and earnest minds.

Selwyn. But you have shown us that this is the work of our time.

Guy. Exactly. This is where I have wished to bring you. You see, if landscape painting has any claim to be considered serious work or fine art, it must be on account of its bearing this relation to the Age, and expressing what we wish to be expressed. You wished to be in contact with your public, Hugh,—I have brought you to it. It is this modern mind, like a kingdom divided against itself, that has brought nature forward, sought out her meaning, unfolded her divine perfection. Our weakness has developed her strength. What was before as a garden to the palace, is now as a forest to the hut. It is here that our talk of the relation of nature to man a while ago fits us, Hugh.

Hugh. I am glad you have found a place for it. It certainly does look a little more coherent now.

Guy. What we treated as an individual experience, is the experience of the age. The beauty of the outward world is intensified by a profound sympathy, and a poignant opposition. When we feel its attraction, it is with the blood of the age in our veins, it may be but an unconscious cheer and exhilaration, it may be a deeper and more thoughtful love. We may be gay, or we may be spell-bound, but it is this that is working in us, and this is why you paint landscapes, Hugh, although you speak sometimes as if you were initiating a movement you are but following, as if you were the first that discovered nature was natural; you are only our servants and interpreters, and therefore we may say to you, paint in this reality, give me this nature in its dearness to me, in its power over me, and then to me you are no longer the maker of a curious work, nor the provider of a pleasant entertainment, but a good genius, a master, a benefactor. This makes landscape-painting effective, valid, manly. You can then bear any test, or answer any challenge, whether from the workman in his goings and comings from work, from the student striving for light, from the statesman busy about the welfare of the state. It is one attestation at least to an eternal truth, it is one approach to the supreme power, to his presence and attributes, though the moralist, the theologian, the practical reformer, may show us another; its work stands as firm in reality as theirs, and cannot be treated with less than respect. Such, then, is the service you render us.

Selwyn. Not a very practical one, I think.

Guy. What can be more practical than to show us even dimly what we are seeking, and to set before us a standard that marks our shortcomings? Surely in the commonest employment of life this is a practical help.

Hugh. You are making smaller and smaller circles, Guy; you will be on *terra firma* soon.

Guy. By *terra firma* I suppose you mean your own picture? We have now the test of its real worth to us; is there in it any of the strength and virtue we have come to find in nature,—is it the expression of what the imagination seizes and the heart responds to, of what interests us all in common?—or is it a transcript of what the understanding masters, of what a practised hand can mimic? then it is altogether a something different from what I seek, and you are right to say that I cannot judge it. You see our talk has not been vain, for I know what to look for, just as one tries in a portrait to find the secret charm that has pleased us, in the face of a friend, which you remember, Hugh, is not to be found in a copy.

Hugh. I see this is fitting in too.

Guy. Or just as a miner values the ore according to the gold that is in it, so I test your painting. As it has this, it has a public value, for to feel nature as a man, before you paint it as an artist, to take more into account the substantial matters in which we are one than the particular accomplishment in which we differ, this it is to be public in your work.

Hugh. Well, supposing it has this merit?

Guy. If it had in a general way, I doubt not it would soon command its own publicity. The art of printing did not mean the happy thought of a mechanic, but the increase of readers, and the demand for literature.

Selwyn. This is a poor encouragement.

Guy. You see, at least, in what direction to turn. As Art is no longer a citizen, you cannot have the State for your gallery. If you do not celebrate its life, its machinery is no longer at your command, except as a favour and stretch of courtesy, and the prevalence of gentle traditions on the subject. It may be very undesirable both for the interests of Art and the welfare of the community, that after an exhibition of a few weeks the picture should vanish, become private, rather than public property, and be put out of sight as an article that was for sale and is now disposed of. Turner resented this with the instinct of a man conscious of the public character and worth of his work, yet it seems inevitable, as far as the State is concerned; you cannot expect room to be found for landscapes in the centres of trade and government, in Hall, or Court, or Temple. It is clear that if the State did its duty it would find room for sculpture, for historical and domestic subjects, even for portraits, before landscape.

Selwyn. Well?

Guy. Well, your public is a scattered and not a gregarious one. You must therefore trust to voluntary association and to the joint action of individuals. And I believe that if your work is of this character it will soon excite some action of the kind. I don't think it at all impossible that we shall see some of these days a club established on the principle of being a home for the enjoyment of Art, and a palace for its display, in which those who cannot afford to purchase largely may unite with others in a common possession.

Selwyn. That is not very feasible, I think.

Guy. Perhaps not; but this would only apply to landscapes of a certain largeness of treatment and epic dignity of style. There is another class of pictures of a more occasional character, not less sweet and sincere, but more personal in motive and feeling. There is a great

deal in our enjoyment of nature that we do not confess to each other, which shrinks from anything like a public announcement, and is subject indeed to a certain kind of ridicule in the great world. Yet in Art as well as poetry, we like that to be expressed which we would be shy of expressing ourselves. But such pictures cannot be exhibited. It seems essential to their enjoyment that they should be enjoyed at home, and be interpreted by the mind that only awakens there.

Selwyn. These, then, are doomed to a private possession?

Guy. There is this to be said, that if he who bought it were the person for whom it is painted, it would be private no longer.

Selwyn. What may this mean?

Guy. However individual you may be in Art, there is some one for whom what you depict is even more real than it is to you; these are the interpreters of your work to others, these whom it selects itself from the crowd and whom it personally touches. Our only disadvantage, is that these may never see it. For to find this right person the true artist must have the great world to select from, and is only sure of the right response when the scale of genius is met by that of humanity. Again, without the action and reaction of public opinion, the interest is apt to grow narrow; the characteristic, crotchety; and the fanciful, extravagant. We seem to be just now in the stage where the individuality which is the one strength of the English school is becoming more and more wilful and stubborn, shutting the door behind it to the currents of public sympathy. This strikes every one on his return from any stay abroad. Now this can only be remedied by the very opposite criticism to that in vogue; by a recall to the simplicity of the higher truth, and the common property of the noblest feeling.

Selwyn. You propound a difficulty without meeting it.

Guy. We are driven, you see, to something like the publication of books. I sometimes think that the service photography is destined to render us is to be the publisher of an original art, that when it is perfected may send to our homes these delicate studies and subtle creations, and so inaugurate a literature to the senses, which may take its place at once and for ever in the economy of man.

Selwyn. There is a certain truth in what you say, and in what you suggest, especially in reference to a true publication; the importance of this none can deny. Your statement that the value of painting must be a human value, and your application of this to landscape, though rather far-fetched, is perhaps sound in principle, yet in your practical conclusions as to the character of our work, I think I see not a little confusion of thought. How can painting, which delineates the truthful aspect of nature, owe its chief value to a poetical sentiment, or an imaginative

insight, or whatever else you call the shadowy and dreamy excellence you would substitute for nature's solid verities and unimpeachable testimony. You talk of the spirit of the age, and of the recall to nature; does not this mean an increased reverence for fact, is it not resolute to break away from notions and conception, and fancies of things, though they may be softly tinted and delicately worded, into a region of absolute knowledge and certainty? Is it not this that attracts us to nature, and makes our landscapes, so far as they are true images of it, acceptable to the age? "Give us at least something that we may accept as authentic, as having the stamp of existence upon it, and therefore a divine stamp, let us be guided in our wanderings by these positive landmarks, that we may be sure will not mislead; let us anchor our drifting notions and feelings in this holding ground of nature." We hear this cry, and we respond to it. Then we are public. Now you have so little fixed your attention on these facts, that it requires learning to test their authenticity, and practice to know their right delineation. You are right in saying that we do not initiate but follow a movement. If you object to our naturalism, why not object to that of Wordsworth, who was so much decried for it in his time, and of whom we, as you confess, are only the followers?

Guy. I think you have stated very clearly the point at issue between us. My answer is this. Your argument goes to establish a scientific for an artistic value in painting. They are pushing you into their grooves, these scientific men; and making use of you to convey their knowledge, and you are proud of their applause, unconscious that they are taking possession of your domain. The positive school would make our artists colour the map of the world, supply diagrams for the "Journal of a Naturalist," follow as a suttler the camp and camp-stool of science, and ransack the closet of history for a baldrick or a belt. But over every fact of science there is the stillness of death. Truth in repose may be drawn by philosophy, but when she moves only the arts can catch her. You cite Wordsworth, but the nature to which he recalled us was not earth, and cloud, and water alone, but "something far more deeply interfused,"—

"The presence that disturbed him with the joy
Of elevated thoughts."

He did not bid us count, and catalogue, and transcribe, but feel and receive, "For in our hearts alone doth nature live." He could not set Art to give us the information which science can more thoroughly and exactly communicate, but rather to "inform the mind with Beauty."

Selwyn. Then you do not agree with Mr Ruskin that a picture is valuable according to the amount of facts it contains?

Guy. I think that what you mean by fact has in itself simply no value at all. In Art the line is only drawn by the instinct of genius between what is a fact and what is an impertinence. It may assist in expressing what you are aiming to express, or it may hinder you. It may, therefore, be an absolute gain or an absolute loss. The great art is, not to include as much as possible, but to know what to keep away; as, for instance, the eye-lashes and bloom of the lip, in sculpture, and the imitation of natural sounds in music. For these add death, not life. In the remarkable picture of Mr Hunt, "The Finding of Christ in the Temple," the fact that the jewels of the Rabbis are fac-similes of the trinkets in use at that day, and that the mosaic of the pavement is a learned restoration, is about as pertinent to the picture itself as the fact that the artist travelled several thousand miles to study and collect them. What possible ratio can there be between such information and the transcendent reality of the boy-Saviour in the midst of us again? How far must one travel to get the verity of this? So the real gondola on the stage in the revival of Shylock at the Princess's, puts out of focus the action of the play, burns gaslight on the pale lovers, and makes their divine talk a dreary unreality. For, remark, a fact too real not only dims the higher truth and gives it a ghostly look, but by forcing a mischievous comparison with nature makes success itself a failure, and truth a pretence. The gondola of the theatre is grotesquely unreal in all but size and structure. It is infinitely more real in the Lied of Mendelssohn or the poem of Browning, or Turner's drawing, because in these its life and pleasure are transferred with it. So if you follow this "realism" to its goal, which is the grave of Art, you will find that it is only in dead things you can even passably succeed; actual warmth, space, motion, sensation of life there cannot be, but to a certain extent you can give us a dead thing,—a log, or a stone, as it is. What is the result? That you supply a test that the better part of the picture cannot bear,—your boughs because they do not move, your light because it does not warm, is unreal. You have a living stone surrounded by dead leaves.

Selwyn. I will put the value of facts in another way. You will not deny that the aim of landscape-painting is the direct imitation of nature?

Guy. It is creation, too.

Selwyn. How so? You must represent what you see.

Guy. But I thought you allowed just now that it was only the original artist that could imitate the life, as of a portrait; do you remember?

Selwyn. Yes; but that was a dialectic juggle. I come back to the indubitable fact, and the witness of common sense, and wherever you lead me I will still come back to these. Painting is and must be a direct imitation of nature.

Hugh. Exactly. You wish us to create, we wish to imitate; you are a poet, we are painters. *Voilà tout.*

Guy. The imitation of true Art is, I repeat, never without a creative element.

Selwyn. Are you serious?

Guy. There is a kind of imitation of nature even in music, as in the "Pastoral Symphony."

Selwyn. There is nothing of nature there.

Hugh. But there is, though, *Selwyn.* You seem to breathe the fields, to feel the air upon your brow; the grass grows in it, and the branches wave; you may see butterflies in the garden, and pigeons in the croft, if you shut your eyes.

Selwyn. I know nothing about music.

Guy. You must own, *Hugh,* that there is an immense charm in this recognition of nature in so remote a region; and one might almost say that what can be thus transferred from the eye to the ear, and yet through all its difference remain the same, must be the substance of the thing, found for us by a species of analysis, eh? This, at least, must be retained.

Selwyn. I am losing myself in these mazes.

Guy. But to turn to pictures of life. Shakspeare, I suppose, imitated nature in the character of Titania, for instance?

Selwyn. Yes, in a way.

Guy. And yet it is pure creation. But to go further, there is also a close imitation of nature in the character of Hamlet, is there not?

Selwyn. Undoubtedly.

Guy. Is not the idiosyncrasy of Hamlet laid bare rather in meditation than in action?

Selwyn. Certainly.

Guy. Now where did Shakspeare find any original whence to copy this meditation? It was natural, but nowhere in nature. If it was imitated, it was created, too. We may say the same of all mythical or historical pictures. In a word, whenever you imitate *character* you have something which, though it has an existence without you, yet is not outlined for you, and you need the imagination to seize and represent it. There is imitation and creation in one, a copy from the mind, and yet in every touch from nature too.

Selwyn. This is too abstruse for me.

Guy. I can make it clear, I think. If you set two beginners to draw from nature, however unlike their sketches may be to the scene they are trying to represent, they are like each other. After a few years' study, as they learn to imitate nature, their productions differ; and if two men of powerful genius paint the same scene, what do we see but the most utter dissimilarity in their pictures, though they both give you a wonderful imitation of nature. Why is this? Plainly because every step they make in true imitation is a step of creative power.

Hugh. I am bothered, not beaten. I must bring you down to the easel and the greensward. You will confess, Guy, there is a pleasure in the actual proximity to a rock, to leaves, to water, to a breadth of heath or sand, to a bit of black moss on the forest-walk. You like a Scotch moor, don't you? or the dark leaf, fountain, and shadow of an Italian garden, or the eye of a river in the hollow rock? You feel their nearness; it creeps through you. You love the old tree, and could look for an hour at the wrinkles of its bark, and entangle yourself in the tracing of its boughs. Well, when I stumble on a bit of landscape that I like, I am only anxious to reproduce it: it is all without me. I try to seize and record it. I have no other desire. In vain would you offer me a beauty spun from the mind; it is this I see before me I would delineate, and no other.

Guy. I believe that the beauty of everything has become infinitely more dear to us, as I have told you; but now about the imitation of it. In the rough wood, or the river-gleam, you perceive a charm, and you feel a joy, but whether you can record it depends very much on your creative power. Can you bear away the image or impression of what delighted you?

Hugh. Yes.

Guy. It is there, then, that you are likely to discover its constituent parts, or facts. When you have found these *constituent facts* you can then study them again, always in their true relation, paint them thoroughly, and there is your picture. The image may rest in the memory awhile before it becomes thoroughly explicit and clear; suddenly some train of feeling, some incident or experience, may call for it, and make it luminous with meaning; and as it becomes the vehicle of a clearer and deeper thought it is a finer picture. Sometimes a layer of experience will intervene before it assumes its full significance. From a certain distance you may look and see what you never saw when you walked beside it. How many fine touches of Art are due to this recollection of nature! For instance, I doubt not that when Shelley made his travellers see in a black pool

"The calm and darkness of the deep content
In which they paused,"

he was drawing from memory. It is the first seizure of the scene that gives you all this, and makes anything the property of the imagination. Now, observe, you alone have the test of what belongs to it; and in every case, any other facts but those which were the constituents of what charmed and interested you, and gave you the motive to paint, veil and distort it.

Hugh. I must confess that something like this has often been dimly suggested to me. I have lost by study what I found by a kind of chance felicity.

Guy. And which arrested you, made your spirits "attentive;" gave you that fulness of the pulses and confused emotion which we feel when we light on what is beautiful; and that haste and eagerness lest it should escape.

Hugh. Exactly.

Guy. For you may look at a thing until you cease to see it, and you are sure to do this if you come time after time to see what there is to be seen and paint it in, to discover fact after fact that has no part nor lot in the matter, facts that are not drawn as steel filings to the magnet of one image or impression, but lie scattered and incoherent about.

Hugh. I see, I see. Don't look at my picture, please.

Guy. When will you learn, Hugh, that the first sight is the insight? If you lose this you lose something that not all the looking in the world will bring back to you, that all your imitation will fail to pourtray; as you get closer and closer you remove from it, for it is "the light that never was on tree and flower;" in vain would you substitute for this image of your first joy the complacency and aplomb of superior talent, the arrogance of self-possession, and the mastery of a callous skill, for your drawing, however correct, will leave the picture untrue, and your colouring, however luminous, will leave it opaque. There are, moreover, many side-lights and accessories in nature whose presence is so much stealthy addition to the enjoyment and luxury of accompaniment, so much exuberant power, or massive tranquillity, or insidious grace; but am I to lose all this exquisite and unobtrusive heightening of the effect? Is everything to protrude and stare, forcing me to regard it fixedly, and measure it accurately? Am I to have my head turned this way and that, my attention divided? Divided, do I say? Broken up, shivered, ground to a thousand angry points, as I am brought up to every block and boulder as a horse to something he dislikes, and made to "look at it" till I hate it ever after. And all this is neither conformed to the nature without nor within me, for the natural horizon is only the symbol of the mental, that tones down all to limit and soft inclusion. This first fact many of you overlook. Day by day you will

work to the ruin of your picture. You will give fissure and ice-gleam till you lose the mountain glory; shadow and bladed grass till you lose the valley repose. Many an artist spends his strength on these decoys and distractions till there is no joy or elasticity left, because the imagination—the organ of joyful apprehension—is not addressed, but the laborious, bit-by-bit, understanding.

Hugh. I think you are hitting the mark now, Guy; what do you say, Selwyn?

Selwyn (who has been turning over the leaves of "*Modern Painters*"). Yes; here it is at last. This expresses my view perfectly, and I think will convince you at last. You see here (handing him vol. iii.), page 131, that Ruskin says that "the more closely a picture resembles a window the better it must be,"* and that "as far as Turner does not give me the impression of such a window, that is of nature, there must be something wrong in Turner." Do you agree with that?

Guy. No. See, he corrects himself here, page 145, in which the truth is stated, though in rather equivocal terms, for it is only the great imaginative painter to whom he says, "let me see with your eyes and hear with your ears." He also "speaks of seeing the landscape or incident in a mirror," and of the "great human spirit through which it is manifested," all of which is not only a qualification of the window theory, but in opposition to it, and hints at the real truth, viz., that the charm and value of Art consists in every case of *its difference from nature* as well as its likeness to it.

Hugh. You provoke me, Guy. You were speaking sense just now.

Guy. When you see the reflection of the forest border in the lake, have you never remarked its increased beauty? This is the first work of Art, and contains its elementary charm. It is the same thing, and yet another, and has the effect of an illustration. This sight of it in a new plane fixes attention, and purges the eye of routine; for such is the force of custom that you often see a thing for the first time when you see it transferred from a familiar to an unfamiliar sphere. It is a difference which is at the root of our enjoyment; and every step in advance from the mirror or camera to the master-pieces of painting and sculpture is a step of difference. For, observe, a mechanical medium reflects passively and indiscriminately, but when the mirror is the mind it begins to re-act, and as it transmits, transforms. For as soon as the impression of nature takes the mould of a purpose, an idea, or a sentiment, as soon,

* I find also the following in a work just issued from the Press: "It is what every landscape should be, rather an inlet into nature through a frame, than what we commonly mean by a picture." Palgrave's "*Essays on Art.*" Macmillan, 1866.

that is, as it becomes an intelligible work of Art, it is changed "from image to image:" you exalt and you degrade, you distinguish and you discard, you choose and you reject; and so you leave at a distance behind you the first mechanical copy in exact proportion to the power, activity, and range of this new organ of reflection, the human mind. Moreover, in the mechanism of Art this process is repeated and confirmed: for you choose a special material in accordance with your special aim, and find in its very limitation a certain fitness and use, because it aids you to keep aloof from all but what you seek to express; while this limitation, so acceptable to the true artist, is nothing but a trial and stumbling-block to him who only desires to be a window to nature. Thus, both in the medium of Art and in the mind of the artist, you have that which not only limits, but modifies, and rather refracts than reflects nature.

Selwyn. This necessary change is the weakness of Art.

Guy. I hold it, on the contrary, to be the ground of its freedom and power, and so vital to it, that if you try to counteract and neutralize it, as is now the fashion, you produce a hybrid, of which only one thing can with certainty be predicated—that it is neither nature nor Art. You must guard the difference as well as the likeness, or the product will be worthless.

Hugh. I have a glimmering of your meaning.

Guy. Let me try and make it plain to you. And, first, with regard to the material: observe, whatever material you use a partial unlikeness is inevitable. If you guard this, and carefully continue and produce it through the whole, this unlikeness becomes transformation, and so like again: if either from want of creative power or the prevalence of a false criticism, it is not so produced, the work remains simply unlike, and however finished is not complete. This is the secret of the superiority of Greek sculpture: because the necessary variation from nature imposed by the use of marble being accepted, and made to govern the whole treatment, from the hue of the cheek and the glance of the eye to the detail of hair, texture, and drapery—the life appears again. It is ridiculous to call this severity, it is vitality. So that a fragment, where his unseen boundary line, variable but certain (like that between moral and immoral in conduct), is felt and followed, seems more complete than the most elaborate work, where this delicate congruity is not observed. And as with the material, so with the mind. There *must be*, to some extent, the impress of personal character; the very requirement of your art limits the direct imitation, and sets the invention to work on the threshold. You cannot be a machine if you would, and are putting yourself into your picture every

touch you are giving it; but if you admit only the senses and understanding, and exclude the imagination for fear of violating truth, it is only your dead self that you are giving us, and, therefore, only a lifeless nature. For in Art we have this curious result, that the more personal feeling, the more bias of affection (so fatal to science), the more creative power you put into your work, the truer the representation; in other words, the more difference, the more likeness.

Selwyn. That is curious, indeed.

Guy. Remember, that in adding character, meaning, and power of your own to nature, you are revealing hers; you find something with the element you add; and with every tinge of feeling or touch of creative activity bring out some latent truth, or delineate some delicate charm. But this is, in effect, to say, the greater the difference the better the likeness; a result, however, that ceases to be strange when we consider the basis on which it rests, viz., the affinity between the outward and the inward world, between the creation and the offspring of God. It is this deep-rooted relation of the human to the Divine mind, a fundamental part of our creed as Christians, that can alone explain the paradox that the genius of man in all its richness and complexity is a better camera than any apparatus of science can be, and that nature when passing through the medium of human sentiment and passion is not alloyed, but purified, and gathers lustre in its passage and glory in its change.

Selwyn. Can you bring these remarks into the focus of some general principle?

Guy. We have found, that where there is expression in Art, it is half seen and half supplied; that where there is life it is half imitated and half created; and that where there is the highest truth, it is as much unlike, as like the fact. We may therefore state the principle that is suggested to us at every turn of our argument conclusively thus, that Art is not the reflex of nature, as it is patent to the eye of sense, and as science beholds it, but of nature *in conjunction with the emotion and imagination of man*. It is a mixture, a combination, a new product, a conquered territory: you may still call this product 'nature,' it is true; but in order to avoid a criticism of confusion, we must remember that it is not a nature that we possess, but one that we are acquiring, that we are organizing, and that comes to life in our life. To every one there is something in the outward world yet untold, because there is something within him untold; there is a new beauty, because there is a new love; a new mystery, because there is a new wonder; a new charm, because there is a new fascination: and it is this novelty, as of something which the artist has obtained for himself, and that de-

mands original fire and force to seize and discover, that gives to his expression, not the indifference of a prosaic statement, but a lyric intensity, an epic elevation, or a dramatic breadth.

Selwyn. You give us rather an advantage in the use of such a phrase as dramatic breadth; does it not imply that the highest Art is the clearest mirror of nature?

Guy. Say rather that it mirrors the clearest mind. The combination remains in all its force. Take that translucent medium, Shakspeare's art, for instance. What is it you obtain? A mere reflection? But where is the original drama? Alas, when you look for it you meet with nothing but confusion, uncertainty, incoherence; it is the order, insight, depth of the mind itself that gives lineament, proportion, yea, even truth to the original. Or take an instance from common life, such as a 'Proverbe' of Alfred de Musset. There out of a mass of loose and incongruous materials, such as every one's experience commands, he produces a picture of some trivial incident or intrigue. Yet not such a matter as one can see from a window, nor such as mere knowledge of fact and determined study could supply—the truth we want would not be mirrored there,—but something that has the impress of nature because it has the impress of genius. So in landscape, if you are pourtraying for us what all see, and, in proportion to their faculty, see alike, you would have nothing to do but to observe and copy; all success would be but a grade of skill, and senses acute and trained, strong understanding, and sure manipulation, would give us all we seek; while the critics would very justly think it the highest excellence of Art to be a window to the scene it represents, and would allow no change except as a favour to some prodigy of the age. But if strong feeling gives a new perception of what matches to it, and is a light to read nature by; if any quickening of sense or deepening of spirit is an awakening of nature to a corresponding life and depth; if a full and active imagination discovers, in the shapes and images of earth and sky, a language that half expresses, half enkindles the throng of thought; then every man may be a new organ of the beauty of nature; and if he has the gift of expression, if he is an artist, every genuine work of his will show us a truth we could not otherwise discern. Thus we obtain in every difference between genius and genius so much width and freedom of view, and thus the multitude of pictures form a world of Art wherein nature is seen recast and reflected at so many angles, not of mechanical skill alone, but of human sentiment, character, and passion. And as man to man, so age to age presents to us not merely what its craft has copied, but what it has learned by its own experience, and created by its own energy. If a window could be

opened for us on a street of Athens in Pericles' day, should we see the forms of Phidias there? even so our own Art only ourselves can produce, and is something that an after-age, occupied, perhaps, with more ennobling pursuits and striving after more definite ideals, may envy and may prize.

Hugh. I had no idea you were so earnest in the matter, Guy.

Guy. Is it not provoking enough to see you sitting before your picture only half the man you were in the fields, to see you deliberately exile your better self from your work? You have insight enough into what really moves and delights us, and enjoy in your own way the beauty we ask you to realize, but are like one who has put aside the brushwood that hindered his view of mountain and lake, and though he relishes the scene to the full, when he determines to paint it, he lets the brushwood close again, and begins to draw the boughs. And you not only chill your own genius with your learned Art and learned criticism, but repel the better mind of the age from your pursuit, and make it a close corporation for technical skill.

Selwyn. You undervalue execution, I think.

Guy. On the contrary; nature is never so transparent, so various, and so exact as in what you call ideal Art. In the works of Phidias, Leonardo, and Turner, for instance. A picture, if well and truly finished, not loaded and hampered, not "thick and slab" with nature, as so much of our recent poetry and painting is, but lively and luminous, with all its meaning embodied firmly in vital structure and form, built up, strength on strength, into the world of reality, brought nearer and nearer by the life of colour to the home and household of the senses, is then no longer a glimpse of beauty, but a lasting possession of it; it will induce and sustain our study, and will educate and refine our judgment; and adds to a human interest and power something of the unspeakable strength and serenity of nature herself. If it is true, as far as I can see, then how far it is true beyond my knowledge and deeper than my perceptions reach, I shall in time discover: if it rests upon this deep foundation I am sure to detect the additional truth, and feel the additional security.

FRANKLIN LEIFCHILD.

CORNELIUS VISSCHER.

DURING the years 1863 and 1864, there appeared in the Fine Arts Quarterly Review, a Catalogue of the works of this admirable artist, to the compilation of which I had devoted considerable time and attention. I had more than once visited and carefully examined nearly every collection, in this and other countries, whether national or private, in which his engravings were to be found. Some of the latter, especially that of Baron Verstolk, have been sold, so that reference to what they contained would now be extremely difficult. I had also received great assistance from Mr Carpenter, the keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, as well as numerous and invaluable communications from M. Rudolph Weigel of Leipzig, all of which I gratefully acknowledged. I was not aware that the work I am about to notice was then in progress, or I should scarcely have ventured upon the undertaking.

Towards the end of 1861, Mr J. Wussin, the chief custodian of the Imperial and Royal University Library at Vienna, having completed a descriptive Catalogue of the works of *Jonas Suyderhoef* for Mr Weigel, undertook, at the request of that gentleman, the compilation of a similar account of the works of *Cornelius Visscher*, a contemporary and fellow-townsmen of the former artist. This was a very agreeable commission, the work was commenced at once, duly completed, and published in the autumn of last year. It is an octavo volume of 306 pages, entitled *CORNEL VISSCHER: Verzeichniss seiner Kupferstiche bearbeitet von Johann Wussin, I. Custos der K. K. Universitäts Bibliothek in Wien. Leipzig, verlag von Rudolph Weigel, 1865.* It has a lithographed portrait of the artist prefixed, and two illustrations, one representing the knife with which Jan Janszon de Dood performed the operation of lithotomy upon himself, and the size of the stone extracted: the other, a reduced fac-simile of the remarkable inscription sometimes found beneath the portrait of Winius the Pistol-Man, with an explanation of it.

Mr Wussin tells us, that this work gave him full occupation for three consecutive years, and I should readily have believed that even more time had been devoted to it. The descriptions of the prints and of the variations or states are most elaborate, far exceeding those in any similar Catalogue with which I am acquainted. He gives the inscriptions, however extensive, at full length, marking where each line begins and ends, and their typographical characteristics. There is also a vast mass of information relating to the histories of the persons whose portraits *Visscher* has engraved, and to the books to which these and other subjects belong. He gives a complete list of the plates in the *Cabinet de Reynst*, only twelve of which were by *C. Visscher*, describing those by other engravers, and the names of the Painters from whose works they were taken. I might quote many more examples, but think it unnecessary to do so, as the book is no doubt in the hands of those who are interested in the subject.

Mr Wussin states that he had four predecessors—1. *Hecquet*, who added a Catalogue of *Visscher's* engravings as a supplement to his list of those after *Rubens*, published in 1751, and reprinted *without any alteration* at the end of the second volume of *Basan's Dictionnaire des Graveurs* in 1767; 2. One, in *French*, bearing my name, published in the fourth volume of *Piot's Cabinet de l'Amateur*, &c., Paris, 1846; 3. The list in *Nagler's Künstler-Lexicon*, vol. xx. p. 383 et seq., where considerable use is made of the preceding; and finally the one drawn up by me which appeared in this Review. Now I have small claim to the authorship of the second of these Catalogues. I gave M. Piot little more than a simple list of *Visscher's* works, not in any way descriptive, and with few accounts of variations; leaving him to complete it from his own researches, and I was greatly surprised at finding my name attached to it. I was in every way disappointed with it, and was induced, at the urgent request of my late lamented friend Herman Weber, of Bonn, to undertake the compilation of the last one. Mr Wussin is quite correct in supposing that I was perfectly conscious of the imperfections of the French Catalogue, and that I should prefer his quoting from that in English, though he has himself repeated some errors in the former, corrected in the latter, especially the notice that the first states of the four Evangelists (10—13) were in Baron Verstolk's Collection, whereas I distinctly stated that the words *et Excudebat* Harlemi, 1650, had been scraped out with a knife.

My classification of the engravings, commencing with Subjects from sacred history, and ending with Portraits, was founded on the arrangement adopted by *Bartsch*, in which he has been almost invariably followed by authors of descriptive Catalogues. *M. Robert*

Dumesnil, in his *Peintre-Graveur Français*, even in the cases of Nanteuil and Edelinck, whose most considerable works consist of portraits, followed this course, and the comparatively recently published Catalogues of the works of *Wille* and *Strange* by *M. C. Le Blanc* (Leipzig, *Weigel*, 1847—8) are similarly arranged. Mr Wussin has reversed this order, and commences with Portraits. He assigns no reason for so doing, and I think he is entirely wrong. Unless one system is generally adopted, a perpetual and harassing change of numbers must take place, though perhaps the self-esteem of some authors may be gratified by having a print quoted with their names and enumerations attached to it.

He gives the size of the engravings according to the old French inches and lines. This is undoubtedly a mistake; that measurement is no longer used or legal in France, and if one of that country were to be used, the *mètre* with its subdivisions of *centimètres* and *millimètres*, is not only to be preferred, but is certainly much more accurate. He applies the terms *right* and *left* as usual, to the spectator, except with regard to coats of arms, when he adopts the heraldic system, exactly the reverse.

Mr Wussin has most unfortunately not had it in his power to inspect any other Collections than the *Albertina*, formerly the *Archduke Charles's*—that of the *Imperial Library*—the *Emperor's*—*Prince Esterhazy's*—and *Count Harrach's*, all in Vienna. If he could have seen those in Paris, Amsterdam, and the British Museum, especially the two latter, I am sure he would not have expressed doubts about many prints and states I described, having them before me; nor would he have quoted as an authority the auction-catalogue of Baron Vers-tolk's Collection, upon which no dependence can be placed. From what I have observed in recent foreign Catalogues, and especially in those published in Germany, I am persuaded that their authors are not acquainted with the extraordinary and rapid progress the Collection in the British Museum has made since 1835; and especially during the last twenty years under the able and energetic superintendence of Mr W. H. Carpenter. Since 1815 a vast mass of the finest works of Art in all classes, and especially in those of etchings and engravings by old masters, has been secured for this country. Those foreign amateurs who had the good fortune of studying the Art-Treasures Exhibition at Manchester in 1857, entirely composed of works belonging to private proprietors, must allow that the display was a matchless one in everything that regarded curiosity, rarity, quality, and perfect condition. I shall in a future paper make several observations on Mr Wussin's remarks relating to certain of my statements, as well as add on his authority some prints and states which had escaped my notice.

He has translated M. Piot's notice of *Cornelius Visscher* and his works prefixed to the Catalogue of 1846, in the *Cabinet de l'Amateur*. I shall follow his example, not only because that work is in few libraries, but because without doing so the remarks I shall have to make respecting Mr Wussin's account of the portraits of *Visscher*, as well as of the date of his birth, would be scarcely intelligible.

"Tradition, so prodigal in respect to some artists, has left us nothing relating to Corn. Visscher, no, not even the date of his birth, or the name of his father. We should feel surprised at the indifference of his contemporaries towards works of such talent, if Holland had not accustomed us to many similar instances of gross ingratitude towards her most admirable artists. Hobbema and Peter de Hooe passed away without exciting any notice, and Rembrandt, bending under unremitted toil, and daily producing works of the greatest consequence, scarcely obtained means to support existence, and died insolvent. It was not then a question as to fame, reputation, emulation, or glory; each day's labour secured a payment barely sufficient to support life, and the artist, despised by an ignorant community, had no remedy for this fatal indifference but the constant practice of his art, unless he chose to hide his talents in the pot-house. In no other way can we account satisfactorily for the number and excellence of the works of the greater portion of the painters and engravers of this period, as well as for the small traces of their personal existences left among their contemporaries. We may add, by the way, that those who adopted the last of these courses, that of frequenting public-houses, attained much more certain celebrity, and are precisely those with whom we have been mainly interested.

"Cornelius Visscher was essentially a studious artist, and no one who inspects his works, consisting of one hundred and eighty plates,* a number not only considerable for their importance, but on account of the short life of the artist, who died at the age of twenty-nine, can doubt that we have the whole of the inspirations and the occupations of every hour of a life devoted to an art which he practised with true affection, and in which he is still one of the greatest masters. We are thus reduced to simple conjecture respecting the principal events of his life. It is only within the last few years, that the exact date of Cornelius Visscher's birth could be settled with anything approaching to certainty. Mr Josi discovered on the original drawing of his portrait, No. 1 of this Catalogue,† engraved by himself, this inscription in his own hand-writing, *C. Visscher, âgé de vingt ans, A° 1649*, which consequently gives the year 1629 as that of his birth. The mere analogy of the names has led to the supposition that he might have been the son of *John Nicolas Visscher*, an engraver and publisher in Amsterdam; but this is extremely doubtful. We cannot discover on any of the plates engraved by him or his brothers, *John* and *Lambert*, the

* 198 according to my Catalogue, but Mr Wussin describes 188 only.

† No. 84 of my Catalogue. No. 55 of Wussin's, who styles it "*Unknown portrait*."

address of *J. N. Visscher*, who if there was any foundation for this statement would naturally have been the publisher of their early works. It is equally difficult to decide from which master he received his first artistic instruction; we believe him to have been a pupil of *P. Soutman*, who probably had the good sense to allow his great talents to be developed without his interference. Not less skilful as a designer than as an engraver, he displayed in both branches an originality which leaves no grounds for supposing that the artists of his period had any influence over his genius. As a designer, his manner is peculiar and characteristic; it combines a freedom of touch with a marvellously bold precision of outline. His drawings are much in demand in Holland, they are almost all executed on vellum in black chalk slightly mingled with red lead, and exhibit that great knowledge of chiaroscuro which he carried out to such an extent in his engravings.

"But Visscher especially conferred upon the art of engraving powers not known before him, endeavours to imitate which have subsequently been made in vain. The manner with which he knew how to combine etching with engraving, presents a model to all engravers, and has unfortunately been but too seldom followed. In such instances he was in the habit of etching all those portions which he had decided upon treating in that manner, leaving those places entirely blank which he intended to finish with the graver. His etchings are very rarely retouched with the graver, but he knew how to bring into harmony, by work having all the delicacy of the needle, the inequality and harshness which would naturally result from the use of these two styles. He felt the same inspiration when he used the graver or the needle; whether he wished to make the most fanciful lines course over his copper, or sought to produce unusual and smart effects by what was apparently a more dashing mode of proceeding.

"The earliest date on Cornelius Visscher's prints is 1649, under the portrait of *P. Scriverius*, with the notice *P. Soutman dirigente*. The artist was not at that time more than twenty years old. During the two years 1649 and 1650 only, he produced the portrait of *Scriverius*, just mentioned, the four portraits of *Franciscus Valdesius*, *Magdalena Moonsia*, *Janus Douxa*, and *Ludovicus Boisotus*; the set of the Princes and Princesses of the house of Nassau after *Gerard Honthorst*, twelve very large prints; the series of the seventeen Saints of Flanders, after drawings by *Soutman*; and the thirty-eight large portraits composing the set of the Counts of Holland. It is difficult to realize such prodigious labour.

"We suppose that his master did not allow him to place his own name on his works before this period, and that consequently we must look for those preceding them among those numerous productions having only the words *P. Soutman dirigente* attached to them. The end of this laborious apprenticeship seems to have taken place during the year 1650, for the set of the four Evangelists was published by him at Haarlem in that year, after that event had occurred, and this is his first appearance as a designer. All four are inscribed *Corn. Visscher inveniebat*, and *Corn. Visscher sculpebat et excudebat, Harlemi*,

1650. After this period Soutman's name occurs but once on Visscher's prints, and then as the painter of the portrait of *Vanden Zande*.

"Now commenced the production of that uninterrupted series of masterpieces which have secured for Visscher so high a rank among the greatest masters of every school. It will be sufficient to notice as his most celebrated engravings, *The Pancake-Woman*, *The Rat-Killer*, *The Bohemian Woman*, and the portraits of *Gellius de Bouma* and *Andreas Winius*. The *Bohemian Woman* may be described as a model of the effects obtained by the combination of the most picturesque qualities of etching with the utmost brilliancy of the graver. The portrait of *Gellius de Bouma* is a pure engraving, and still more astounding. The work is most skilfully and boldly commenced, and carried out so as to represent the absolute texture of the flesh. The strokes by which the eyes and eyelids are indicated are so remarkably delicate and perfect, that it would be difficult to produce a second example. The different portions of the nose are really flesh, and absolutely that of the age of the person represented. The mouth, almost entirely covered by a large beard which falls on the breast, is so truthfully executed, that we are compelled to recognize greater art, inasmuch as it appears to exhibit less. He seems to have played at producing the white beard, and the result of this amusement is a marvellous fact,—looking at it from a proper distance we positively believe that we see the real hair. The dress, as well as the whole print, is entirely executed with the graver, but the work appears somewhat wavering, like that produced by the needle. The tone, the touches, and the arrangement of the folds of the cloak, enable us to recognize the material of which it was made, though the artist has not adopted the means usually employed by engravers to produce the effects of silk. Examining the strokes closely, we may observe that they are careless, somewhat unequal, with a tremulous appearance, a style of work apparently more adapted for the representation of coarser stuffs. But under his hand they produced the required form, and it was by avoiding throughout the display of Art, that he reached its perfection.

"Visscher's plates are seldom dated ; we shall mention the whole of those that are so, in order to establish completely the chronological order of his works. The portrait of *Pieters de Vries* has the year 1653 upon it, and one of *Robert Junius* that of 1654. The *Rat-Killer*, as well as the portrait of *W. de Ryck*, is dated 1655. At the same period he engraved, in a totally different style, the set of prints after *Berghem*, known in France by the title *Le Cavalier à la Fontaine*. Subsequently, in 1657, appeared the portrait of *Vondel* ; and in the next year that of *Coppenol*, the writing-master, finished three days before his death ; with the inscription, very affecting as subscribed to a masterpiece, *C. de Visscher ad vivum delineavit, tribus diebus ante mortem ultimam manum imposuit anno 1658*.

"Corn. Visscher's health was always weak ; the numerous labours of his early years undoubtedly ruined his constitution, and ultimately his close application to work hastened his end. I fancy I have somewhere read that he was lame. He had scarcely attained his twenty-ninth year when death carried

him away. Like *Lucas van Leyden* (b. 1494, d. 1533), a century previous, and even still younger, *Visscher* died with the graver in his hand. The first after having given to his art an excellent commencement, the other after having brought it to its highest perfection. Four years earlier, Holland had lost Paul Potter, almost at the same age. It would be difficult to explain by what mysterious combination of circumstances, the chilly soil of the Netherlands, sunless and inglorious, could produce, in the midst of a population consisting of mere traders and stiff Burgomasters, such a pleiad of admirable artists—early flowers, which the humid soil speedily destroyed."

Mr Wussin proceeds to make some observations on this account, and some investigations respecting the portrait of *Visscher* and the dates of his birth and death, which I shall notice as briefly as possible. He commences by stating that there are five acknowledged portraits of him: 1 and 2, those engraved by himself, and dated respectively 1649 and 1651 (84 and 85 of my Catalogue). 3. One engraved by *John Visscher*, representing him as a young man. 4. A drawing mentioned by *Josi* in his account of *Visscher* in his "*Collection d'Imitations de dessins d'après les principaux Maitres Hollandais et Flamands, commencée par Cornelius Ploos van Amstel, continuée, &c., par C. Josi*," published by him in London in 1821. He states that he found it in the collection of *Jacob de Vos*, that it was a highly-finished drawing, in which *Visscher* represents himself as a sickly man, holding a skull in one hand and pointing to it with the other. On a column in the background, in his own hand-writing, are the words *Aanzien doet gedenken A° 1653, den 10 April* (looking at this makes one thoughtful), and he thinks that this was probably his birth-day. Wussin's fifth and last portrait is a drawing in the *Albertina* Collection at Vienna, with no date, a lithograph of the head and shoulders of which is prefixed to his book. It is somewhat carelessly reversed from the original, but, as he justly states, that does not at all interfere with its authenticity. To these should be added a sixth portrait engraved by *B. Audran*, with the following inscriptions: CORNELIUS DE VISSCHER SCALPTOR HARLEMENSIS; at bottom on the left, *Se ipse del.*; in the middle, *Paris chez Huquier rue St Jacques près les Mathurins, avec privil. du Roy*; and on the right, *B. Audran Sculp.* As there is no engraving of the drawing No. 4, and as its present locality is not known, the question is reduced to this,—which of the remaining five portraits are to be considered authentic.

With regard to the portrait No. 1, *Josi* distinctly states in the work above quoted, "*Après des longues perquisitions j'ai enfin decouvert le dessin original de son portrait ayant la main sur la poitrine, gravé par lui-même, dessin sur lequel il avait écrit de sa main, C. Visscher âgé de 20 ans, A° 1649.*" Mr *Josi* was a native of Holland, an artist, an

excellent connoisseur, and had vast experience as a dealer in forming many celebrated collections of drawings and etchings by Dutch Masters during more than half a century. His death took place in 1828. He was employed by his own government, after the peace of 1815, to select from the Louvre and the Bibliothèque in Paris those works of Art which had been abstracted from the Dutch Collections by command of the Emperor Napoleon under the directions of Baron Denon. He was a most cautious and trustworthy person, and I am satisfied that full reliance can be placed upon any positive statement he makes. Moreover *Bartsch*, whose accuracy, industry, and experience place him in the very highest rank as an authority, in his *Anleitung zur Kupferstichkunde*, vol. ii. p. 280, published at Vienna in 1821, which was, I believe, the year in which he died, states the engraving to be *Cornelius Visscher's* *Porträt*, not expressing the slightest doubt respecting it, which I am certain he would have done, if he had not felt thoroughly convinced of its originality, and if he had not thought it to be the same individual represented by the drawing No. 5, of which I shall presently give some account.

After careful examination I fully agree with Wussin that the portrait No. 2 is not that of *Cornelius Visscher*, nor can it be the same person as the preceding. There is far greater difference in the ages than the short interval between 1649 and 1651 would have produced.

The portrait No. 3, engraved by *John Visscher*, is also unquestionably not that of *Cornelius*. The only impression Wussin had ever seen is an unfinished one, before the inscription, in the *Albertina* Collection at Vienna. Those with the inscription are by no means rare, and I am surprised that there is not one in any of the great collections of that city. The British Museum also possesses a similar first impression; but the inscription under the finished one is *Cornelius de Visscher ad vivum delineavit. Joannes de Visscher fecit aqua forte*, and at bottom, on the right, *Jan Kraalinge Excudit*, so there is no allusion to its being a portrait of himself.

The drawing No. 5 I have never seen: Wussin gives a full description of it, for which I refer to his book. He states that in a catalogue of the *Albertina* Collection, composed *but not written* by *Bartsch*, that author mentions it as *Le portrait de l'artiste à la pierre noire sur parchemin. Porte le nom du maître mais sans date*. Its previous history cannot be traced, and as it is firmly laid down, it is impossible to know whether there may be any writing on the back. Judging from the lithograph, and having full confidence in the knowledge and discrimination of *Bartsch*, I have no doubt that this is really a portrait of *Cornelius Visscher*; and it is further evidence of his

belief in the authenticity of No. 1, and that it and the drawing represented the same person; that if he had felt any doubt or hesitation he would have expressed it in his *Anleitung*. I also fully believe in the authenticity of the portrait engraved by *Audran*.

I had recently the opportunity of accurately comparing No. 1, Wussin's lithograph, and the last-named portrait, with each other at the British Museum, and had the further advantage of doing so with Mr Carpenter, whose long experience and accurate judgment place his decision beyond all doubt. We fully agreed that they positively represent one and the same person; the eyes, the mouth, and the general sorrowful as well as unhealthy expression are remarkably similar, allowing for considerable difference of age; and if the portrait No. 1 had been bare-headed the resemblance would probably have been stronger. That collection also contains what Mr Carpenter justly considers to be a portrait of *Visscher* drawn by himself, in black chalk, on parchment. It represents him rather more than half length, nearly full face, sitting, directed towards the right, from which side the light comes. He has small moustaches and beard, wears a closely-fitting dress with eleven buttons in front, and a flat collar, only one side of which is seen. His left hand is placed on his chest, and his right is concealed by a large, broad-brimmed, high-crowned hat, apparently supported on his knees at bottom on the right. A cloak is lightly placed over his back, and falls in folds from his right shoulder, occupying nearly the whole of the lower part of the drawing. Near the top on the right is *C. de Visscher fecit, A° 1657*. It is arched at top, measures $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, by $11\frac{1}{4}$ wide, and is in excellent preservation. There is a remarkable resemblance between it and the lithograph of the undated drawing in the *Albertina*; it has even a greater appearance of suffering, and is evidently older.

Now, I think there can be little doubt that *Visscher's* birth took place in 1629. Most of his biographers, and especially his fellow-countrymen, from the earliest period down to the publications of the Dictionaries by *Roeland van Eynden* and *Adrian van der Willigen*, in 1842, *Immerzeel*, in 1843, and *Kramm*, in 1863, decide upon this year. The fact of his having produced admirable engravings at a very early age is no proof to the contrary. The earliest date found upon his plates is 1649, when he would have been twenty years old. Long before that age *Lucas van Leyden* had finished many of his most renowned works, and we find marvellous examples of similar precocity among those of *John Wierix*.

Nagler, in his *Künstler Lexicon*, states that in R. Weigel's *Kunst Katalog*, part ii., No. 3053, there is a notice of a drawing attributed to *C. Visscher*, on the back of a sketch of the portrait of *W. de Ryck*,

representing his son in a large hat and broad cloak with *Ae.* 13, 1656. It was valued at twelve thalers; if genuine, an exceedingly moderate price. It is clear that if the authenticity of this portrait could be established, it is impossible that *Visscher* could have been born in 1629. But as there is no statement that it bears the artist's handwriting or even his name, nor of the authority on which it is called the portrait of his son, no dependence whatever can be placed upon it. Nagler's account is quoted by Wussin without acknowledgment, but he had the good fortune to spend some time with Mr Weigel in 1863, and the great advantage of consulting the enormous mass of information relating to the history of the Fine Arts which it has been the labour of his life to collect together. It does not appear that he was able to obtain any further information respecting this drawing from this source, and undoubtedly if Mr Weigel had been thoroughly satisfied with its authenticity, he would have kept some memoranda respecting such an interesting work. It is by no means an uncommon occurrence to attribute the parentage of anonymous children to the artists by whom their portraits were painted.

The year of his death cannot be doubted. The inscription under the portrait of *Coppenol*, No. 93 of my Catalogue, *Tribus diebus ante mortem ultimam manum imposuit A° 1658*, can only apply to the engraver, for, as Wussin observes, *Müller's Descriptive Catalogue* of 7000 Netherlandish Portraits contains a notice of an engraving of that writing-master with the date 1662, and stating him to be then sixty-four years old. It is also certain that there is no date subsequent to 1658 on any engraving by *Visscher*.

WILLIAM SMITH.

DOO'S ENGRAVING OF "THE RAISING OF LAZARUS,"
BY SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO.

THE "Jealousies of Artists" would furnish materials for a work, which would not be less sad, nor less amusing and instructive, than "The Quarrels of Authors;" and on Vasari we should rely for some of the most striking examples. We could not, however, accept all his stories as we find them related in his wonderful work. And in that case particularly, with which this grand painting (now, at length, worthily reproduced by the finest line-engraving that has for many years been executed in England) is associated, we can easily justify our reluctance. Apart from the fact that Vasari's reverence for Michael Angelo would have forbidden him to attribute to the great master any feeling which he deemed ignoble, so that the story serves mainly as a clue to Vasari's own character; there is little difficulty in finding an explanation of all he relates, without the least necessity for so much as suspecting the "divine" Michael Angelo capable of entertaining that mean and vindictive form of self-love, called *jealousy*.

Of his nobleness and generosity we have abundant proofs; and we know, as well as if we had lived with him, the simplicity of his nature, and his ignorance of men as they are. He had suffered deeply from the injustice of his exalted patrons, and from the secret slanders of designing and envious rivals. In Sebastian del Piombo he had taken great interest, and had highly appreciated the works which he had seen him execute at Rome. Suddenly he found the renown of his friend endangered, and his glory eclipsed, by the appearance of a new luminary in Art at Rome. With the style of Raphael, Michael Angelo could not have much sympathy. The great rugged man, who rejoiced at the difficulties which came in his own way, for the very satisfaction of tearing them asunder by the might of his terrible genius, could not have much sympathy with the gentle and graceful Umbrian; who won more

hearts without a contest, than he himself with all his force could subdue. And his friend must needs have seemed to him grievously wronged by being put aside in favour of the new comer. He had always aided Sebastian by correcting his designs, and supplying him with drawings of his own; and now he would naturally do so more liberally, that he might not be overborne in the unequal fight against skill and unjust authority, combined against him. It was not the only instance in which he did thus; but it was, perhaps, the only one in which the memory of his own wrongs could stimulate him to the most anxious efforts in support of his friend; efforts which Vasari and Sebastian himself wholly misunderstood and misrepresented. One fact will suffice to show where the jealousy of Raphael (the existence of which Vasari distinctly bears witness to) actually dwelt. Sebastian, in a letter to Michael Angelo, dated the 29th December, 1519, after the famous tapestries, for which our Cartoons were made, had been exhibited in the Sistine Chapel, says—"I think that my picture [this very Raising of Lazarus] is better designed than the tapestries which have just come from Flanders."

This singular exhibition of self-esteem brings us to the subject of our criticism. From Vasari's *Life of Sebastian del Piombo*, we learn that—"When Raphael painted for the Cardinal de' Medici that picture which was to be sent into France, but which, after the death of the master, was placed on the high altar of San Pietro in Montano; the Transfiguration, namely; Sebastian executed one at the same time, and of the same size, almost as in rivalry of Raphael; the subject being a Resurrection of Lazarus, after he had been in the grave four days. This, also, was painted with the most earnest care, under the direction, and in some parts with the designs, of Michael Angelo." (Mrs Forster's translation, vol. iv. p. 63.) Sebastian may well have had this in his mind when he praised his own painting to the disparagement of Raphael's works; but the feeling displayed is not affected by this consideration. In the British Museum there are two fine drawings, in red chalk, representing, one, the figure of Lazarus, as it is seen in Sebastian's picture; the other, the group of which Lazarus is the principal figure, but in some respects differing from the picture, as a first study might; and which cannot be attributed to any hand but that of Michael Angelo. And thus Vasari's statement is most completely verified. He further tells us that the two paintings were exhibited together in the Hall of the Consistory at Rome, when "they were both very highly extolled, and although the work of Raphael had no equal for its extraordinary grace and beauty, the labours of Sebastian, nevertheless, found honourable acknowledgment, and were commended by all." (*Ibid.*)

And well deserved this commendation was; for though the composition is founded upon a very different principle from what can be discovered in any of Raphael's works, it is, in the highest degree, forcible and effective. The story is represented, in all its details, in the most impressive manner, and the attention is secured for the principal persons in the scene at once; and so that all the others can be regarded only in their relations to them. A little to the left of the centre, and almost in the very foreground, stands Our Lord, on a slightly-raised stage of masonry, his whole figure animated and energetic, though the face exhibits only human force and feeling. The right hand is raised, as if he had but just uttered the life-giving words—"Lazarus! come forth!" whilst with his left he points to the resuscitated man, as he says—"Loose him, and let him go!" For all is movement, genuine action. Christ has spoken, and the dead man has risen to life and to the world again; and there, seated on the edge of his tomb, gazes from under his grave-clothes in wonder at his Deliverer, and, at the same time, with hand and foot, impetuously attempts to aid those who, with eager tenderness, are carrying out their Master's commands. It is in the figure of Lazarus that, without the testimony of the drawings in the British Museum, we should recognize the assistance of the great sculptor. That massive, brawny chest and shoulder; that daring neglect of conventionalisms in the action of the limbs; that strong accentuation of the muscles in all parts of the body which are exposed to view; all betray the peculiar power of Michael Angelo.

The whole composition resolves itself into five groups. That nearest the spectator, on the right, comprises Lazarus and the three friends who assist in lifting him from the tomb, and in freeing him from those now symbolic bonds of mortality. On the right, the most important and most numerous group consists of Our Lord, who is surrounded, to the left and behind, by his twelve disciples. Close to him, on the left, kneels St Peter, with hoary head and beard (not quite in accordance with the conventional representations of the chief of the Apostles), and hands clasped in adoration. Others, who cannot be distinguished, kneel behind him; and one other, younger and more ardent, standing, leans forward as if he did not understand what Mary meant by kneeling before his Master. Directly behind Christ, and on a higher level, stands St John, not represented according to Raphael's conception of him, but as a still young, acute, earnest, *spirituel* man; who is eagerly addressing another older disciple, perhaps intended for St Thomas, who seems not to have appreciated, as St John had intuitively, what the whole incident signified. Behind St John appears another, quite unmoved by the great event. To the right of Our Lord, an old, bald-headed disciple (clearly

after a study of Michael Angelo) raises his hands in mere astonishment; and behind him, a younger one, whose face wears an expression which entitles him to share with St John the emphatic name, "Son of Thunder," appeals to one rather older, who is inclining forward, as if he would compel him to acknowledge that their Lord held "the keys of the grave and of death." And at the feet of Jesus, in the centre of the foreground, kneels Mary, whose gesture and expression are the complete realization of Tennyson's lines,

" No other thought her mind admits
But, he *was* dead, and there he *sits*,
And He that brought him back is there ;"—

whilst, with the out-stretched hand of Christ, her gesture brings these two principal groups into union. Martha, further off than her sister, and just above her, turns her head away, and raises her hands with an air of deprecation, as if she were putting away from her mind and heart the thought that she *could* ever see her brother alive again, —whilst he was even then living.

Between and behind them the third group is seen ;—three grave-looking, elderly women, apparently unaware of what has taken place, and given up to the decency of sympathetic sorrow, and the avoidance of personal nuisance from the grave of one who had been dead four days already. Three other figures on the right, and a fourth, lower down in front of them, express astonished interest at what is before them, but have not yet recovered from their apprehension of personal annoyance in visiting the tomb of Lazarus. On the right, in the middle distance, is a small group, from whose animated gestures we conclude that they also were following Mary when she was going to the grave to weep there. And on the left, not so far off, is another larger group, also advancing towards the scene, and in animated discussion ; but, from the fact that the foremost carries a sack or bag over his shoulder, they may be casual travellers only.

The background shows a town with classical ruins and modern structures intermingled ; and a broad stream covered by a lofty arched bridge, on the banks of which are women drawing water, is in the centre. A rocky bank, with shrubs, intervenes on the right, and beyond all this are seen low and well-wooded hills.

Of the colouring, we can only say that it is in part conventional ; and, as far as we can judge now, low-toned, but skilfully arranged. The light falls most strongly upon Our Lord, St John, and Mary ; whilst the contrast between the hue of the body of Lazarus, and the whiteness of his grave-clothes, produces all the effect of light, without disturbing the general harmony.

We have devoted so much space to the history and description of the painting, for the especial purpose of commending Mr Doo's print of it. The latest work of the grand and solid English School of line-engraving, it deserves particular and most honourable mention. And we cannot doubt that it will be estimated at its proper worth. For it is to be feared that as one consequence of the greater perfection which other, cheaper, and less tedious processes of engraving have made of late years, pure line-engraving may fall into desuetude, or lose all its peculiar power. Should our apprehensions unhappily be realized, this plate will remain as a proof that it was not for want of skill, or artistic feeling, or devotion to a worthy task, that mechanical processes have triumphed over one which was most closely of all allied to the art of painting, and which required most of the actual artist's training and knowledge—Etching alone excepted.

It would be difficult to convey to those who have not the engraving before them, any conception of the skilful manner in which not only the painter's composition is rendered, but the nobleness and varied expressions of the heads and hands of the most conspicuous figures; nor how boldly the masses of light in the foremost groups are relieved by the shadows; nor with what judgment the effects of the colouring are combined with those of the *chiaroscuro* of the picture; nor how in the background the outlines and tones fade away in the distance, gradually, so as to reproduce the master's finest effects. It is enough praise to say that it maintains the high reputation both of the Engraver, and of our English Art; and must be ranked amongst our real master-pieces.

We cannot conclude without bestowing upon Messrs Colnaghi and Co., at whose cost this noble work of Art has been produced, the praise which they have so richly merited. And we hope that it may be so successful as to encourage them, and other similar houses, to attempt, at least, to preserve this branch of the art of Engraving from being wholly forgotten and lost.

THE CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH OF THOMAS'S PICTURE
OF THE
MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

It is proverbially (amongst artists) one of the most ungrateful tasks to undertake the representation of a State solemnity. It is, of course, impossible, at the moment of its transaction, to make more than a few very general notes, and to get into one's eye and mind some impression of the sentiment of the whole. The selection of the moment for the representation, unless "commanded," may operate unfavourably for the painter. Yet none but the artist and his fellow-sufferers, or confidential eye-witnesses of the subsequent difficulties, can fully understand the reason for the professional feeling regarding such commissions. When successful, they merit a double allowance of praise; and such we have no hesitation in allotting to Mr Thomas's picture. Not upon so grand a scale as Mr Frith's, representing a different phase of the event, and looking in the opposite direction, it is not a rival of his. Rather, the two pictures may be considered as complementary to each other. Mr Thomas has chosen the moment when the Prince and his newly-made bride are turning to leave the altar; and the sunlight streams through the many-coloured glass of the upper windows full upon the brilliant and happy group of bride and bridesmaids, and the whole circle of their illustrious kindred around them. The Queen looks down with intense interest and emotion from the Royal Closet. The noble and distinguished witnesses fill up the stalls of the Chapel. And the background shows the Archbishop with his attendant Bishops, Deans, and other Church-dignitaries; and the new memorial-window and altar-piece. The warm and rich colour is most truthfully rendered; and great commendation must be given to the vast majority of the portraits, for the artist has succeeded with many in making of a *profil-*

perdu, or even of a *vue-de-dos*, as characteristic a likeness as an ordinary representation would give.

This picture has now been reproduced in chromo-lithography by Messrs Day and Son; and considering the size of the plate, the number and immense variety of subjects, and of colours and tints in it; and, above all, the delicacy of treatment required by the portraits, it must be pronounced a great success. The entire effect of the original picture is admirably given; and in the details such accuracy has been attained, that some of the portraits scarcely fall short of miniatures in fidelity; and there are few which are not superior to those in the paintings of such scenes, as they are commonly executed.

A few other remarks are demanded by the publication of this plate. It is a clear and large advance upon all that has hitherto been done in the way of graphic representation of a great and interesting event; and, we may hope, will prove the commencement of a series of such pictures, as formerly could be possessed solely by those, whose ample means enabled them to bestow little consideration on the cost of reproducing an original, which was beyond the reach of all but princely revenues. In ancient times, men were required to make pilgrimages to works of Art; and only the least numerous classes were supposed to be open to their influences. Now, we *diffuse* our works of Art, and reproduce them in such forms, and by such methods, that there are few who need be entirely without them. It is true (and we may without shame confess it) that perhaps most of the works of these times are not destined to immortality, as those of the greatest masters of old; and that the reproductions of them may not be much more than the remembrances, which those who had gazed upon those greatest masters' creations could carry with them home; but still the reproduction of our paintings and statues will convey some flavour of Art-education to those whom no mere verbal report could possibly affect; and whilst the great events and State ceremonials of the nation continue to be of the peaceful domestic character of that which is before us, we shall have no ground for regretting that *our* great works are those which may thus at once adorn and typify the sanctity of an English Home.

THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHS OF GREAT PICTURES.

THE rapid and wide-spread diffusion of a taste for the fine arts, and the growth of a general interest in all questions relating to their cultivation, are among the most noticeable features of the present time, and the most welcome promises for the future. The introduction of Art-studies as a part of ordinary education is now going on without provoking any such resistance and cries of alarm as were raised, 50 years ago, against teaching the children of the poor anything more than their A B C.

One great practical difficulty stands in the way of a sound Art-education for the million: the impossibility, for all but a few, of direct and intimate acquaintance with the master-pieces of Art. The Parthenon, St Peter's at Rome, the Alhambra; the Moses of Michael Angelo, the Transfiguration of Raphael; the *chefs-d'œuvre* of architecture, sculpture, and painting, of which these may stand as types, cannot be known at first-hand to one in a thousand, even of the professed students of Art. Even our National Galleries, Museums, Loan Exhibitions, and local collections, with their priceless treasures, cannot satisfy the growing want. A very small number of persons have the opportunity of habitually frequenting them: a large number may visit them on rare occasions: but to the majority they are virtually inaccessible. Little has been done yet towards obviating this difficulty in the only way in which it can be done effectively.

The production of *true* copies of the great works of the great masters at such a cost as shall bring them as fully within the reach of all as printing does good books, is still a desideratum; notwithstanding all the triumphs of engraving and the meritorious attempts of chromo-lithography. There is a new hope in Photography, which, though not to be ranked as one of the fine arts, is taking a high place as the handmaid of Art, and is probably destined by and by to render the very service that

is lacking. For some very recent experiments warrant the hope that we shall yet see photographic reproductions not only of form and light and shade, but also of colour.

Meanwhile we heartily welcome the beautiful series of Photographs from the works of ancient and modern masters, recently published by Gustav Schauer of Berlin, as a timely and valuable contribution to the cause of popular Art-education. They are published in large size and in carte de visite size, and include selections from the works of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Albert Dürer, Coreggio, Murillo, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Holbein, Vandyck, Gerard Douw, and other old masters; besides numerous examples of modern German painters, among them—Cornelius, Kaulbach, Lessing, Becker, and Meyerheim. From these names it will be seen that the range of subjects is very wide, reaching from the sublimest efforts of ideal representation down to delineations of the simplest scenes and incidents of familiar human life. Among the examples of "high art" we have Raphael's "Transfiguration," "Sistine Madonna," "Marriage of the Virgin," and the very lovely "Vierge à la Chaise," which, for execution, is a perfect gem; Leonardo's "Last Supper;" Coreggio's "Magdalen Reading," the tender beauty of which is marvellously rendered; his famous "Nativity" (*La Notte*) of the Dresden Gallery, and his "Madonna della Scala;" Albert Dürer's well-known "Christ on the Cross;" Rubens's famous "Descent from the Cross," an admirable print, in which the perfect rendering of light and shade almost makes up for the absence of colour; Titian's master-piece, the "Tribute Money," and the "Venus" of the Dresden Gallery, with its distant sweep of rich and tenderly lustrous landscape. Among the numerous *genre* subjects and painted idylls, we notice as particularly attractive a well-executed Jordan's "First Lie," a child with downcast eyes standing before her father, a fine old sailor, who vainly attempts with his left hand to lift-up her head that her eye may meet his, and with a face serious and delicately touched with grief, rebukes her fault; Becker's "Warrior's Return," a scene in a country churchyard which tells its own pathetic tale; Meyerheim's "Instruction in Knitting," the kindly, spectacled old lady, seated in her high-backed chair, near the open window of the comfortable cottage, the pet grand-daughter standing between her knees, back to her, watching with beautiful earnestness the mysterious movements of the quick fingers and the shining needles, held out in front of her; and the bright archly intelligent "Flower Girl" of Magnus, one of the most brilliant photographs we ever saw. The series also comprises some fine portraits. Foremost among these, Leonardo da Vinci's magnificent one of himself, admirably reproduced; then (each by the artist's own hand) those of Coreggio, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt,

and Vandyck; Titian's portrait of his daughter; Guido's "Beatrice Cenci," and Vandyck's "Charles I." and "Children of Charles I."

The series sent us for notice consists of a hundred photographs, and there is a second series comprising the same number. They are all, we believe, photographed from engravings, and have therefore, most of them, a charming clearness and precision, and come out well under a good magnifier. Each student or lover of Art is at liberty to make his own selection, arranging them according to his taste, and forming a "Gallery" of choice pictures in which he may loiter and delight at home. They are also obviously available as illustrations to books on Art, or as companions of travel, or still better as truthful and pleasant aids to memory for those who have travelled and have seen the original works. It may be well to add that no "copyright" is infringed by the publication of these Berlin photographs.

W. L. R. CATES.



ADDITIONS
TO THE
NATIONAL GALLERY
DURING THE YEAR 1865.

PURCHASES.

SINCE our last notice, the administration of the Gallery has suffered a great loss in the death of the late Director, Sir Charles Lock Eastlake. On the 26th June, 1865, he had been reappointed Director for a third term of five years, and in the following August started for his usual tour in quest of further examples for the increase of the National Collection, but was taken seriously ill at Milan; being too unwell to return to England, he removed in October to Pisa, intending to pass the winter there, but his malady increasing upon him, his strength finally gave way, and he died at Pisa, on Sunday morning, the 24th of December, in the 73rd year of his age.

The following nine pictures are Sir Charles Eastlake's last purchases for the National Gallery :—

1. "A Dead Warrior," known as "*Orlando Muerto*." The Paladin Orlando was killed at the battle of Roncesvalles. He was charmed, and invulnerable to the sword, but was not proof against the strength of Bernardo del Carpio, who seized him and squeezed him till he died.

He is lying in his armour on his back, at the mouth of a cave, his head towards the spectator, with human skulls and other bones strewn about. The right hand reposes on his chest, the left rests on the hilt of his sword, the blade being underneath the body, which is considerably foreshortened, none of the right leg, and only a part of the right foot being visible. He has apparently been dead but a few hours, if we are to regard the signification of an extinguished but still smoking lamp,

which has been lighted and hung by his companions to a branch, projecting from the bank over the body, probably with the view of driving away evil spirits from his departing soul. In the background is a mass of dark storm-driven clouds, with the first dawn of day just appearing. The figure is life-size, on canvas, 3 ft. 5 in. *h.* by 5 ft. 5 in. *w.* It was formerly in the collection of the Count de Pourtalès, at Paris, where it was commonly ascribed to Velazquez; but the justness of the ascription has been questioned. It was bought at the Pourtalès sale, in April, for 1549*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* An effective etching of this picture by Flameng was published in the *Gazette des Beaux-arts*, in 1864.

2. A "Portrait of a Lawyer," by G. B. Moroni, of Bergamo; a half-length of a man in black, with white collar and ruffles, belonging to the same collection, was purchased after the sale, from M. C. Edmond de Pourtalès, for 528*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* On canvas, 2 ft. 10 in. *h.* by 2 ft. 3½ in. *w.* This makes the second fine portrait by the Master in the Gallery; both are about our "Kitcat" size, that adopted by Sir Godfrey Kneller for the club, so called from the fact of its having been organized at the tavern of Christopher Cat, in King Street, Westminster.

3. "Portrait of Philip IV., of Spain," a bust, life-size, in black and gold; the head is seen nearly in full face. Very free and masterly. On canvas, 2 ft. 1 in. *h.* by 1 ft. 8½ in. *w.* Formerly in the collection of Prince Demidoff, at Florence. Purchased in Paris from M. Emanuel Sano, together with the small Ruysdael, next described, for 1200*l.* the two.

4. A small "Landscape with Ruins," signed J. Ruysdael f., and dated 1673, in a beautiful state of preservation. On the spectator's right is a massive brick-ruin, from one part of which a tree is growing; on the other side, a low, barren, hilly country occupies the distance; in the foreground is a weedy pool. Formerly in the collection of Sir John Pringle, in this country, recently in that of the Duc de Morny, in Paris. On wood, 1 ft. 4½ in. *h.* by 1 ft. 10½ in. *w.*

5. The celebrated Albobrandini Madonna, now called the "Garvagh Raphael." This picture is a great acquisition; it is, perhaps, the most delicately and, at the same time, freely painted of all Raphael's small works; to judge from its largeness of style, and carefulness combined, it may belong to about the year 1512, or at latest the pontificate of Julius II. In Leo's time the painter was probably too much occupied to have had leisure to devote as much of his own time to a picture as he has evidently bestowed upon the execution of this little gem. The Madonna is seated on a bench, in some kind of portico or arcade, and holds in her arms the Infant Christ, who appears to have just received a pink from the left hand of the little St John, standing holding his

cross of reeds, on the left hand of the Virgin. A portion of a village or town is seen in the background. Painted in oil on a piece of poplar, 15 in. *h.* by 13 in. *w.* Purchased last July from the Dowager Lady Garvagh and her son Lord Garvagh, for, perhaps, the unprecedentedly large price of 9000*l.* We read of pictures in olden times having been purchased at the cost of as much gold coin as would cover them, which, as prices go now, may amount to very little indeed, everything depending on the size of the picture; here we have an actual instance of a nearly fifty-fold covering of the surface with gold; the exact price is more than 47*l.* the square inch. It would require nearly 800,000*l.* to purchase the "Raising of Lazarus," by Sebastian del Piombo, at the same rate. The most costly picture in the collection, after this "Garvagh Raphael," is the small "Holy Family," by Correggio, which forty years before, 1825, was purchased for the large sum of 3800*l.*, averaging about 30*l.* the square inch. The Pisani Paul Veronese, considered to have been purchased at an enormous price, cost, in 1857, 13,650*l.*, which, tested by a similar mechanical rating as the small pictures referred to, amounts only to about 16 shillings per square inch.

This picture used to hang in the Aldobrandini apartments of the Borghese Palace at Rome, where also were hanging the "Vision of a Knight" and the "St Catherine" in this gallery. Mr Day is said to have secured this "Garvagh Raphael" at the beginning of the century for 800*l.*, and after keeping it many years, in vain seeking a purchaser, he sold it at last, in 1818, to the late Lord Garvagh for 1500*l.*

There are several old copies of this picture:—one is in the Academy of Bergamo, another in the Stacoli Palace at Urbino, and the third in Casa Silva at Milan. It has been engraved by Alessandro Mochetti; in D'Agincourt's *Histoire de L'Art*, &c.; and recently by A. Bridoux.

6. Two finely-painted small figures of Saints, wings of an altar-piece, ascribed to Memling; one representing "St John the Baptist, holding a lamb on his left arm;" the other "St Lawrence, Deacon, holding a gridiron by his side,"—small full-length figures, with landscape backgrounds, on oak, 1 ft. 9½ in. *h.* by 6¾ in. *w.*, each. On the backs of these panels are painted some storks or cranes, with bright red crests, and on one of them is a coat of arms—"Shield gules, two chevrons argent, accompanied by three pairs of compasses surmounted by a helmet with mantling, gules and argent; crest, a man's arm and hand, in parti-coloured sleeve, holding a pair of compasses."* Purchased in Paris from M. E. Sano, for 480*l.* the pair. The colouring of the St Lawrence has a rich effect. The figure of St John is in the same

* *National Gallery Catalogue*, 43rd Edition, 1866. This armorial device may possibly lead to a discovery of the source of these pictures.

manner, and clearly from the same model as the picture of that Saint in the Munich Gallery, No. 105, which is signed H. V. D. GOES, 1472. There are two similar figures in the Louvre, ascribed, also there, to Memling. If the Munich signature is not genuine, as is suggested by the new Catalogue of that Gallery, 1865, in which the picture is placed under the name of Memling, it is a very remarkable example of forgery—that of counterfeiting a comparatively very obscure name on a great painter's work! The catalogue cites Dr Waagen as the authority for questioning the signature, though the picture is at the same time admitted to be unlike Memling's usual painting. The signature is not of recent date. Vander Goes is supposed to have died in 1479; Memling was already dead in 1495.

7. "The Virgin and Child enthroned, the Doge Giovanni Mocenigo in Adoration; at the sides St Christopher with the Infant Christ, and St John the Baptist," by Vittore Carpaccio. In the centre of the picture is an altar on which is a golden vase containing medicaments against the plague which was raging in Venice in 1478, and for which the Virgin's blessing is invoked.

On the face of the altar is the following supplication: *URBEM REM: VENETAM SERVA, VENETUMQUE SENATUM, ET MIHI SI MEREOR, VIRGO SUPERNA AVE.* The last word should perhaps be *FAVE*.—Hail, celestial Virgin, preserve the Venetian State and the Senate of Venice, and extend your protection to me, also, if I deserve it. This is the prayer of the Doge, in order that the scourge of the plague may be removed. He escaped on this occasion, but fell a victim to the disease in 1485, aged 76. Giovanni Mocenigo was the seventy-first Doge of Venice, and reigned seven years, from 1477 to 1485. On canvas, 6 ft. *h.* by 9 ft. 8 in. *w.* Purchased in Venice from the Count Aloise Mocenigo di Sant' Eustachio, for 3400*l.* This is a grand composition of the conventional character which distinguished quattrocento art, and is magnificently coloured. Carpaccio was born at Venice, or at Capo D'Istria, about 1450, and was one of the principal rivals of the Bellini at Venice; he was still living in 1522. According to the traditions of the family this picture was commissioned in 1479, but was not completed until after the Doge's death, that is after 1485. When the picture arrived in England it bore the inscription *MCCCCLXXIX, VICTORE CARPATIO F.*, but as this legend was, on examination, discovered to be of comparatively recent date, it has been very properly removed by the authorities of the National Gallery. This is, under any circumstances, one of the finest old Venetian pictures in existence, and is a great acquisition for the National Collection.

8. "The Madonna with the sleeping Christ," ascribed to Giovanni

Santi, the father of Raphael, born at or near Urbino, about 1435. Though brought up apparently to his father's business of a general dealer, Giovanni Santi, in 1489, had become one of the principal painters of Umbria. He excelled in drawing, composition, and sentiment, but was never remarkable as a colourist. 1489 is the date of a large altar-piece he painted for the Buffi Family; it represents the "Madonna and Child enthroned, with various Saints," is now in the church of the Franciscans, at Urbino, and is considered the painter's best work. Giovanni died on the 1st of August, 1494. He had had two wives, Raphael was the son of the first, Magia Ciarla, who died on the 7th of October, 1491. On wood, in tempera and in oil, 2 ft. 2½ in. *h.* by 1 ft. 7 in. *w.* Formerly in the collection of Count Mazza, at Ferrara; purchased from Signor Michelangelo Gualandi, of Bologna, for 120*l.*

9. "The Madonna and Child in a solar glory, with angels moving above," by Lippo Dalmasio, of Bologna, commonly called Lippo dalle Madonne, and of great repute in his day. He was painting between 1476 and 1510, and is said to have been the scholar of Vitale da Bologna. In tempera on canvas, 3 ft. 7 in. *h.* by 2 ft. 10 in. *w.*, signed *Lippus Dalmasii pinxit*. Formerly in the Ercolani Palace, at Bologna, purchased in that city from Signor Michelangelo Gualandi for 400*l.*

This is the last picture bought by Sir Charles Eastlake, and is numbered 752. His purchases altogether, during the ten and a half years that he held the directorship of the Gallery, amount to 155 pictures, by 111 masters, and representing eight schools of painting. Of these masters, 82 were Italians; 11 were Flemish; 5 Dutch; 5 German; 5 British; 1 French; 1 Spanish; and 1 Byzantine. These 155 pictures have cost altogether 102,631*l.* 19*s.*, which gives as the average price of each, 662*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.**

BEQUESTS AND DONATIONS.

10. "The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur, on canvas, 3 ft. 11 in. *h.* by 8 ft. 2½ in. *w.*, painted in 1855, from a larger picture of the same subject, and bequeathed to the National Gallery by the late Mr Jacob Bell, in 1859, has at last, having been detained some years by Mr Gambart, who had the copyright of the picture, been delivered to the Trustees, and is now on exhibition at South Kensington, where the British pictures of the collection are temporarily deposited. This picture is well known from the engraving from it by Thomas Landseer.

<p>* See the RETURNS from the National Gallery, to Orders of the House of Lords, dated 8th June, 1860, and 12th of February, 1866; also the REPORT of the</p>	<p>Keeper of the National Gallery, for the year 1865, laid before the House of Commons, 8th February, 1866.</p>
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11. "The Derby Day," a scene on the Race-course at Epsom, in 1856, painted in 1858, by W. P. Frith, R.A., on canvas, 3 ft. $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. *h.* by 7 ft. $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. *w.*; also one of the pictures of Mr Bell's bequest, and obtained by Mr Gambart, since that gentleman's death, for purposes of engraving and exhibition, on his privileges of copyright. After having performed a safe voyage to Australia and back, it was delivered to the Trustees, in November last, and is now exhibited with the other National Gallery pictures at South Kensington. The picture likewise is well known, from the large print engraved from it by August Blanchard.

12. "Portrait of Sir David Brewster, F.R.S.," by Sir John Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A. Born in Edinburgh, in 1788, he assumed the name of Gordon, in 1826, to distinguish him from several other painters of the name of Watson, then practising in the Scotch capital: he died in Edinburgh, June 1st, 1864. This clever portrait, presented to the Gallery by the painter's brother, Mr Henry G. Watson, was Sir John Gordon's last picture. Half-length sitting, life size, on canvas, 4 ft. $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. *h.* by 3 ft. $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. *w.* Hung at South Kensington.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS

BY THE

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

THE acquisitions made by the South Kensington Museum during the past year, although both numerous and important, are scarcely of a character to arrest the attention of the casual observer so much as those of former years. This remark, however, must be understood as limited to *original* Art-objects purchased, and is grounded partly upon the comparatively small size of the objects in question; but chiefly upon the fact that many of these objects formed part of the Soulages collection, and have consequently been long exhibited in the Museum, though now for the first time registered as national property. On the other hand, the objects presented to the Museum have been more than ordinarily valuable and diversified; and a highly interesting series of modern Japanese manufactures, the gift of Her Majesty, require special notice. In the class of reproductive art, also, great additions will be found to have been made, both in plaster and in the more durable form of electro-deposit. In the early part of the year the great Pourtales collection was dispersed by sale at Paris, and a very perfect specimen of Limoges enamel by Pierre Remond, dated 1544, was purchased for the Museum. This was a tazza and cover, painted in shades of black, grey, and white (*grisaille*), and showed in the style of its decoration the gradual prevalence of worldly feeling over devotion, in the schools of Art as in the minds of their patrons. Centaurs and Lapithæ, medallion busts of the Cæsars of very doubtful resemblance, or, at best, some accurate and consequently valuable portrait of the owner, had by this time replaced the Nativity, Adoration, or simple groups of saints of the first Limoges school; and this tazza, though belonging to Cardinal Antoine Sanguin, forms no exception to the rule. A casket of some three centuries earlier has likewise been added to the collection from a different source; and is interesting, inasmuch as by the numerous shields of arms which it bears,

it may be identified with all but absolute certainty as the property of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. The class of decorative arms has this year been increased by only two shields; one of which, however, is of a somewhat rare type, being a Pavoise or Tournament shield. From its kite-shaped form one might be tempted to ascribe to it an earlier date than it can fairly claim; for its slight construction plainly indicates its real age.

In bronze the acquisitions have been unusually numerous, and though mostly small in size; highly interesting, being medallions of early Italian and German masters. The chief artists in this peculiar art seem to have been confined to a small portion of Italy, and to a small space of time. Mantua, Verona, Vicenza gave birth to nearly all the great medallists, those in whose works the artistic element prevails over the mechanical; and after the close of the 15th century a gradual but rapid decadence is discernible in numismatic art. During this century we find vigorous portrait medallions of most of the great personages in the district to which we have referred; and the reverses of these medals, which seem to have been left much to the artist's fancy, present us with groups and devices of singular originality and beauty. These emblems at times present allusions to the personage represented on the obverse; and when these were either never intended, or are now difficult of explanation, the intrinsic merit of the design suffices to compensate for the obscurity. One medallion by Jacopo du Trezzo shows the not very common bust of our Queen Mary, the first of that name; and here indeed the reverse is sufficiently allusive: a female figure bears in one hand a lighted torch, while the other holds an olive branch. All of these medallions and plaques belonged to the Soulages collection, as likewise did most of the candlesticks, lamps, salt-cellars, and other domestic articles, on which in the 16th century so much of artistic wealth was lavished. From the same collection have also been acquired three Italian clocks, one of very original design; an astronomic globe (containing the works) is suspended on a pole, in front of which a warrior brandishes his scimitar. Another clock lately purchased is said to have once belonged to the celebrated astronomer Laplace. One or two of those curiously toy-like compasses of gilt metal, seemingly more fit to decorate a fashionable drawing-room table than to guide the hardy Elizabethan seamen across the waves, are to be found among the purchases of this year. On one of them the latitudes of the chief seaports and some other cities of Spain and southern Italy are engraved, and among them by a strange misnomer appears Saragossa, in Sicily; a form in which it is somewhat difficult to recognize the classic Syracuse.

In the class of earthenware one of the most conspicuous objects is a

tall vase of modern French manufacture, ornamented with Arabic inscriptions (these latter of very doubtful genuineness), but interesting chiefly as a well-wrought imitation of the process employed in making the celebrated Henri II. ware, probably never before applied to so large an object. A series of the well-known Summerly art-manufactures has been purchased, and the Soulages and Pourtales collections yield one or two specimens of Palissy ware and several dishes and plates from Avignon and Dauphiné, remarkable for a coarse but very effective style of decoration, very distinct from that of any other pottery. A few specimens of ivory carving are from the Pourtales collection; among which two cups are noticeable, of amazingly fantastic form, indicative of far greater skill in the use of the turning-lathe than refined taste or imagination. These were the work of a Swiss artist, long employed at the Grand-ducal Court of Tuscany, and travellers will possibly be reminded of a large assortment of similar objects long banished to an upper chamber in the Palazzo Vecchio (now the Palazzo della Signoria) of Florence, and now again dislodged to make room for committees of the members of the Legislature. A far more graceful object is a snuff-box in which the ivory, bedecked with gold, enamels, and delicate seaweed tracery, serves as a frame for several miniatures of the 18th century. In striking contrast to this are ten ivories purchased from the well-known collector, Mr John Webb. In this small assemblage of objects, the mind of the spectator, ranging backward from the foppery of Louis XV. and the "fierce vanities" of ivory powder flasks and hunting horns which indicate mediæval times, is led through various centuries, represented each in turn by the richly decorated pastoral staves of Germany, the devotional tablets of France and Italy, the walrus ivory "Tau" of some northern bishop, back to the treasure caskets of Byzantine monks and Cordovan Kaliphs, till at length we find, devoted to the service of the triumphant church, an unmistakably heathen diptych bearing the family name of the very latest advocate of dying Paganism, Quintus Aurelius Symmachus.

The department of Majolica, always an important one in this Museum, has received a considerable augmentation by the concluding Soulages purchases. Chief of these in artistic merit, is a small tablet painted with the subject of the Resurrection. This work, which is much in the style of Melozzo da Forlì, must have been executed at the beginning of the 16th century. There are also many specimens of Gubbio ware, several undoubtedly by the hand of Maestro Giorgio himself, and richly decorated with his hitherto unequalled metallic lustres.

Although paintings are but rarely comprised within the purchases

of the Museum, several by early Italian and German artists formed a portion of the Soulages collection, and of these two are of remarkable merit; one a double panel by Carlo Crivelli, showing portraits of St Jerome and St Katharine of Alexandria; the other a head of St Dominic, by Giovanni Bellini.

In silver the acquisitions have been various, though none are of very striking character. A very graceful vase, of English manufacture, designed by one of the brothers Adams, is however worthy of notice. A few plates (or bowls) and spoons, slightly decorated with chasing and enamels, are interesting as specimens not of state pageantry, but of ordinary domestic comfort in France during the 14th century. They were found along with a gold denier of Philip of Valois in the thickness of a wall which was lately destroyed by the fiat of Baron Haussmann, and were probably concealed from fear of plunderers. A plaque may also be mentioned, which bears the portraits and armorial devices of King James I., his Danish queen, and his successor, very delicately yet powerfully chased; the rich foliage scrolls seem to indicate a German artist. There is also a small statue of Cupid holding in one hand a lamp, and in the other two butterflies, whose outspread wings form a shade to the flame. This graceful poetizing of an ordinary domestic utensil comes from Rome, and calls to mind the "winking Cupids" which were the andirons of Imogen's chamber, which were probably mediæval Roman plate, which Shakespeare had seen. Germany is represented, not uncharacteristically, by a needle-case and a pocket corkscrew of Augsburg work; while Italy shows a bodkin, convertible at times to dangerous ends, and a silver crayon such as Raphael used in drawing his Madonnas.

In sculpture the purchases have not been numerous, but one must be alluded to, although its massive proportions and abundant decoration must have long attracted the eyes of visitors, viz. the Soulages chimney-piece in stone, of the 16th century, believed to be the work of Tullio Lombardi. The bold carving of the tritons which support the entablature, and the elaborate frieze of hunting scenes, mark this as one of the "fayre mantells" which Sir Henry Wotton tells us the Italians knew so well how to design. A few panels of stained glass have been purchased, chiefly by modern British artists, being those to which prizes were allotted in the competition at the Museum last year. In wood carving there is little to call for special notice, excepting a very highly finished dead bird and fly, by a living English artist, and two specimens of 17th-century carving, one a Spanish crucifix, the other a bass-viol from Germany, carved in open fret work.

Various objects of interest have been presented to the Museum dur-

ing the last year. From Mr R. Goff, whose valuable collection of ivories is well known, has been received a casket of Byzantine work, dating in all probability from that darkest period of Art, the 9th or 10th centuries, when the wide-spread belief in a rapidly approaching termination of the world acted so unfavourably upon Art and Literature, as to have left a blank in their chronicles. To the same gentleman is likewise due an astronomic clock of Augsburg work, bearing the imperial eagle of Austria, and believed to have been made for the Emperor Rudolph II. Mr R. C. Lucas has presented a collection of antique gems cut on sard, onyx, and cornelian, many of considerable merit; as likewise a collection of his own works in carved ivory, among which the well-known features of our late Premier occur frequently. Two windows, or rather portions of windows, from the Sainte Chapelle of Paris, part of the glass removed from the lower divisions during the revolutionary times, in order to fit the building for use as a government office, has been given by Mr R. Vaughan. The richness of colour is very noteworthy, and in one panel the alternating castles and fleur-de-lys bring reminiscences of Louis the Dauphin, and the "daughter of Spain, the Lady Blanch," to whom the devices belonged.

The most important part, however, of the gifts has been presented by Her Majesty, and consists of a large and very diversified collection of modern Japanese goods. The superiority of style and workmanship of these to Chinese manufactures is very marked. There are long spears with lacquered handles, *semés* (in heraldic phrase) with mother-of-pearl chips, and the blades covered with large gilt wooden cases, looking like the pine-cones surmounting the Greek thyrsi, only far larger. These coverings to warlike weapons are so essential in Japanese eyes as a symbol of peace, that a party of British lancers was obliged to extemporize sheaths to their lance-points before they could be admitted into a Japanese city. There are also swords with hilts of granulated copper, and sheaths of white wood so accurately joined, that without close observation, one would believe them to be hollowed from a solid block; numerous boxes overlaid with the lacquer which has given its generic name to japanning, and fitted as writing, dressing, and colour boxes; many articles of porcelain, painted screens, umbrellas, and a very extensive selection of textile fabrics, velvet, crape, muslin, &c. Lastly, we have to mention a complete suit of cavalry armour, and two sets of horse trappings of gilt leather and other materials. Amongst them are some small wooden cups with long handles for the purpose of giving water to horses, though it may be presumed that the ordinary implements are not so richly lacquered as

those sent to the Queen. The soldier's accoutrements are mounted on a lay figure.

Very large additions have been made to the reproductions in the Museum, as has been already mentioned. Here also much is due to the liberality of Her Majesty, to whom it is owing that reproductions in copper gilt have been made of many pieces of the Regalia in the Tower. The flagon and salver of the Communion plate, the anointing spoon, the font and its salver, the wine fountain and salt-cellar, have been all reproduced with startling fidelity. But by far the most striking object among the electrotypes is the gate of the Cathedral of Pisa, that of the southern transept opposite the leaning tower, and the one by which travellers usually enter the building. This is by far older than the well-known Ghiberti gates at Florence, being, in fact, the work of a Pisan sculptor, Bonanno, and dating from the latter years of the 12th century. The panels of the folding doors, which are wonderfully preserved, are carved with events of the Life and Passion of our Lord, and independently of their worth as an artistic record, offer to the archæologist many curious matters for speculation as to the meaning of various recognized types in the representation of the sacred story. The pulpit of Niccola Pisano in the neighbouring Baptistery is also to be seen, not merely in portions, but entirely reconstructed in plaster, in the North Court of the Museum; and opposite to it there is now in course of erection a similar pulpit by Giovanni Pisano. This pulpit was destroyed in the conflagration, by which likewise perished the original bronze doors of the west front. The panels have been long hidden in the vaults of the cathedral, some of the pillars have been used to support the present and much smaller pulpit; and no small amount of skill and energy have been required to effect the reconstruction in a distant country of a work which actually exists no longer in its original condition. In these pulpits and in many of the Gigli-Campana terra-cottas, it may be seen how vigorous and independent of Greek influence was the style which these early Florentines developed. Looking on the works of the Pisani, of Donatello, and of various others of that school, one is tempted not so much to regret the discovery of the master-pieces of Romano-Greek art, as to wish that they had not been disinterred till some score or two of years later, when an original school of Christian sculpture might have been formed, strong enough to hold its ground against the style which under Medicean patronage was soon established as the "*Renaissance*."

C. C. BLACK.

THE GRAPHOTYPE PROCESS.

By means of the Graphotype process blocks are produced, directly from drawings, from which any number of impressions may be taken. The reproduced drawing is in relief, and can be printed just as in the common printing press from the blocks produced by the wood-engraver. But while the production of the engraved wood-block is both costly and laborious, that of the Graphotype substitute is rapid, and the cost trifling.

The nature of the process was accidentally discovered by Mr De Witt C. Hitchcock, an American artist resident in New York ; who eventually reduced it to a practical form by a course of very interesting experiments.

A patent has been taken out for the protection of the process in this country, and specimens produced by it have for some months past received much attention in artistic and literary circles. It is also exciting the attention of manufacturers, as it is found to be applicable to many extensive branches of the industrial arts ; as in calico and silk printing, porcelain patterns, japan work ; and, indeed, wherever decorative ornament on an even surface is required, the Graphotype process will so much reduce the cost, that a number of rich and beautiful effects will be accomplished by its means, that would otherwise have been either impossible, or, commercially, unadvisable, on account of the expense.

As evidence of the readiness with which this new art may be applied to the illustration and decoration of books, the present examples will perhaps be deemed sufficient. The border is taken from a well-known design by Albert Dürer, and the landscape is by Mr Hitchcock, the inventor of the process.

Every line of the draughtsman is reproduced in the Graphotype blocks with the absolute identity of an impression from an artistic etching, and no doubt many artists who have recoiled from the notion of having their designs

translated by a wood engraver, however accomplished he may be in his laborious art, will now be induced to make designs upon Graphotype tablets, as every line and touch of their work, from the very nature of the process, must be reproduced on the blocks to be printed from.



Designs reproduced by Graphotype will be entirely free from that conventional mode of execution which has been developed by a succession of skilful wood engravers, and is technically termed "tooling;" by which the works of all artists are rendered more or less alike; but in its place we have the special handling of each individual artist in all its integrity.

In addition to these advantages, it may be stated that the surface of the tablet to be drawn upon is perfectly white, so that the progress and effects of the drawing are much more easily appreciated than is possible on an imperfectly whitened wood-block; and, in fact, the tablets have been pronounced by artists who have tried them, to present a most agreeable surface to draw upon. It may therefore be expected that this process, for all suitable purposes, will be rapidly adopted; but its development in various directions, not yet essayed, cannot at present be conjectured.

The rapidity with which a drawing can be converted by the Graphotype process into a block to print from, is another of its great advantages which can scarcely be overvalued.

And its extreme simplicity, which renders failure impossible; and the extremely small cost with which designs drawn upon Graphotype tablets can be converted into blocks or cylinders, suitable for impressing decorative

designs on various kinds of surfaces; render it available for many purposes in which no other process could be used.

At a meeting of the Society of Arts in December last, drawings were made, engraved, and printed, during the reading of a paper on the subject by Mr Fitz-cook; and at the reception of the Royal Society in March many sketches were made and engraved in the course of the evening; a few minutes only being sufficient to demonstrate the advantages of the method employed.



The process—which, like many other grand discoveries affecting the arts of civilization, was the result of an accident, presenting itself to a mind prepared to appreciate its importance, and to perceive the probability of its great future results—may be thus briefly described:

Very finely pulverized chalk is sifted over a zinc plate, till a sufficiently thick layer is obtained. On this layer of chalk a highly polished steel plate is placed, and the whole is submitted to the pressure of a powerful hydraulic press. When taken out, the steel plate is removed from the surface, and the layer of chalk with its zinc back forms a solid mass bearing a beautifully polished upper surface. Upon this chalk plate a design may be lightly sketched or *traced*, and afterwards drawn with sable brushes prepared for the

purpose, with a pigment or ink, somewhat resembling a varnish, which dries the instant it is put on the chalk surface, which it does not penetrate. The process of drawing is more easy and pleasant than if on either paper or wood.

As soon as the drawing is complete, a rubber of silk velvet, or sometimes a brush of Fitch hair, is passed repeatedly over the surface, and the portions of the chalk not drawn upon are in a few minutes removed, leaving every touch of the drawing, however fine, in bold relief: the edges and intersections of the lines being much sharper than the graver could possibly make them upon wood, and only to be approached by steel engraving; whilst it is mechanically impossible to under-cut or in any way weaken the foundation of the lines.

When "brushed out" to the requisite depth, a silicate solution is passed over the whole, which renders it as hard as marble. It is then in a state to stereotype or electrotype, after which the design may receive any touching or alteration the artist may require, in the same manner as a wood block. Messrs W. Holman Hunt, Noel Paton, W. Cave Thomas, John Tenniel, J. D. Watson, Hablot K. Browne, T. Morten, Florence Claxton, and many other distinguished artists who have tried it, have recently placed on record their appreciation of the great gain to Art presented by the Graphotype process, which, though yet in its infancy, has produced so many admirable proofs in every imaginable variety of style, as to have passed quite beyond the bounds of speculation in reference to its merits and advantages, and become a *fait accompli*, destined to exert a world-wide influence on Art, and many of its industrial allies.



SHORT NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Flaxman's "Lectures on Sculpture."**

No commendation of these lectures by our greatest modern English sculptor being needed, we may restrict our remarks to the notification that this new edition will be found exceedingly valuable to all who cannot procure the former ones; as it is portable, well printed, and cheap. The plates leave something to be desired; but as they are intended, at most, as diagrams to the several lectures, they will accomplish their actual purpose. The addresses by Flaxman on "Banks and Canova," and Westmacott's address on Flaxman himself, are properly included in this edition, which appears as the last published volume of "*Bohn's Illustrated Library.*"

The Baron H. de Triqueti's "Marmor Homericum."†

The interest arising from the fact that the Baron H. de Triqueti has been commanded by the Queen to decorate the lower part of the walls of the Wolsey Chapel, with designs executed in marble Mosaic, in the manner of this *Marmor Homericum*, will give a specific interest to this work. The specimens in South Kensington Museum exhibit only the process of the *Tarsia* itself, and gives no notion of its quality and power as a means of mural decoration. In the University College marble, bas-reliefs are introduced at the corners of the composition; and thus a very just conception of what may be expected in the Memorial Chapel at Windsor can be formed. The photographs are fairly executed; and

* Lectures on Sculpture, &c., by John Flaxman, Esq., R. A., &c., &c., with fifty-three plates. New Edition. Bell and Daldy, London, 1865.

† Marmor Homericum. Designed and executed by Baron H. de Triqueti. Pre-

sented by George Grote, Esq., F.R.S., &c., to University College, London. Photographed by Mr S. Thompson, with text by Philip Stanhope Worsley, M.A., &c. Day and Son, London.

the text, consisting chiefly of passages of Homer, with English metrical translations, affords all necessary explanation of the design.

*Owen Jones' "Grammar of Ornament."**

Under ordinary circumstances, the issue of a "new and cheap edition" of a work of the cost, magnitude, and quality (as far as appearance is concerned) of this might be allowed to tell in its own way, that its worth and substantial quality had proved themselves most satisfactorily to those for whom it was specifically intended. But as this new edition must necessarily circulate more widely, and be referred to more generally than the former; not only by amateur or professional cultivators of decorative art, but also, as we believe, by students of art commonly; we very willingly avail ourselves of the opportunity thus afforded us of pointing out that the title of this superb work is not a mere *name* affixed to it, to distinguish it from other works on Art applied to ornamentation, but a literally correct description of its scope, plan, and contents. And, as nothing is more vexatious than the spectacle of misapplied ornament, we seriously recommend the "General Principles" advocated in this "Grammar of Ornament," and the several chapters on the various styles of ornamentation, to the study of those who undertake the construction of decorative designs. We must further state, that only those plates are reduced in size which could not be injured as illustrations and models, by being presented in a smaller form. The others are given in the same size as in the folio edition, and in several instances the design is presented now more completely than it was before. The execution of the chromo-lithographic plates is all that could be desired.

Mrs H. C. Hoskyns Abrahall's Illuminated "Songs of Shakespeare."

Each page of this elegant work presents one of those gems of song in a choice setting of illuminated work, designed by Mrs Hoskyns Abrahall, and printed by Messrs Day and Son. It would not be just to judge such a book by the strict rules of archæological precedent, and of the "Grammar of Ornament." But we can state that in very few instances does not the illuminated frame-work show a harmony of senti-

* The Grammar of Ornament, by Owen Jones. Illustrated by examples from various styles of ornament. One hundred and twelve plates. Day and Son (limited), London.

ment and subject with the song it encircles. And, if the style of some pages could not be referred definitely to any period of the times when illumination was originally practised, there is not one page in which cultivated taste and agreeable fancy have not guided the very skilful pencil of the designer. Its subject removes it from the category of mere Christmas Books, and gives it a just claim to be considered as a gift-book "all the year round."

*Barnard's "Drawing from Nature."**

Our author's former works, and his highly creditable position as Professor of Drawing at one of our great Public Schools, have established his claim to a welcome for his newest production. A careful inspection of it shows that it deserves our commendation; and we have no doubt that it will form an agreeable and valuable assistant to many who take pleasure in the capability of sketching, and who would never have had the patience to study a more scientific or a graver book. And the power of being able to record one's impressions of a scene one visits is so precious; and the influence of the habit of making such records upon the character is so subtle and profound; whilst the wider practice of Art, especially Landscape Art, would so manifestly tend to a more general studious and effective Art-cultivation, that we are glad to see one more instructor (and such this book is) setting out on his work here. What we may call the analytical chapters are the best; and most of the lithographs will prove very useful. The woodcuts are not so much to be commended. And, perhaps, the worst fault of the book is that which will, probably enough, constitute its merit in the eyes of those for whom it is first and most chiefly intended,—that half of it, at least, consists of "Miscellaneous Papers." Those only are warned against this "Drawing from Nature," who do not take up the pursuit as a mere recreation, but address themselves to it in good earnest.

Hodgkin's "Monograms."†

This is one of the quaintest books we ever looked upon. Its form is

* *Drawing from Nature*: a series of Progressive Instruction in Sketching, from Elementary Studies to Finished Views, &c., &c. By George Barnard, Professor of Drawing at Rugby School, Author of "The Theory and Practice of Landscape Painting in Water-colours," &c. Long-

man and Co., London, 1865.

† *Monograms, Ancient and Modern, their History and Art-treatment, with Examples, collected and designed by John Eliot Hodgkin, F.S.A.* Longman & Co., London, 1866.

that familiar to antiquaries and sigillographers as "heater-shaped." The covers are gorgeous with inlaid cloth and gilding; and represent monograms of the Author's Initials, on a shield, surmounted by a helmet with rich and fantastic mantlings. The top of each page is adjacent to the back of the book; and so the foot of each page is pointed, and the printing tapers down to the smallest word, or piece of a word, which could be made to stand by itself. But as the construction of Monograms for oneself and one's friends has grown to be a fashionable amusement, as one of the incidental and unexpected consequences of the penny-postage system, the author has done wisely in making his little volume one which will always be ornamental to the table, as well as useful by its hints and examples; and can never, by any contrivance, be made to take a place on a book-shelf. The historical illustrations are as interesting as the subject admits of, and as copious as the size of the book allowed. Some of the designs of the author are very happy, but he does not seem to have laid down any principles to be observed in the construction of them; and thus, most of the examples are puzzles merely. This may have been intended by those who at various periods have most of all rejoiced in such devices; but we think it is a radical fault, even in a puzzle, that it should have more than one key; and this is the case with almost all the Monograms which fill our stationers' and seal-engravers' shop windows now.

*Gullick's "Hand-book to the Pictures in Westminster Palace."**

This Hand-book, which is issued "by authority," deserves to be published in a more permanent and important form than that of a mere pamphlet. The general information respecting the decoration of the Great Palace of the Nation contained in it has been most carefully collected; the history of the paintings is given; and the subject of each is most completely and satisfactorily illustrated. The book is well printed, too; and we would only suggest, as a possible improvement in a future edition for sale in the Palace, that the portions which are required, and can be used readily for immediate reference, should be distinguished from the rest by a larger and more legible type.

* A Descriptive Hand-book for the Palace. By T. J. Gullick. Bradbury, National Pictures in the Westminster Evans, and Co., London, 1865.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ABRAHAM VANDERDORT.

MR RYE, of the British Museum, in the introduction to his recently published work, *England as seen by Foreigners* (J. Russell Smith, 1865), has given some curious particulars respecting Abraham Vanderdort. He says: "In the second Amsterdam edition [of the German Poems of George Rudolph Weckherlin, entitled *Geistliche und Weltliche Gedichte*, printed in 1648, p. 819] there is an epigram on the tragical death of Abraham Dort (Van Dort, or more correctly Vanderdort), the keeper of King Charles I.'s Cabinet, Pictures, Jewels, and Rarities, and the compiler of the Catalogue of the famous royal collection of pictures, which was published by Walpole [in 1757]. The latter, in his 'Anecdotes of Painting in England,' has related the story how Vanderdort, on being unable to find a miniature of the Parable of the Lost Sheep, painted by Gibson, when the king asked to see it, took the matter so much to heart that he went home and hanged himself. The date of this melancholy catastrophe is not stated by Walpole, but Weckherlin has supplied it in his punning lines upon the 'poor fellow Dort'—this word *dort* having the meaning of *there*, or *yonder*:

'Von ABRAHAM DORT Königl. Mt. zu Gross Britannien Gemählden bewahren, sich selbs erhenckend, 1640.

'Nachdem der arme Bub von *Dort*
Sein ampt recht zu thun sich bekräncket,
Hat er sich *hie* an disem Ort
Nach den Gemählden selbs gehencket:
Hat also er *Dort* gleiches glick
Als die Gemähldte *hie* empfangen.
Dan *Dort* sah man manch schönes stück,
Hie aber *Dort* selbs schändlich hangen.'

which may be rendered:—

'On ABRAHAM DORT, keeper of the Pictures of his Majesty the King of Great Britain—hanging himself, 1640.

‘ Anxious to do his duty well,
 Van Dort *there*, conscientious elf,
 From hanging up his pictures, fell
 One day to hanging up himself:
 No more the pictures need complain
 That Dort *there* hung them up so sadly,
 For here *there* shows his art again,
 In hanging up himself as badly.’

After Vanderdort's death, his executors discovered and restored the miniature, so that, as Sanderson in his *Graphice*, 1658, p. 14, remarks, the lost sheep was found.

All the biographies we have consulted of Weckherlin, including the elaborate one written by Conz, assign the year 1651 as the date of his death, which took place in London. But this date may be corrected by the inscription on Faithorne's fine portrait of the poet, which he engraved after a painting by Mytens, reading as follows:—

‘ Georgius Rudolphus Weckherlin, an^o. æt. 50. Natus 14 Sept. 1584: Denatus 13 Feb. 1653. Æt. 69.’ On the top of the oval are his arms—a beehive.”

In the volume from which we have taken the above quotation, Mr Rye has printed a list of pictures and other works of Art in the Royal Palaces, translated by him from a German Journal of the Travels of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who visited England in the year 1613.

NOTE TO FINE ARTS QUARTERLY REVIEW,
 VOL. III. (FORMER SERIES), P. 263.

ON the Symbolism of Storks. The conjecture that the stork was believed or fabled to carry its aged parent on its back as well as to feed it, proves to be correct. The combined offices are depicted in the emblem which F. Duchesne places on the title-page of the *Historiæ Francorum Scriptores*, 1541, edited by him, *opera et studio filii post patrem*. Medallions of the piety of Æneas, Tobit, the Roman Charity, surround the emblem, which is also encircled by the legend,—*Honora, patrem, tuum, &c.*

W. WATKISS LLOYD.

THE FINE ARTS

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1866.

THE HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ENGLAND.*

PART I.

COMPREHENSIVE in scope and composed with skill, the work of the brothers Redgrave, notwithstanding several shortcomings in matters of detail, is a welcome addition to art literature. Although its authors manifest a desire to be impartial, yet they sometimes write like partisans; while addressing the general public, they are rather too fond of depreciating the "lay element" and belauding "the profession." To this not unnatural preference for the members of their own class, may be attributable the mistake they have committed in filling their critiques with technicalities which few but artists can understand. This is the more to be regretted inasmuch as it might easily have been avoided. Neither of the authors is one of those half-informed men who disguise their ignorance under the slang of art. The connoisseur and dilettante, for whom they rightly profess to have

* A Century of Painters of the English School; with critical notices of their works, and an account of the progress of Art in England. By Richard Redgrave, R.A., and Samuel Redgrave. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co. 1866.

great contempt, could always give an opinion about a picture which seemed worthy of respect by the public, chiefly because of its being unintelligible. Every trade and profession has its own language, which the workers or members learn as they become skilled in it. Amongst themselves they cannot speak with entire freedom and satisfaction in other than these technical terms. But when addressing the public they ought to translate their symbols into ordinary speech. This is by no means easy. To do it successfully requires a mastery over two languages. It is specially difficult for an artist to make his criticisms intelligible to the crowd without rendering them ridiculous to his comrades. That it can be done has been demonstrated by Mr Ruskin. That he has done it so triumphantly is the principal reason for the popularity of his writings; and his opinions have found entrance into minds, which formerly cared as little about the niceties of paintings and the styles of artists, as about the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians.

Nearly as distasteful as the obtrusion of technicalities is the omission of authorities. In these days, a standard work loses half its value unless the accuracy of its statements can be easily tested. Its author may never have erred in his quotations; he may invariably have written in good faith. Still he is human, and as such he will be more than rash, should he claim to be infallible. What to him may seem to be the natural interpretation of the context, or the true version of a story, another of equally sound judgment will regard as unwarrantable or unfair. The facts from which his inference is drawn may be open to question: it may be possible to confront the truths he accepts as indisputable, with assertions worthy of respect, and diametrically opposed to them. Indeed, nothing is so certain in this world as the fact that, with the same materials before them, two men equally entitled to confidence will produce narratives which may agree in the main, and yet convey different impressions to the reader. Hence the necessity for every writer, who wishes to be regarded as conscientious, to afford an opportunity for comparing his premisses with his conclusions. The brothers Redgrave have not thought it necessary to do this, and have thus commit-

ted an error, which they will act wisely in rectifying in a second edition. As it is, the possessors of the present one will feel the omission to be serious, and hardly to be pardoned.

Another characteristic of these volumes would be considered a blemish by some, and a recommendation by others. This is the academical spirit which pervades them. Resolutely maintaining the supremacy of the Royal Academy, the brothers Redgrave regard those who have called it in question as Sir Robert Filmer used to regard the Puritans who scoffed at the notion of Divine Right. It were absurd to require a writer to be so impartial as to be indifferent to all parties; or to blame him for boldly avowing his predilection, and openly taking a side. The danger, however, consists in being so enamoured of a particular cause as to be incapable of perceiving its weak points, and the result generally is to give pleasure to those only who are precisely of the same mind. As advocates of the Royal Academy, the authors of this work almost overstep the line which separates enthusiasts from fanatics. They have stated their own case so fully and ably as to provoke a rejoinder from those who perceive deficiencies to which they are apparently blind. When I come to give an outline of their arguments, I shall endeavour to repair some of their omissions. Meantime, there are some general questions raised in the introductory chapter well deserving of careful consideration. In a work which, in effect though not in title, is a History of the Art of Painting in England, it ought to be explained why English Art is looked upon as inferior to that of other countries; why England has never been thought to have rivalled Italy as the home of great masters of sculpture and painting.

I.

Is it true that Art is uncongenial to Englishmen; and cannot flourish on English soil? If it be true, then our artists ought to burn their easels, and leave their studios for ever. It will not do to allege that, though true once, circumstances have changed, and that artistic taste has been engendered and diffused. The nature of a race is a fixed quantity.

What Englishmen were by nature a century ago, that they still are and always will be. By the authors of this work, that allegation is styled a prejudice which is not yet wholly eradicated, and against which, for a century back, English painters have had to struggle. They quote a very instructive passage from a letter supposed to have been addressed by Hogarth to Lord Bute, and which proves how wide-spread the notion then was. Hogarth wrote: "We cannot vie with these Italian and Gothic theatres of art, and to enter into competition with them is ridiculous; we are a commercial people, and can purchase their curiosities ready made, as in fact we do, and therefore prevent them from thriving in our native clime." He gives other reasons, such as that vanity being the ruling passion in England, portrait painting must consequently flourish here; that it is useless to produce historical pictures, for nobody will buy them, that they are even refused admittance into churches; that "the nobility prefer foreign productions, and the generality of our apartments are too small to contain them." To these objections, it is replied that no one can now suppose natural or political impediments to hinder the expansion of art in England; that art is incompatible with commerce, that the genius of the painter is fettered by the stiffness of modern manners and costume, that the religion of England is opposed to art, or that the English climate is unfavourable to painting. Indeed, Hogarth's opinion is pronounced to be "very English:" it is afterwards remarked that the State having found it commercially beneficial to teach drawing, students have now the chance of treading the highest paths in art after having made a humble beginning as designers for cottons or pottery. Might not a foreigner think the cultivation of art for the sake of its commercial advantages a "very English" procedure also?

It is necessary to take a wider range in order to settle this question. I shall start with the assertion, which may seem a paradox, that no land or people is better fitted than another to breed artists or excel in art. If the reverse of this were true, it would follow that the favoured race would always manifest its superiority: if my proposition be correct, it would be found that

a nation might be renowned for its great artists at one period, and destitute of them at another. The notion I combat is, that the English are and have been an inartistic race, and that other races are endowed by nature with faculties which are foreign to the English. For example, the Greeks, the Italians, and the French are always cited as people to whom art is nature. Apelles, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and Claude are regarded, not only as masters whom it is impossible to surpass, but also as men who owed as much to the accidents of their birth as to the fact of their training. But if the artistic spirit be the heritage of a people, why is its manifestation spasmodic, and not continuous? Ought we to argue that because a man in delirium requires three men to restrain him, therefore he is naturally three times stronger than any one else? Now, the marvellous achievements of the Italians as artists are as abnormal as the exceptional strength of the fevered patient. Within the space of a few years, the greatest paintings and sculptures of which Italy can boast, were produced. Antecedent to Raphael there existed painters of undoubted skill, subsequent to him there were many of great genius; and it would be as foolish to expect the advent of other great masters in Italy, as to believe in the appearance of another Shakespeare in England.

Indeed, when Englishmen are taunted with the absence of an English school of painting during the period when Italian art was at its maturity, their best retort is also the right reply, and that is, where is the Italian Shakespeare? The like causes led to the production of the frescoes of the Vatican and the tragedy of Hamlet. The requirements of the time led to the embodiment of the intellect of the Italians in a pictorial, of the Englishmen in a dramatic form. Change the scene of their labours, and we should find Shakespeare transformed into the painter, and Raphael into the dramatist.

The brothers Redgrave would contest this dictum. When discussing the chances of Sir Joshua Reynolds' success had he wielded the scalpel instead of the brush, they conclude that "he might have made a most respectable, dignified, and perhaps popular physician, but it was only as a painter that he could have

won his way to the front rank among the men of his age." Indeed, it is their opinion "that nature intended Reynolds for a painter." Now, this statement is neither more nor less acceptable than the one that Englishmen are incapacitated by nature for becoming good artists. Both are assertions easier made than substantiated. Both have their origin in the common belief that men are born not only with faculties differing in kind, but also that some are endowed with extra-natural powers. It is known as a fact that a particular man exposed to certain influences, has distinguished himself above his fellows. What another man would have done had he been similarly situated we can surmise, but cannot tell; but we do know that all normally constituted men are affected in a like manner by the same circumstances. Take two boys whose dispositions are identical, who are equally industrious, and who are physically qualified for passing through the same trials, and it will be possible to train them to a profession in which they will exhibit the same general proficiency, while differing the one from the other in minor points. This is daily exemplified in the cases of those educated together for any special pursuit. From their mode of acting or thinking it can be easily guessed, by those capable of judging, under what master they were trained or what model they were taught to emulate.

Experience and analogy teach us, then, that nature has had little if any share in the special achievements of any one race or individual. We see the greatest artists arise in Greece and Italy, flourish with almost supernatural glory, then die out and leave no successors. Indeed, the last state of both these countries is worse than the first. Till the great men appeared, there was a constant striving after excellence, a general feeling that splendid results were yet in store. After their decease, the desire was to maintain the position won, by repeating the marvels that had been accomplished. Thus were founded schools which gloried in imitating the styles of particular masters; or vainly strove to produce a better one out of a conglomeration of several styles. To imitation and eclecticism there is a limit that is speedily reached. Then comes the fatal yet inevitable time, when the painter retains the title but is no longer animated with the spirit

of an artist; when admiration of what has been done dulls his ambition for aspiring to what is still unattempted; and when he devotes his whole energy to producing for the passing and wealthy stranger lifeless copies of immortal creations. The upholders of the theory of natural gifts must therefore maintain that while one generation of Italians was framed to paint great pictures, another is now impelled by Nature to copy them.

Given certain conditions favourable to the culture of art by a generation, and that generation will so far outstrip any other as to lead to the conclusion that it has been adapted in a mysterious way for the mission it fulfils so splendidly. It is, however, but the fact of the scattered seed having fallen on congenial soil, and the young plants being fostered by kindly showers and a favourable temperature, which produces the unlooked-for result. The seed is fitted for germinating under these conditions, and it will infallibly do so whenever they occur. By whatever name a nation be called, it is as well suited as any other for performing the like work, as the seed is for taking root in suitable soil. It may be that the latent power is not called forth excepting at very long intervals, and that the force once exerted is expended for ever. Or, as is more probable, the special conditions needed for the manifestation of the particular form of capacity may never be found in unison again. The composition of the Divine Comedy or of Paradise Lost is not alone attributable to the facts of Dante and Milton having lived, but to their having lived during periods of unusual excitement and turmoil. In like manner, the works of the notable Italian artists were called forth by a conjunction of events which can never be expected to recur in Italy. Indeed, this is recognized by the manner in which an unnamed picture is unhesitatingly pronounced by competent persons to have been painted at such a period, and by such a man. The age sets its stamp upon the product.

The consequence of denying to any one nation the monopoly of artistic aptitude, is to give to all an equal claim to recognition. But to recognize the power is not the same as to approve the performance. The most untutored tribe of savages can paint pictures which excite the smiles of educated

men. The Chinese can produce works which, for minuteness of execution and elaboration of finish, the most accomplished Pre-Raphaelite may fail to equal; yet these are not necessarily works of art. Still, it would be unfair to denounce such productions because they are different from what we are accustomed to admire. They are to be judged, if at all, along with others of a similar class. That all nations can draw or paint after a fashion is, however, an irrefragable argument in favour of the foregoing propositions. It proves that circumstances alone are wanting to raise the rude draughtsman into the skilled artist; just as training is necessary to convert the child who produces very original portraits into the renowned portrait painter of after years. Nor does it follow, as is nearly always assumed, that the art of one nation is bad because unlike that of another. By many people the beetle is thought to be a repulsive insect, while the butterfly is admired for its beauty; yet to those skilled in natural history each is attractive after its kind. Some art dogmatists will acknowledge an unbounded fondness for the Dutch school of painting; others will denounce as contemptible every picture which is not Italian; while the unprejudiced critic will perceive not only their respective differences, but also their several excellencies. There was a time when everybody agreed that all pictures were good except those painted by English artists. Now this opinion is less prevalent at home than abroad. Foreigners as a body still regard England as the Galilee of the world of art. They are not yet emancipated from the fallacy that certain nations have been created with artistic powers far superior to those of any other; and that Englishmen have the misfortune to enter this world destitute of the eyes wherewith to recognize good art, and the hands wherewith to produce it. A few have the candour to acknowledge that England has a school of painting which is notable for many excellent qualities. If they ask why this school arose, they will not find a satisfactory reply in the volumes of the brothers Redgrave. Unless the preceding arguments are wholly unsound, the only true answer is, that which is their logical conclusion,—that a century ago the artistic capacity, with which the English race, in com-

mon with every other, is endowed, had a convenient opportunity for its display, that the requisite conditions favoured its development, and have operated to keep it flourishing to the present time.

II.

Chief among the essential circumstances was the fact that, near the middle of the last century, a large number of people in England began to take an interest in art. It was not that then, for the first time, artists in this country had powerful protectors and lavish patrons. On the contrary, artists of no mean powers practised their calling with success from the earliest period of our history. Some were foreigners, as Holbein, Rubens, and Vandyke, who take rank among the greatest of painters. Others were home-born and bred, and the contemporary reputation of several of these has been ratified by the cooler judgment of an enlightened posterity. But the success of a few artists does not suffice to found a school; and when that success is owing, as in the cases in question, to the foresight of a few titled patrons, the occurrence is simply a happy accident. No art can flourish in a country unless the people appreciate and support it. From the reigns of the Henrys down to those of the Georges, the public was entirely insensible to the merits of a picture; and when it showed a preference for one, the picture was either a coarse daub miscalled the portrait of a hero, or a fantastical allegory which would now excite equal admiration among the subjects of King Gelele or King Kamrasi. But as years passed away, the culture which had been the prerogative of monarchs and a very few nobles, was diffused over a larger surface. It became the fashion for all young men of rank or fortune to pass some time on the continent in order to finish their education. In many cases this led to the introduction of some novelties, in the shape of vices, by which England was not benefited; but in a few instances she gained some new tastes which proved highly advantageous. Several of the travellers, becoming conscious of their ignorance in matters of art, and desiring to make a show of refined taste,

purchased pictures and brought them home. They bought what they were assured was valuable, and being unable to distinguish between the true and the false, they complacently admired that which had a fine name and nothing more. One result of the movement was the formation of a body of men who took the titles of connoisseurs, and professed to give laws to artists. For a time they impressed upon others the truths which they believed; but they were in turn imposed upon, and a reaction took place in the public mind. Artful dealers made it their business to import, or produce for the English market, pictures said to be by men of the highest repute on the continent. So long as the worship of names prevailed, anything alleged to be the work of a great master found ready purchasers and professed admirers. It was esteemed on the same principle as are the beads shown for the first time to savages. But just as the importation of too many beads into Africa lowers their value, so did the multiplication of spurious pictures by great masters excite a longing for something less hackneyed, for works possessing colour and outline in place of canvases smeared with dark shapes. And at any rate, a large section of the educated public had become interested in artists and their productions. This was a gain not too dearly bought at the cost of a great deal of imposture whereof they were the victims, and the diffusion of many unsound maxims of which they were the propagators. It was better to have a public, however small, which displayed a sincere though mistaken admiration for the "Black Masters," than to have no public worthy of the name that cared at all for art.

While this process was in operation, an event occurred which gave to it an unexpected impetus. An Englishman not only by birth, but in his ideas and prejudices, William Hogarth, felt himself impelled to chastise the follies and vices of his age. And hence he painted pictures which he intended as satires, and which proved him to be a great English artist as well as the English Juvenal. His chief merit was to think for himself. To do this may be accounted a trivial accomplishment, yet it is the power of doing so which distinguishes one man from another; and it is the capacity for executing with skill what has been thus

thought out, which constitutes the master, either in art or literature. Were this truth more commonly known, less would be said about natural gifts; were it more consistently acted upon there would be fewer cultivators of the same fields, or, in other words, imitators were less numerous than they are. Thinking for ourselves and putting our conclusions into practice is, however, far more difficult than at first sight it may appear. It involves the discarding of set rules, which have been handed down by long tradition, and consecrated by the authority of revered names. It is the repeating on a small scale the great adventure of Columbus, sailing over an unknown ocean in quest of a new world. Far easier and more consonant with human nature is it, to tread in the paths which our forefathers have made familiar to us; as it was for the mariners of other days to trade with the ports which might be reached without losing sight of land, and thus insure a certain gain in place of risking all for an incalculable chance. Had he been so minded, Hogarth might have plodded along as did the so-called artists of his day, copying the pictures of foreigners, or producing tawdry imitations of foreign styles. So much contempt had he for such a course, that he was led into the extreme of condemning what was foreign, because it gave him no pleasure. He even ventured on the hazardous experiment of acting as the Canute of art, and of fixing a "Line of Beauty" which was not to be overstepped. However, in spite of these blunders, his influence was as great as it was beneficial. His precepts may be smiled at, but his denunciations were often merited. One of the first to make art popular in England, he also earned high rank among the world's great artists.

It is not enough that the public should value pictures as toys for its amusement: it is equally important that it should learn to discriminate between good and bad pictures, should choose the former and reject the latter. That a man should be taught to read is a gain, but he is even more benefited when a preference for well-written books is implanted in his breast. This is a very tedious and difficult process, requiring for its completion the development of the faculty of judgment. When

the desired result has been attained, then every man is a critic, and has the right and the power to express an opinion worthy of respect. This consummation, however, has not yet been reached in England. Till it be achieved, our country cannot have the same title to be a nursery of art as Italy once possessed; and which Germany and France may now unhesitatingly claim. Nothing can better exemplify the difficulties which the earlier artists had to contend against, than the bad taste, coupled with inordinate vanity, displayed by their patrons. The picture which Dr Primrose paid for, but, owing to its huge size, found so useless, was such a one as living persons then thought to be the works of art which they ought to encourage and treasure up. A story told to Gifford the critic, by Hoppner the portrait painter, is an amusing as well as trustworthy example of what were the prevailing opinions, about the beginning of this century, among the better class of British merchants. One day a wealthy stockbroker drove up to the artist's door in Charles Street. Out of the carriage stepped a gentleman and a lady, with five sons and seven daughters, all *replicas* of the parents; as well fed and as comely a city-bred family as any within the sound of Bow bells. "Well, Mister painter," said the father, here we are, a bakers' dozen; how much will you demand for painting the whole lot of us? prompt payment for discount." "Why," replied the astonished painter, "why, that will depend upon the dimensions, style, composition, and"—"Oh, that is all settled," quoth the enlightened broker; "we are all to be touched off in one piece as large as life, all seated upon our lawn at Clapham, and all singing God save the King."*

Yet, if the general public, at the time of which I speak, was unfitted for being touched by what was noteworthy in artistic pictures; and if the select few could appreciate nothing but what was exotic; there was a branch of art, which only required to be cultivated in England, to give pleasure alike to the tasteless merchant, and to the travelled connoisseur. This was the reproduction on canvas of those landscapes in which this country is so

* Vol. II., pp. 51, 52.

rich, and which, having a home look about them, appeal with irresistible force to the minds which could not be touched by the grace of a Madonna by Raphael, or the grandeur of an Eve by Michael Angelo. It was but slowly, however, that even the efforts of the landscape painters received the recognition they merited. Richard Wilson was in advance of his age, but Gainsborough hit the taste which had been excited, and Turner had not painted many pictures before the critics were lauding his genius, and the crowd was pressing to get a glimpse of his works.

Before Turner had become famous as the notable of landscape painters, Sir Joshua Reynolds had been hailed by the majority as the greatest of English portrait painters. That he should so speedily have acquired his reputation, despite his divergence from the accepted styles of his predecessors, proves how much more critical a section of the public had become; how a true liking for the beautiful in Nature had displaced an admiration for the traditionary formulas of a conventional art; how easy it was for English artists to break from their leading-strings, seeing that many English patrons had laid aside their prejudices. Even had his extraordinary success failed to have elevated Sir Joshua to the highest place in the esteem of discerning contemporaries, his genuine artistic spirit would have insured for his works the veneration of succeeding beholders. He wasted much precious time in seeking to imitate the effects of the Venetians; ignorant of the fact that he possessed in his own acute eye, sure head, and delicate sense of the beautiful, powers of producing results to which no new pigment or vehicle would have added an iota.

If Hogarth be recognized as the founder of the modern school of painting in England, Sir Joshua Reynolds must be honoured as one of its brightest ornaments. He is one for whom his admirers might fairly claim the title of a master. He was excelled in some things by Gainsborough; and Romney equalled him in others. But he stands forth from all his contemporaries and successors in being not only a consummate artist, but also a complete man. In his case professional distinction was allied to personal qualities of great fascination; while he was distin-

guished for a largeness of mental grasp, a capacity for understanding and sympathizing with problems of world-wide interest, which was not characteristic of the artists of his day. One of the few men whom Dr Johnson did not venture to contradict, one of the equally small band to whom Burke listened with deference, Sir Joshua held a place among his fellows to which a parallel can hardly be found. Of what other man did Dr Johnson, who never flattered a human being unless he were a Bishop or a King, make a remark like the following concerning Sir Joshua? "A story is a specimen of human manners, and derives its sole virtue from its truth. When Foote tells me something, I dismiss it from my mind like a passing shadow; when Reynolds tells me something, I consider myself as possessed of an idea the more." The power of thus displaying his intellectual reach is a very exceptional one; the like power he manifested in his professional works. His portraits tell, not the mere story of the person represented; they suggest, in addition, ideas about that person which no other artist would have conveyed to the spectator's mind. We can study them as we do those of Titian, for the meaning which is decipherable beneath the surface. Hence it is that the engravings from his works are so attractive. Hence, too, it can be said without exaggeration, that Sir Joshua, in aiming at a likeness, succeeded in producing a portrait which was also a picture.

Although the brothers Redgrave have written a very elaborate chapter on Sir Joshua, they do not convey the impression that they rate him as highly as he deserves. This is not the result of carelessness on their parts, or the omission of what tells in his favour; but rather, as it appears, from the want of that enthusiasm, without which a great subject cannot be adequately treated. Still, their remarks on him are so discriminating and just as to merit careful attention. Some of them thoroughly deserve quotation, for they contain the true answer to the charges brought against him for being too prone to make experiments in pigments and vehicles, with the view to discover what he regarded as the secrets of the great masters:

"Reynolds was . . . when he started for Italy, a free man, untram-

melled by rules or practice, and happily fitted to choose his own methods, and to run a free career. That he did so, all his pictures bear witness. They are, as he tells us himself, a series of experiments. These proved unfortunate sometimes for the possessors of the work, sometimes for his own reputation, but also gave evidence of a zealous search after new colour and new executive processes. Aiming at new beauties, he often achieved present success, and always left a legacy to his brother artists, a treasury of examples and warnings. To us they have borne good fruit, in that, like him, we have not rested satisfied with mere commonplace methods of painting, as, until very lately, has been the case in the modern schools of Germany and France; but studying as he did the works of the great Venetians and Flemings, and even of the Dutch schools, for the very varied execution with which they represent the facts of Nature, we have escaped from mechanical monotony, and have produced, as far as handling and execution goes, as many varied manners as there are individual painters.

“And this we owe to Reynolds. Great was the abuse heaped upon him for indiscriminate use of fugitive colours and fading vehicles, even in his own day, but it turned him not aside. From Lely’s time until Reynolds’, flesh-painting was little better than house-painting, wholly mechanical and commonplace.

“The pallet, arranged according to rule, with a recipe set of tints, served equally for all complexions. Vermilion and ochre, blue-black and Indian red, had to do duty for the young and the old, the fair and the dark—a little more of the grey or the white constituting the only difference. The same laboured handling, made still more smooth and insipid by the use of the *sweetener*, resulted, in all cases, in the same tame and textureless surface. Well might Lady Pentweazle, as she passed down the gallery of Mr Carmine, say of his works, ‘Likely and indeed all alike!’ for it would puzzle even skilled eyes, on looking at a range of those characterless inanities, to tell in what one man’s ancestors differed from another; since, when the face-painter had concluded his share of the work, it was fitted by the journeyman drapery-painter with a figure from the mannikin, with wooden hands, and pattern vestments. Merely as a flesh-painter, what a change was wrought by Reynolds! He early saw the lovely complexions of the women of our land—so fair, yet so varied in their fairness, that no two but have their fairness with a difference; the hue of the mantling cheek changing with every lively thought or passing fancy; colour ebbing and flowing with each new passion or deepening feeling—complexions that make our countrywomen out-paragon the world. And then the children whom he loved to paint—less mortals than angels,

mottled with health like roses dipped in milk. Well might he say, when urged to paint such flesh with the accustomed vermilion, as being less fugitive than his carmines, 'I see no vermilion here.' (Vol. I., pp. 121, 122, 123.)

The foregoing is an admirable defence of Sir Joshua's practice, yet the answer would have been still more conclusive had it been more comprehensive. He was accused, first, of making rash experiments in colouring; second, in making them at the expense of his patrons. Now, the latter would have had reason to complain, had they been kept in ignorance of the risk they ran. But they contended for a work by Sir Joshua, knowing well that even before it left his easel, and certainly before it had long adorned their wall, its colours might either lose their brilliancy, or altogether disappear. Indeed, so well was this understood that it became a standing joke with him to say that, happen what might, he always came off with "flying colours." That the joke should so often have been a truth was a misfortune, but it could not fairly be converted into a reproach. He systematically made experiments in order that he might succeed in producing certain effects. He could not tell beforehand whether or not the vehicle tried for the first time would prove permanent or transitory. It may be said that he at least knew what vehicles and pigments had stood the test of time, and that it was his duty to employ them exclusively. If he was aware of this, he likewise had learnt by experience how inadequate they were to serve his purpose. He was a man who would not be bound by conventional rules, nor accept without murmuring traditional processes; for he had seen that the methods of Sir Godfrey Kneller and other predecessors had led to the degradation of the art of portraiture; and he argued that if the fashionable poses were unnatural, the customary pigments might be equally open to improvement. Therefore it was that if carmine gave him the desired hue, he preferred it to vermilion. On the whole, his experiments were disastrous failures. They are to be deplored, however, because they failed, not because they were made. To deny to the artist the right to aim at new results in a novel way, is equivalent to asserting that the

laying of colours on canvas is the one art wherein improvement is impossible, seeing that perfection has been attained. It is to forget the fact that any picture in oil is the demonstration of a success reached through a host of failures. The old painters in tempera looked askance at the new process which was destined to deprive them of a livelihood: they did not approve of innovations; who does, when his own craft is endangered by them? Greatly, then, as I lament Sir Joshua's failures, I entirely approve of the spirit which prompted his experiments; feeling assured that whoever is animated by the like spirit will pursue a similar course, and will make experiments, which it is to be hoped will prove more successful, even though they should be more daring.

III.

In tracing the history of painting in England, the foundation of the Royal Academy, an event which occurred during the life-time of Sir Joshua Reynolds, cannot be passed over without notice. The influence of the Academy upon English art is discussed very fully by the brothers Redgrave, and they pronounce it to have been uniformly beneficial. Indeed, the reader will gather from their work that were it not for the Royal Academy, the English school would not have attained to its present eminence. Whether this be probable or the reverse, I shall not inquire now, postponing the consideration of the question to a Second Part, wherein that topic may be fittingly handled, in connexion with a survey of the field traversed, and an estimate of the results achieved. Independently, however, of the question as to the uses of Academies, and of the advantages conferred on art by that of England, there can be no difference of opinion concerning the benefits which the artists have reaped from the Annual Exhibitions, which the Royal Academy first succeeded in rendering both fashionable and regular. These exhibitions have a twofold use, they instruct both the artist who helps to cover their walls, and the public that visits them. They have done nearly as much for art as the invention of printing did for literature. There were plenty of scholars before Gutenberg had invented movable types, or

Caxton had heard of a press. But their wealth of knowledge was of as little service to them, as a large stock of cattle is to a man in a country where coin is unknown, and barter is the custom. Knowledge of any kind gains by diffusion: it is increased in value as well as bulk by passing from mind to mind. The donor is truly enriched, for he receives, in return for his gift, comments and opinions which give infinite worth to what he retains. Especially is this true of the artist. He paints a picture in his solitary studio, and gains the applause of the friends who cannot but profess admiration, and he may get approval as well as a reward from the patron whose praise is probably as valueless as his blame. Not so when the work is exposed to the gaze and undergoes the scrutiny of a public containing at least a leaven of shrewd judges who can discern, and who are ready to welcome, excellence, and as quick and as able to intimate failure. Again, the artist has the inestimable advantage of measuring himself with his fellows, and thereby learning wherein he is wanting. These are truisms now, yet they deserve to be repeated in order to direct attention to the immense stride that was made, when English artists had the opportunity of coming directly before the public, by earning a reputation all the more durable because conferred by unbiassed judges.

At the outset, the highest honours were not always adjudged to the most worthy. Perhaps the day is still far distant when the popular favourite will be also honoured by posterity. Even now, when art criticism has done so much to exalt and purify the public taste, the crowd is still ready to laud a picture, not because of its intrinsic goodness, but because of a factitious merit. It would not be difficult to parallel the case of the public rushing to see Benjamin West's "Departure of Regulus from Rome," "and to praise works which, if above their comprehension, were painted for a king." But it is not so easy to discover how many are gradually led, by the contemplation of pictures, to learn in what manner to estimate them aright. That this self-imposed education does take place is evinced by the increased numbers who, without any school-training, are to be found every

year capable of appreciating what is truly admirable in art. Putting aside those who, parrot-like, repeat a few catchwords, of which they do not know the import, it may be safely affirmed that there are more competent critics to be met with in one day at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy now, than visited its first Exhibition during the entire season.

So gradual was the progress, that it is easier to find examples which make it doubtful, than which render it apparent; just as when the tide is ebbing, a wave now and then rushing in advance of the others induces the belief that the waters are flowing towards, not receding from, the shore. And, indeed, the flood of prejudice and false taste had flowed so long, and gained so much ground, that time was required for its subsidence. The dilettanti who had first brought pictures into fashion, retained their liking for pictures such as they had seen when on their travels; and clung to their conviction, that none but a foreign artist had the secret of placing on canvas a work deserving of notice. To this is attributable the enthusiasm for the feeble landscapes of Zuccarelli, while the vigorous works of Richard Wilson were disregarded. The prevalence of these ideas caused Barry to write, probably with perfect truth, "that the antiques and old Italians are more sought after from their characters, which are upon record, than from any real feeling of their excellence." Another illustration of the persistence of prejudice concurrently with the profession of admiration for English art is the fact recorded by Northcote, that Benjamin West's "Pylades and Orestes," which caused an extraordinary sensation, brought him no commissions. "The reason of this was honestly expressed by the gentleman who, telling his son of the great popularity of the picture and the delight he had felt in seeing it, met the natural question, 'Why, then, did you not purchase it?' with the reply, 'What could I do with it if I had it? You surely would not have me hang up a modern English picture in my house?'"* I must guard myself from being understood to cast any slur on the titled or rich art-patrons of that day for their

* Vol. i. p. 527.

neglect of native talent. If they really preferred the works of Pompeo Battoni or of Mengs, they did quite right in buying them. They would have made as great a mistake had they patronized English artists merely because they were fellow-countrymen. Good taste is cosmopolitan. Their blunder, which admits of no palliation, consisted in refusing to purchase works which had the sole drawback of being English. In so acting, they proved themselves on a par with the fribbles of the period, who thought their mother-tongue an ungentlemanly medium of conversation when spoken in its purity, and who thought to improve it by interlarding their silly talk with scraps of French or Italian. The kindness of Lord Mount-Edgewcombe to Reynolds is almost effaced from our minds, by the superlative folly of his advice to place himself under the tutorship of Pompeo Battoni! The successors of the Duke of Northumberland who preferred the works of the latter artist and of Mengs as ornaments for his walls, must now bitterly deplore their ancestor's blindness in giving such works the preference to those he might have acquired from Hogarth, Wilson, and Reynolds. These things demonstrate that in some things, if not in all, we are wiser than our forefathers.

The other side of the picture is so bright that no one can fairly repine at the slowness with which English art found acceptance with English patrons. A few conspicuous examples of indifference to the claims of the rising school do not suffice to prove that the body of the educated public was either lukewarm or antagonistic to them. For, if this were true, how could artists increase in number year after year? how could they live if they never had patrons? how could some among them acquire undying names if everybody scorned their productions? Only once after the foundation of the Royal Academy had its members had any occasion for making such an offer, and for smarting under such a rebuff as they met with shortly after they began their corporate career. They then felt it necessary, in order to vindicate their position, to propose the execution of some work which should redound to the glory of the nation, and earn for them the national gratitude. Accordingly, they "offered to decorate Saint Paul's

Cathedral, at their own expense, with appropriate paintings from Scripture subjects." The dean and chapter consented to the work being undertaken, "but the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, who are the trustees of the cathedral, disapproved; and the latter (Bishop Terrick) strenuously opposed it as an artful intrusion of Popery, and the whole plan fell to the ground." It may be charitably surmised that the competency of the artists was so gravely doubted that the convenient puritanical objection was put forward as a pretext for refusal; for it is more than probable that the ambition of the artists was far greater than their powers of execution. However this may be, the fact is indisputable that no necessity was felt for renewing the offer; moreover, that when members of the same body afterwards painted scriptural subjects their works were readily admitted into churches. Indeed, before the end of the last century, the new school ran greater risk from self-conceit than from popular neglect. The beginners fancied that they had become masters, because their praises were in many mouths, and their paintings in the houses of the great. They had a warm patron in George III., and royal patronage some of them held to indicate their incontestable merit. It is recorded that the applause was great when Benjamin West delivered his first address, as President of the Royal Academy, which his biographer admits "must have cost him little thought, as it dwelt but on two topics—the excellence of British art, and the gracious benevolence of his Majesty."

IV.

Before the original members of the Royal Academy, who then represented the leading artists of the day, had rested from their labours, a new method of painting had arisen to compete with that which they had practised; a method which rivalled, and in the opinion of many altogether superseded, painting in oil. Some works by John Cozens painted in water-colours first excited the attention of the best judges as being far in advance of anything which had previously been produced. His example was followed by others, among whom Girtin dis-

played the greatest promise, and Turner achieved the greatest success. It was not for the first time that colours moistened with water had been used in producing pictures, but the process whereby the effects were obtained was wholly novel. So striking were the results, so true to nature were the transcripts of scenery, that the new method became suddenly popular, and was cultivated by a large band of earnest students. Nothing in the history of art in England is more flattering to our national pride than the achievements of English painters in water-colour. While the workers in oil were racking their brains to discover how to manipulate pigments and vehicles so as to emulate the great masters, their brother artists were producing effects which the Italians had never attempted, by a process whereof they had never dreamed. When taunted with their backwardness in painting, Englishmen could not silence cavils more effectually and appropriately than by pointing out what they had done in water-colour. The foreign visitors who, in 1862, passed through the picture galleries of the International Exhibition, only to sneer at the incorrect drawing and crude colouring of many of the English pictures, were amazed when they beheld the paintings in water-colour. They were forced to admit that the barbarians in art, as some of them courteously termed the English, had succeeded in excelling other nations in one department of painting.

Doubtless the day will come when the English school will be able to contend in successful rivalry with the best in the world. This cannot happen until that school, as a whole, is thoroughly national; untinged by the imitation of any foreign style, however good; uninfluenced by the manner of any master, however distinguished. It was the curse of copying what others had done well, which hindered its progress during the latter half of the eighteenth century. Barry, a man of great natural power, wasted his time in painting allegorical works of considerable importance, but which were based on classical models and unsuited either to the age or the nation. The most powerful intellect will always fail in giving to an indirect copy the flavour of home-growth. When Dryden wrote satires he made

for himself a name as lasting as our language ; when he tried to cope with the French, and wrote heroic plays, he became the laughing-stock of his countrymen. As if to court failure, artists were wont to select a school and to work as if they had been members of it, one aiming at identifying himself with the Flemings, another with the Italians. The lamentable results which are the consequence of this system do more to discredit English paintings in the eyes of foreign critics than the predominance of national traits. They look for originality, and they are disgusted to find pretentious imitation. These strictures are aimed at the art of the period at which I have now arrived. After the commencement of the present century a change took place, which, however, was but the continuation of a process that had been in operation during several years. The connoisseurs still exercised an influence which was generally injurious. It was to satisfy them that so many artists voluntarily renounced originality, and strove to tread in the footsteps of reputed masters. The brothers Redgrave are of opinion, that the rising school owed even less to the critics than to the connoisseurs. They acknowledge that when the last century closed, it had made great progress, but they deny that it was assisted by "sympathy on the part of the cognoscenti, patronage on the part of the titled, or support and encouragement from critics and writers." Now, this statement is not only too sweeping ; it is also inconsistent with facts. Unless it be contended that art can flourish *in vacuo*, English art was promoted by some section of the public. Its very existence was due to a demand for it. The spectacle of a band of men superior to their neighbours in intelligence, nobly struggling against obloquy and opposition to make England recognized as a mother of artists, is undoubtedly an interesting one, but it is the mere figment of the imagination. Were the obstacles as great as they are represented, it would have been as impossible for the works of Hogarth, Reynolds, or Turner to have been painted in London, as for Norma or the Somnambula to have been composed in Peking. Incapacity to appreciate what is new in a work is even less fatal to its popularity, than the determination to dis-

parage it; and if English art flourished in spite of being despised or ignored, then its very existence is miraculous. Granting, however, that the new school became famous without "support or encouragement from critics and writers," ought it to be concluded that the disfavour of the critics should be deplored? Might not the abusive critiques, from which specimens are given by the brothers Redgrave, further the end in place of hindering it? Does not their impotence demonstrate the strength of the national instinct, the reality of the craving for artistic productions which should satisfy the public taste? If this were not the fact, why did the reviled artists acquire fame, while the lampooners are forgotten? These considerations apply to the general question; but the want of encouragement of which the brothers Redgrave complain really refers to a narrower issue than that of English art. The critics cited by them sometimes directed their coarse satire and levelled their abusive epithets not against English artists as a class; but more frequently against the Royal Academicians as a body. They might be unjust or malevolent, yet they do not deserve to be stigmatized for engaging in the most silly and hopeless of enterprises, that of attempting to stifle by force of ridicule the development of a national taste whereof circumstances combined to favour the manifestation and foster the growth. As well might such critics hope by their writings to extinguish the love of liberty in the national breast.

The brothers Redgrave exaggerate the influence which was exercised over the progress of English art, by a few bad critics and blundering patrons. Had either critics or patrons been so powerful as they are supposed to have been, it is possible that the English school would never have acquired a name among artists, or become a power in the land. It is very unlikely that our Authors would maintain, that the snarls of a few captious critics, or the largess of a few wealthy patrons, contributed either to retard or forward the preëminence to which our dramatists attained under Elizabeth, our Essayists under Anne, our historians under George III. Indeed, no one ventures to proclaim that any branch of our noble literature is an exotic, which grew to perfection in the hot-house of special patronage; and if

different notions prevail with regard to art, it is attributable to the imperfect understanding of the truth, that art is subject to the same natural laws as literature; that the man who employs the pencil is in no wise a different being from him who uses the pen. Look at the plays of Shakespeare alone, and the impression is that they are so astounding that no mortal could have produced them. The perusal of preceding and contemporary dramas will tend to lessen the wonder; and while the opinion will still prevail that Shakespeare is to his fellows what Mont Blanc is to the Alps, yet it will be perceived that he is no more isolated than the "monarch of mountains," that he owes much of his superiority to the height which others had reached before him, and that he rose so high because he began his rise from such a lofty eminence. So it was with our artists towards the middle of the eighteenth century. Preceding events had made the way ready for them. Had Hogarth lived in the days of Elizabeth, or had Reynolds been the subject of Queen Anne, the former would have been sent to prison for his satires, and the latter might have divided with Jervas the eulogy of Pope. Both would have been men born out of due time.

According to the brothers Redgrave, the rapid rise of English art was a phenomenon which baffles explanation; at all events, they give none. They speak about the absurd requirements of the Dilettanti Society, and seem to commiserate the ignorance of its members, who when the project of an Academy was first mooted desired a large share in its management, being then little "aware of the talent rising around them, or that a revolution was at hand that was to displace the 'black masters' from their pre-eminence, and to replace them in public favour" by the works of such men as Hogarth, Wilson, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Scott, and Sandby. They go on to add that English art had burst into its glorious spring with an excellence which astonishes us when we look back to it; and might well have taken by surprise an age, in which the works of the earlier masters of Italy were almost unheeded, and the cold frigidities of the last of the Romans or Florentines, or the academic tameness of the eclectic school of Bologna, were the delight of the travelled cognoscenti who set

themselves up as the arbiters of taste. Now, it is quite natural that the authors of this work should be astonished at a result which they do not profess to be able to explain, and which they had consequently no reason to anticipate. To those ignorant of the course of the sun, it is inexplicable wherefore it should shine so brightly at midday.

Quite in accordance with the remarks cited above is the opinion expressed in the preface that "art is no longer an alien on English soil." At the risk of repeating what I have already said, I must contend that art is everywhere at home. It has no nationality. Like the human, as distinguished from the brute creation, art can flourish in every land and in all climates. Its birth-place is often said to have been in Greece, at a time when Greece could rightly regard other countries as the lairs of barbarians. Yet what record have we of Greek art while the tale of Troy was being acted? Where are the works of the Greeks who, if they had the exclusive claim to the titles of artists, might have distinguished themselves as greatly when their country was occupied by the Romans and the Turks, as when it could defy the world in arms? All that we know is, that during a very brief space of time the Athenians distinguished themselves in the arts of sculpture, architecture, and painting, as they had done in the rude art of war; as they had always done in the noble arts of poetry and oratory. This no more proves the inherent superiority of the Greeks as artists, than the alleged facts of the ancient Britons being addicted to clothing themselves with skins and having their women in common, prove the natives of the British Isles to be naturally predisposed to dislike woven garments, and to approve of polygamy. The doctrine of "natural affinities" is a very dangerous one. Skilfully interpreted, it will lend a sanction to anything. Employed as it so often is with regard to the subject in hand, it furnishes the dogmatist with an occasion to say, that one nation can produce artists and that another is incapable of doing likewise.

Interpreting art in its widest sense, it may be granted that some nations excel others in certain arts: the Italians, for instance, are the best vocalists in the world. The accident of

climate tends to model their throats so as to make them suitable organs for giving vent to sweet sounds. Yet the people of other nations can sing also. The notes they give forth may be harsher than those warbled by an Italian mouth, still they are musical notes which charm the ears of those who have never heard others. A skilled judge would detect the difference between the voice of an Italian, a German, or a French singer; but he would not decide that because the German or French voice was less melodious than the Italian, therefore the Italians were alone adapted by nature to be vocalists. His decision would rather be that a particular distinction was perceptible between their styles of singing, which would be equivalent to stating that, while all could accomplish the same feat, each did it in a different manner.

So it is with regard to the art of painting in England. It cannot, provided it be honest work, resemble that of any other country. Its physiognomy will be as marked as is that of a native of this island. Never need we expect Englishmen to surpass in their own fields the great masters of Italy. Without the like spirit animating the worker, the like ideas coursing through his brain, an identical kind of training enabling him to handle his tools with equal facility, no man can produce a work of art which can be fairly put in competition with any other one. Now, these conditions never coincide in the cases of two artists, the one born and trained in the south, the other in the north of Europe. Both may have been educated according to the same maxims, but neither will produce works bearing the like impress. Education can do much: as a French philosopher remarked, by means of it bears can be made to dance. But at the best, it is merely equal to drilling a soldier and putting arms in his hands. Well disciplined and well armed, one army does not contend on an equal footing with another, as well disciplined, armed, and led. The armies of Rome were trained as thoroughly after the social war as before it, but they could not gain the same triumphs. They were composed of men less vigorous and patriotic than the virtuous and stern republicans, who had formerly swept away their foes like chaff. Indomitable courage,

imperturbable coolness, a self-reliance which no calamity can daunt, patience which no difficulties can ruffle—these are some of the qualities which constitute a first-rate warrior, and they are qualities which it is impossible that a drill-sergeant can impart. It is the possession of these which, other things being equal, gives to one army the superiority in the field over another. Whence are these qualities derived? They are partly the result of physical organization, partly of external influences. The race from which a man springs, the associations amid which he has been reared, the nature of the climate in which he has lived, all contribute to giving to his organization a special bent. Whether his occupation be the practice of the arts of war or of peace, his natural or acquired qualities will be shadowed forth in all that he does. If an artist, he will look upon nature with eyes which convey to his mind impressions which are tempered, as it were, by the habits due to his early associations. Tendencies which he cannot control will cause him to prefer particular topics for treatment, and will lead him to treat them in a manner peculiar to himself. His pictures will betray his innate tastes. In them, as in a mirror, will be reflected qualities of mind due to the accidents of his organization and his birth. These things will distinguish him from his contemporaries. Just as one man must necessarily paint in a different manner from any other, so will a body of men, subjected to the like general influences, have certain characters in common, and which will differ from those of any other body or school governed by opposite influences. It is, then, not only natural, but it is as necessary, that the French school of painters should differ from ours, as that Frenchmen should have a literature as different from that of England, as English literature differs from that of Hindostan.

The points of dissimilarity are apparent and incontestable. If the arguments founded upon their occurrence were as little open to dispute, there would be less confusion of ideas than now prevails concerning the relative rank of any one school with another. It is the illogical character of the common assertions which have led men so well entitled to speak with confidence as are the brothers Redgrave, to express a hope "that art is no

longer an alien on English soil," and to remark that "an artist may now without fear of presumption speak of the 'English school.'" This hesitation proceeds from a lurking dread that our artists are inferior to those of other countries, that what foreign critics say of them is deserved. What though Kügler's valuable and comprehensive work contains but a few pages devoted to English painters; or Dr Guhl dismisses them with a notice in a parenthesis; or French art-critics are as unaware that ours is a school of painting worthy of the name, as the world was ignorant a few years ago of the auriferous wealth of California and Australia;—these things have no more bearing on the merits or demerits of our painters than on the nature of our climate. It does not affect the real position of Shakespeare among poets that he is called a barbarian by Voltaire, any more than that he is idolized by Victor Hugo. If a Frenchman thinks his own countrymen the greatest among contemporary artists, he is as welcome to do so as is a German or an Englishman to award the palm to their countrymen. To do the reverse would be as unnatural as to despise our own offspring. An English painter touches the sympathies of his compatriots by his excellencies: to his shortcomings they are either blind or merciful. The foreign critic can neither feel the like admiration nor exhibit the like tenderness. He is more alive to the faults than susceptible of the beauties. Indeed, the defects may seem to him so natural that he will refuse to allow the possible merits to temper his condemnation. After all, he will but do for us what English critics may do for his countrymen. Supposing him to be a Frenchman, he will censure, and not without reason, the bad drawing of English artists; with less justice he will consider their colouring too glaring, and their subjects treated with bad taste. The Englishman will retaliate by acknowledging that the French draw well, but that they colour with the apparent aim of imitating brick-dust, and that they are prone to select subjects which convey sensual ideas. Indeed, only a select few in either country are able to discern and appreciate what is good in the art of the other. This cannot be done by any one, till a long course of training has enabled the critic to dismiss his

national prejudices. It has taken several centuries for the French to understand the nature of Shakespeare's genius: notwithstanding the lapse of a period nearly as long, the English are yet ignorant of the special merits of Corneille and Racine. Who can wonder, then, that their views as to each other's artists are still so vague and contradictory!

Because so much ignorance prevails, there should be more modesty in ranking one school above another. Each has peculiarities, some of which are to be commended, others to be censured. To say that one is better than another is to express a personal liking for a particular class or style of art: it is not equivalent to pronouncing a decision against which it were vain to appeal. The time may come when the universal verdict will be in favour of one to the exclusion of the rest. When that day arrives, then will the works of that school be worthy of being ranked with the greatest of Italy. What gives to Italian masterpieces such a high and undisputed rank is not their intrinsic excellence alone, but the unanimity with which their superiority is recognized. No man, of any nationality, who has the slightest pretension to culture, is blind to the marvels which were wrought by the pencils of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Tintoretto, and Titian. Their reputation is co-extensive with human civilization. From that point of view, the upholders of the several modern schools may well hesitate; lest their boasting should be premature. Which of them could hope to stand the test of universal suffrage? Who among modern painters would be unanimously acknowledged as fit to sit among the "great masters," all of whom occupy their splendid positions in virtue of the vote of the world? The English or any other school has its ornaments of whom any country may be proud. Each school exercises an influence, which is always on the increase, and of which the effect is humanizing and glorious. Yet at the best, it resembles the artificial light which illumines a narrow space, while that of the great Italian schools shines like the sun over the habitable earth.

Although the brothers Redgrave have not treated their





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subject in its widest aspect, yet they merit hearty thanks for having contributed so much to show what the English school of painting has accomplished. If their work be not a philosophical history, yet it is an admirable hand-book. If the results of deep thought are absent from it, the materials for inspiring wide generalizations and ennobling reflections are very abundant and rich. The texts for the foregoing suggestions and comments have been taken from the first of the two volumes which compose it. To the second and still more interesting volume I hope on a future occasion to render full justice.

W. F. RAE.

TUSCAN SCULPTORS.*

By the BARON H. DE TRIQUETI.

It is difficult to conceive that the well-trodden ground of Italian Art should still afford an unbeaten path for the critic to traverse. The author whose subject leads him to diverge from the usual track is so far fortunate, that he is not compelled to enliven the road by startling paradoxes, nor to invent systems to impart a novel character to facts already too well known. He can confine himself to the actual fact, without adopting it or dwarfing it to a prescribed measure.

* *Tuscan Sculptors: their Lives, Works, and Times, with Illustrations from original Drawings and Photographs.* By Charles C. Perkins. London, Longman & Co., 1864.—The two etchings, illustrating this article, were obligingly lent by the Publishers, with the consent of the Author, ED. F. A. Q. R.

During the last thirty years we have seen the history of painting dealt with alternately by mystics and realists, by Catholics and neo-catholics ; and acquiring through the different handling an ever various aspect ; while in many cases fancy has entirely superseded and obscured truth.

Some of the great artists of olden time would be astonished could they hear the ideas they are credited with, the sentiments by which they are supposed to have been actuated, and the banners under which they are enrolled, by writers of the present day. Some critics refuse to recognize all talent that is not accompanied with a sufficient element of mysticism ; moreover, they divide the careers of the noblest among artists into two distinct parts, rejecting one part as worthless, while they exalt the other as sublime—not from the internal evidence of merit in their works, but from the assumed tendencies of the painter or sculptor. Others, endeavouring to glorify the cause they advocate, seek for a religious sentiment in all the ideas of their favourite artists, and go so far as to intimate that even their mythological works were intended to recall Christian mysteries.

Thus useful inquiries have often been stifled by prejudices that had nothing to do with art. The moment truth is lost sight of in favour of any secondary object, we are soon led astray ; and of this we have only too numerous examples.

The history of Italian Sculpture was the one field still open ; there was a singular dearth of information on the subject, and though works exist, written ostensibly for the special purpose of increasing our knowledge, yet almost everything remained to be done. Vasari supplied some good materials, but they were both incomplete and mingled with error. D'Agincourt has barely touched the surface of the matter. Cicognara, who wrote so many volumes to prove that Canova was superior to all the moderns, and at least equal to the ancients, has fallen into the snare of all those who write history with a pre-conceived idea. His book, in which learning, research, love of art, reverence for the past, may be seen in every page, leaves this regret, that so much ability, perspicacity, and other good qualities, have all been unable to overcome the singular prejudice of the writer.

Mr Perkins has fortunately re-opened a mine which had never been thoroughly explored; and the present moment, when the want is coming to be felt, is especially favourable for his researches, and insures the welcome which his book deserves. Personally, he had many advantages fitting him for the task; having lived in Italy for many years, being conversant with the language, and writing on the spot and in presence of the monuments which he describes. He had also made himself familiar with the best sources of information, and has brought to light many new and precious facts. Above all, owing to his education and early pursuits, he was qualified to judge works of art with the eye of an artist, and to describe them with a practised pen in clear and forcible language.

His book is extremely well constructed. This alone is a rare merit. A great deal of method; concise and carefully weighed, but sufficiently detailed, expositions; make it a book easy and pleasant to study. This, to many readers, may appear of slender importance; but it has really a great value in connexion with the service it may render, and the place it is destined to occupy.

Mr Perkins' history of Italian Sculpture begins with the history of the Tuscan Sculptors. I speak of this as a commencement, for it is evident that the two volumes now in the hands of the public must be followed by others; and that the schools of north Italy demand this extension of investigation which may throw light on the three inseparable branches of art—architecture, sculpture, and painting.

I take note, therefore, of the promise contained in the preface, to labour at the completion of this undertaking; and applaud the choice made of beginning with the history of Florentine sculpture. It was less obscure, there were more available materials, and it included the names of artists already cherished by readers familiar with their works, and desirous of knowing more about them. Moreover, in that department (if I may be allowed to say so) more than elsewhere a great error had crept in, demanding correction, and some important truths required to be proved.

During three centuries we had been accustomed to leave in obscurity a whole period of art; to overlook and almost to deny its existence, in order to make the vast, the indisputable, but dangerous genius of Michael Angelo stand forth as the sole representative of modern sculpture. It was time that a truthful picture of all that had been done by the series of great and prolific artists, who were the true revivers of art, should be presented; and that their final rank should, at last, be assigned to them, by the side of and in relation to the man whose first footsteps they had illumined. It was the misfortune of Michael Angelo that while he became the greatest, though the most dangerous, of masters, he only led his followers to the brink of that rapid decadence, towards which the wiser but less exuberant genius of Raphael in no way contributed.

Mr Perkins' style is quiet and perspicuous. He does not load his narrative with reflections; he relates, but seldom pronounces opinions. We would gladly hail a more direct expression of his own views; confident that they would always be instructive and worthy of attention. He takes pleasure, however (in compensation), in dwelling at length on the facts of contemporary history; and it is easy to perceive that he traces these events with a complete mastery of his subject. This induces us to ask that in future he will, for our benefit, devote a portion of his study to the correlation of historical facts with the career of the great artists, concerning whose lives we look to him for instruction.

In the introduction to the work, the mysterious origins of art in Etruria are rapidly traced. This *résumé*, which is very ably executed, comprehends the whole period of Roman art, and carries on Christian art beyond the time of the Byzantine decadence.

The book itself opens with such light as history yields of the early days of the 13th century, by a name too long forgotten—that of Niccolo Pisano. Assuredly we may dignify with the name of a creation, the revival of art which he inaugurated. We must remember what lessons he drew, and what results he obtained from the faintest indications; and that having found

only the extinct ashes of an art which was worse than dead, inasmuch as its form had been hopelessly perverted in its latest traditions, he succeeded in animating and investing it with a vigorous and productive existence.

If we here survey the general scheme of the book, we see with regret a classification adopted which appears to us both unnecessary and difficult to justify. The primitive sculptors are divided into groups of architectural, allegorical, and pictorial sculptors. The writer has intended to characterize by this classification, not the talent, but the tendencies of the various artists. Though, at first sight, there may be something specious in such denominations, and though the author has shown considerable sagacity in hitting the leading aptitudes and aspirations of these artists; yet we believe that all similar divisions are objectionable,—for we doubt if history gains by that essentially modern system of analyzing men's sentiments and works, with a view to enlist them under banners which they themselves have never acknowledged.

In spite of himself, the most conscientious man can hardly help presenting his subject in the light which will bring out most favourably the aspect which supports his theory, leaving all the rest in obscurity. We must not forget, however, that in this work the system holds a secondary place; that Mr Perkins does not attempt to give importance to any supposed results of such divisions; nor does it hamper the pleasure one feels in following his narrative, because, with the exception of the heads of chapters, the reader is always in contact with the facts themselves. But this augments our wish to see a work, with such serious and well-considered claims on our attention, freed from these trammels. The breadth and simplicity of treatment and truth, which distinguish it, will be all the more conspicuous, if this narrow and fanciful *fiction* is suppressed.

To describe the works of Niccolo Pisano, to form an estimate of his genius, and of the influence he exercised on his generation, might easily fill a volume. The natural intuition of truth and beauty with which he was gifted, to the degree of being the first to recognize in a few antique remains the last

principles of his art ; the firmness with which he followed the new path he had traced for himself ; the fertility of his genius, first in architecture, and subsequently in sculpture ; his rapid execution, which we may infer from the number of his sculptured works,—every portion of his history, in fact, would supply materials for an interesting study. Mr Perkins devotes thirty pages to this instructive life. He has found it necessary to dwell at length upon the events of contemporary history ; and, unfortunately, it is rather at the expense of the details we should have been glad to learn of a man who was actually the corner-stone of Italian art, who, as an architect, constructed, at the age of 25, two palaces at Naples ; then the church of St Anthony of Padua, so dear to all lovers of art ; and subsequently covered Florence, Volterra, Lucca, and Cortona, with monuments which have ever since been types for imitation, and studied with respect. Pisa, Siena, Bologna, and Perugia are also full of his sculptures, far in advance of their time, in which antique art lives anew, and which neither the sons nor pupils of this great master were able to equal.

After enumerating a long series of works, which place him on an equally high rank both as sculptor and architect, and entitle him especially to the name of architectural sculptor, Mr Perkins devotes some admirable sentences to the appreciation of his peculiar talent. We transcribe this page as due to the author after the slight objections we have made :—

“Inestimable were the services rendered to art by this great man. He gave the death-blow to Byzantinism and barbarism ; established new architectural principles ; founded a new school of sculpture in Italy, and opened men’s eyes to the degraded state of art by showing them where to study, and how to study ; so that Cimabue, Guido di Siena, the Massuccios, and the Cosimati, all profited by his pervading and enduring influence. Never hurried by an ill-regulated imagination into extravagances, he was careful in selecting his objects of study, and his methods of self-cultivation ; an indefatigable worker, who spared neither time nor strength in obedience to the numerous calls made upon him from all parts of the peninsula ; now in Pisa, then in Naples, Padua, Siena, Lucca, or Florence ; here to design a church, there to model a bas-relief, erect a pulpit, a palace, or a tower ; by turns architect and sculptor, great in both, original in both, a reviver in both,

laying deep and well the foundations of his edifices by hitherto unpractised methods, and sculpturing his bas-reliefs upon principles evolved from the study of antique models long unheeded. Ever respected and esteemed by the many persons of all classes with whom he came in contact, he was truly a great man, one to whom the world owes an eternal debt of gratitude, and who looms up in gigantic proportions through the mist of five centuries, holding the same relation to Italian art which Dante holds to Italian literature."

Niccolo Pisano, his son Giovanni, and his five other pupils, make up the class of architectural sculptors. Mr Perkins has enlarged only on the works of Giovanni Pisano and Arnolfo del Cambio. The latter is the same we are familiar with in Vasari, under the name of Arnolfo di *Lapo*, conferred according to an old habit, from that of his presumed master. This tradition not being confirmed by investigation, Mr Perkins substitutes the patronymic of Cambio.

Giovanni Pisano is the illustrious author of the celebrated Campo Santo of Pisa; which has been ornamented by some of the grandest frescoes of the old masters of the beautiful little church La Spina, a miniature *chef-d'œuvre*, that seems as if it once belonged to a Gothic missal, a little gem in marble with foundations washed by the Arno, whose waters sometimes inundate its nave. He it was who built the fine imposing façade of the Duomo of Siena, and also the elegant cathedral of Prato; who sculptured the tombs of Urban IV. and Benedict XI., as well as the famous marble pulpit of Pisa.

Arnolfo del Cambio was the founder of the Duomo of Florence, and those of Santa Croce, of Os San Michele, and the Palazzo Vecchio. On all these grand and severe monuments he impressed the indelible mark of his genius; and such is the power of the language they speak, that, as Mr Perkins very truly remarks, looking down from the green slopes that command Florence, the eye that rests in delight on this picturesque town of the Medici, sees, springing up on all sides, these grand labours of Arnolfo, cannot but acknowledge that it is they that confer the noble and elegant aspect which belongs to Florence before all other cities.

It is, nevertheless, evident that the austere genius of Niccolo

Pisano, while losing its ruggedness in their hands, had also become partly corrupted in transmission to his pupils. What had been gained in form and grace of execution was lost in grandeur and severity. In this succeeding generation, the observer may mark the first symptoms of that undeniable development of the human mind which all the past exhibits. This progressive march belongs to the early times of a people's history, when their first dawning intelligence is applied to the arts and to poetry, and reappears also at later periods, always with the same characters in the epochs of transition. Genius first awakens in the form of an all-powerful creative faculty. Then comes a second epoch, where reflection, coming to the aid of invention, produces that perfection which results from a just equilibrium amongst all the parts. A third sad period follows, where mere reflection has become exclusively predominant. The result of her supremacy is decline. And these epochs of invention, of completeness, and of decadence are as defined in the schools of art, in poetry, in the history of peoples, as are infancy, manhood, and old age in the life of individuals.

Mr Perkins' second book is devoted to the group he has formed of allegorical sculptors. He must have felt it was a pity to sever this family of artists who belonged to one another, not, it is true, by the ties of blood, but by a direct descent of doctrine and a heritage of talent. Andrea Pisano is the worthy successor of his master Giovanni, and there seems to be no reason why the old tradition which stamps them as of the same lineage should now be set aside.

Their genealogy is written in marble;—the parent stem is Niccolo Pisano, the first branch Giovanni, afterwards the still vigorous shoot Andrea, and beyond the weaker branches of Nino and Tommaso, who nevertheless bloom with graceful foliage. This chapter is, however, one of considerable interest in the history of art. We see a new work created, which both in execution and composition has never been surpassed. This is the first gate of the Baptistery of Pisa; a *chef-d'œuvre* which the subsequent triumphs of Ghiberti had too long left in the shade, but the more serious attention given to the study of

these works in our time has replaced in the first rank, according to the judgment of artists. The simplicity, the sobriety, and feeling of Andrea's compositions are dumb but severe criticisms on the redundancy of Ghiberti.

When reviewing the immense labour and amount of work accomplished by the artists of this great period one is struck with amazement. Orcagna, for example, was an architect, sculptor, goldsmith, painter, and, it is said, a poet; and in each of these several branches, expressive of the most elevated degree of intelligence, he has produced *chefs-d'œuvre*.

It may not be out of place to observe here, that in the present day it is considered an advantage for the artist to cultivate one speciality, to confine his talent in a single groove. And yet, who will not admit how much architecture has deteriorated since its students have abandoned that help which their predecessors drew from their practical knowledge of sculpture and painting? In those days, instead of being mere imitators, the architects were inventors, and had all the help the sister arts could afford to embellish their work. During those centuries architecture flourished always under new and admirable forms. In the present day we have cause to lament that the study of such powerful auxiliaries has been neglected.

We awaited with anxiety the chapter which was to show us how Mr Perkins would deal with that important period of art when Brunnelleschi, Ghiberti, and Donatello worked, and developed to its highest perfection the art they practised. Donatello is an age in himself, and his life deserves a volume which has never yet been written. We gladly acknowledge how just is the appreciation of the various gifts of men so differently endowed as were Ghiberti and Donatello, and the value of each in reference to the qualities they brought to bear on art is impartially and judiciously estimated.

In writing the history of the Tuscan sculptors it was manifestly impossible for Mr Perkins to give undue length to a single chapter; so that while we regret it, we cannot therefore blame the comparatively brief account of such a man as Donatello.

It would, in truth, require a volume, and one perhaps of the

greatest interest in all the history of art;—interesting from the period it would describe; from the admirable character of the artist, so simple, so *naïf*, so disinterested; from the account of the friendships which he inspired, in which the figure of the famous Cosimo de' Medici takes the lead; finally, by the description of his works, which contain qualities frequently so opposite, so much energy, expression, and passion in one, such calm grandeur and simplicity in another; the literal rendering of nature and simple realism to the detriment of beauty in this; a search for the most ideal abstract antique character in another; and throughout all the lamp of thought burning with full brilliancy, and the science of his art employed exclusively to give effect to the idea he seeks to represent. With a profoundly Christian sentiment he impresses on his art all the outward manifestations of the soul's anguish and suffering; and at the same time, being equally alive to the vast revelation of antique art, he devotes to it a separate niche where he worships this new religion. It speaks a different language, and one which he keeps apart from his native tongue; but it enlarges and embellishes his ideas, and from time to time he uses its forms of expression.

We agree with Mr Perkins' estimation of Donatello, when he says, "Donatello was undoubtedly the greatest Tuscan sculptor before Michael Angelo, and though by no means his equal in vigour and grandeur of conception, by far superior in delicacy of handling, in truth of detail, rendering of character, and technical ability as a worker in marble or bronze." And his appreciation appears to us equally correct when he says,

"With the exception of Michael Angelo, no Tuscan sculptor had so marked an influence as Donatello upon the art of his time. He may, indeed, be called the first and greatest of Christian sculptors, as, despite his great love and close study of classical art, all his works are Christian in subject and in feeling, unless positive imitations of the antique. It is not easy, therefore, to understand why many writers have called Ghiberti a Christian, and Donatello a Pagan in art. Both loved the antique equally well, and each owed to the study of it his greatest excellence; but certainly no work by Ghiberti can be pointed out so Christian in spirit as the St George, the St John, the Magdalen, and

many of Donatello's bas-reliefs. As a man as well as an artist he approached far more closely to the ideal of the Christian character, being confessedly humble, charitable, and kind to all around him; a firm friend, and an honest, upright, simple-hearted man, whose fair fame is not marred by a single blot."

The chapter devoted to Luca della Robbia and his school will be attractive to all readers. At length the time has come for doing justice to this admirable artist. Amongst the men of genius of the middle ages who remained without appreciation, few were so long or so completely forgotten. Yet he was a man gifted with the utmost fecundity of invention and endowed with genuine feeling. He made the bronze and marble live, and produced the admirable enamelled terra-cottas that bear his name and are now so much sought after. Amateurs will be very thankful for the information Mr Perkins affords concerning the scholars and followers of Luca in this branch of his art; for while it was desirable to "render to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's," and to assert the claims of this great artist to the rank he is entitled to hold; on the other hand, it is to the interest of his reputation to discriminate what really belongs to him, and to divide his works from those of weaker imitators.

After Luca della Robbia we have a series of charming artists: Rossellino, Mino da Fiesole Civitali, Benedetto da Majano. Art from this time assumed a decorative character; it was graceful, and followed a legitimate path, yet one misses the powerful energetic handling of men like Donatello and Ghiberti.

Mr Perkins is severe in his judgment of some very gifted artists when, in his chapter headed "Tares among the Wheat," he classes Pollaiuolo and the Majano with Ferucci and other inferior sculptors. We have been accustomed to regard their works with admiration and respect, and at first were inclined to differ from our author's opinion of them. But on reflection we perceive a fact we had before only dimly recognized; and we admit that a weed has sprung up from that dangerous seed of picturesque art, sown by Ghiberti, but which his great ability, the graceful purity of his drawing, the simplicity of his figures, rendered imperceptible. We see, with Mr Perkins, the fructifi-

cation of this seed of mannerism. The harsh and rugged treatment of Pollaiuolo produces a harsh and rugged mannerism; the exaggeration is traced in the display made of learning. In the hands of Benedetto da Majano the mannerism is graceful and leans more towards a sentimental affectation. But in justice to Ghiberti, we must add that it is not the master alone who forms the pupil and determines the road he will one day follow. In the abundance of artists and wealth of talent that existed then in Italy, the painters educated the sculptors, as the sculptors inspired the painters. The sight of a noble work, a glance bestowed on some new *chef-d'œuvre*, must frequently have acted more powerfully on the mind of the young artist than years of teaching listened to in the master's "*bottega*."

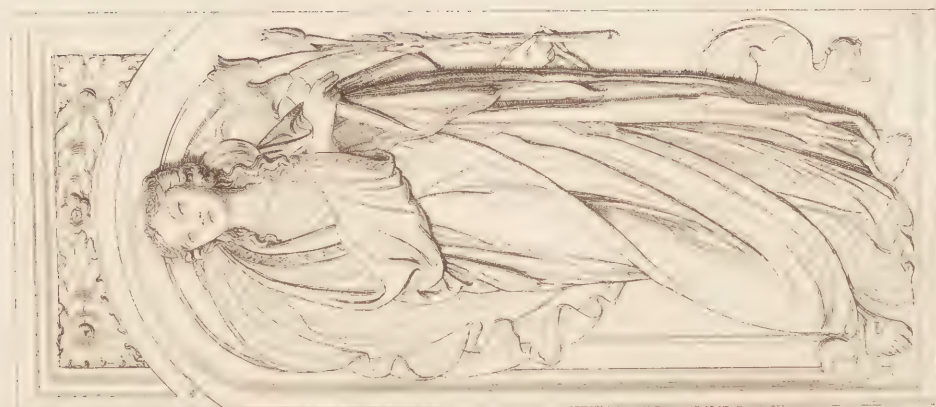
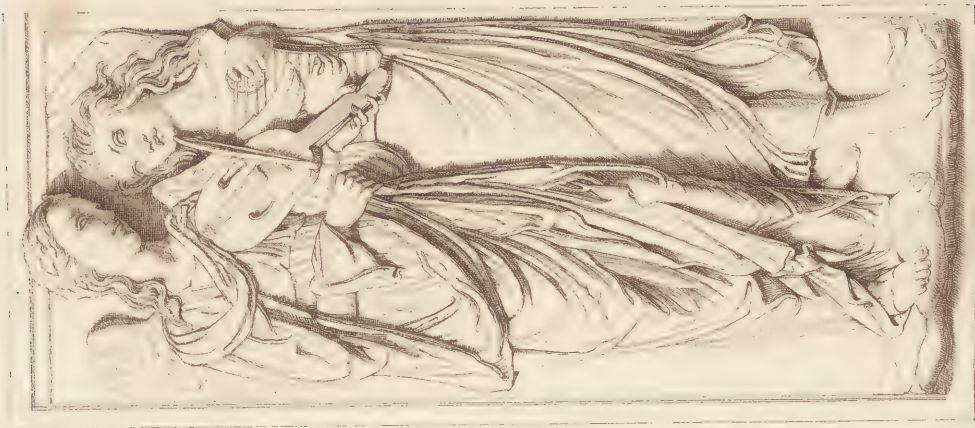
The decline seldom comes alone; it is the result of many causes, both visible and concealed; and the first of these causes is the carrying of technical power and perfection to excess. Art, that beautiful form of expression for the human mind, does not escape that great law,

"Et parvenu au faite, il aspire à descendre."

The second volume of *Tuscan Sculptors* supports the truth of this assertion. It contains, in the first place, an excellent summary of the life of Michael Angelo, with a careful and fair appreciation of his works. We have an observation to make, which possibly applies rather to the printer than the author. Since the history of artists has claimed a larger share of serious attention there has been much rectification of names and dates. Mr Perkins' book contains several instances; and he continually brings in learned quotations in support of his text, gleaned from the best sources of information. When therefore he speaks of the greatest name in the history of sculpture, we should certainly expect that the true spelling would be given. The family name of Michael Angelo is *Buonarroti*, not *Buonarotti*. This has never been contested; so we trust that in the French translation, and in the English second edition which we hope to see, this typographical error may be corrected.

In addition to the lives of Michael Angelo and of his pupils the second volume includes that of a man who made his reputa-





tion at least as much by his pen as by his chisel; of that great boaster, too much admired on trust, so often credited with works he never executed;—of Benvenuto Cellini, who in his person as in his talent was made up of so many opposite, contradictory elements. Alas! when reading his memoirs, or carefully examining his works, one is forced to acknowledge that in both the bad predominates over the good, and that few reputations have been more overrated.

These remarks do not apply to the artist whose history is the last Mr Perkins relates;—Giovanni Bologna,—who may be called the last of the Romans,—and who had, with the smallest number of the defects belonging to his time, some of the qualities of another epoch. The grandeur of his style, the marvellous talent he displayed in grouping figures, his correctness of drawing, alone make him a remarkable artist; in addition to which, while deriving immense benefit from the study of the qualities of Michael Angelo, whom he succeeded, he continued to avoid the fanatical admiration bestowed even on the faults of this great master.

This history of the works of the school of Tuscan Sculptors during four centuries forms not only an excellent work for a library, but supplies a valuable course of study for artists. It might therefore be an advantage to have a less expensive and more portable edition, when it would also find its place in “educational literature.”

The author's principles are sound and his judgment to be trusted. His work is enriched by excellent plates drawn and engraved by the same hand that wrote its pages. Few authors have such command of the pencil, and were it only the evidence of the careful examination he has given to the works described, it would be a good certificate for his book. The hearty good will with which we have welcomed this work was enhanced by a conviction of the importance of reminding modern artists of the fine works of a past time. The art of the present day too readily adopts either the convenient “pastiche,” which is merely a product of memory, or revives so called *novelties*, which people of taste and judgment have from century to century

rejected as worthless. Between these two the real path exists, its track is indicated by those who have left imperishable works of true genius. All that serves therefore to stimulate an artist to return to the sound traditions and teachings of the past is a service that deserves his gratitude.

RELIGIOUS PAINTING.

HIPPOLYTE FLANDRIN.

(Concluded from p. 131.)

WHILST Flandrin was yet engaged upon the choir of St Germain-des-Près, in 1848, he was summoned to Nismes, to undertake the decoration of the entire church of St Paul, then recently built on the plan of the ancient basilicas, with three aisles and three apses, thus affording admirable opportunities for the alliance of painting with architecture. The aisles and the apses are connected at the choir by wide arches, which allow the eye, at the entrance, to take in the whole of the further end of the church, which Flandrin covered with paintings. Those of the apses are in the archaic style of the Roman mosaics, in which the figure of Christ is colossal, whilst the others are only life-size. In the centre is seen Christ seated, with his arms extended; on either side of him are St Peter and St Paul, full of gravity and majesty; and at the foot of his throne are a king and a slave,

laying down, the one his crown, the other his chains, to typify Christian equality. The apse on the left is devoted to the *Coronation of the Virgin*. It is impossible to admire too highly the expression of humility and submission which Flandrin has imparted to this mother, who receives the crown of glory from the hands of her Son. *The Rapture of St Paul* decorates the apse on the right. On the arches, the friezes, below the windows, and on the side-walls of the choir, are noble figures of angels, saints, apostles, doctors, and martyrs, on a gold ground, arranged with great skill and art.

Ten years after having accomplished this great work, Flandrin was engaged in decorating, in his native place, the church of St Martin d'Ainay, a monument of Romano-byzantine architecture of the middle of the 10th century, one of the most complete which still exist of that remote period; and which has a general character of grave boldness and elegant simplicity.

Here the artist met with a difficulty he had not found at Nismes:—St Paul's was brilliantly lighted, whilst that of St Martin was plunged in darkness. To encounter this difficulty, Flandrin called to mind the Byzantine mosaics and the paintings in the catacombs, which had so happily inspired him in St Paul's at Nismes. The religious rhythm of these paintings, like the verses of the Psalms; their simplicity, *naïve* or wild, agree wonderfully with the mystic talent of the painter of St Germain-des-Près. He selected for the church of Ainay simple subjects, with very few figures, on a wide ground of gold. In the centre of the apse Christ is standing, blessing the world; on his right hand, the Virgin presents to him St Clotilda and St Blandine, the first martyr of Lyons; on his left St Michael is followed by St Martin and St Pothinus, the apostle of Lyons. In the lateral apses, St Benedict, on one side, receives the homage of two young monks; and, on the other, St Badulph invokes the divine blessing on the abbey of Ainay, which is represented near him; whilst the heathen temple it replaces falls in ruin.

The fine execution of these grand figures compensates for the excessive sobriety of the composition. Lyons, the most Catholic town of France, enjoys the privilege of possessing the

most essentially religious work of one of her most distinguished children.

We have now reached the period of the highest talent of this great artist; when ripened by experience and by incessant and prodigious toil, it found the opportunity of revealing itself in all its force and according to the bent of its nature. We speak of what a French critic has happily called "the Christian Panathenæa." And, in fact, in this procession of all the great men of Christianity, of all those who have suffered for the testimony of Christ, of those women who have braved all for God and for virtue,—in this procession to Paradise, we find magnificent and simple arrangement, grandeur of the whole, and that ingenious and intelligent variety of detail which characterize the Panathenaic frieze of Phidias.

And, indeed, what a splendid spectacle is this frieze of St Vincent de Paul! In these hundred and fifty figures which follow each other, on the same level, not one is repeated; not one but has his own physiognomy, his individual character; not one is commonplace. And throughout that whole procession which reaches to heaven, there reigns a surpassing majesty, a truly divine inspiration.

We will relate in a few words how the decoration of the church of St Vincent de Paul was intrusted to our illustrious artist.

M. Ingres, at first commissioned with this work, had declined it. Delaroche also had refused it. M. Picot had accepted it; but the revolution of 1848 broke out, and the new administration of Paris did not consider themselves bound by the decisions of their predecessors. Struck with the beauty of the paintings in the choir of St Germain-des-Près, M. Marrast, the Mayor of Paris, offered to Flandrin the decoration of the whole of St Vincent de Paul. From a delicacy, as much to be praised as regretted by the friends of his talent, Flandrin did not wish to deprive his colleague of the Institute of the task which had been intrusted to him. M. Marrast insisted upon it. Flandrin at last undertook half of the work, on the condition, however, that M. Picot should have the choice. M. Picot selected the paintings

of the choir, and thus the frieze of the nave fell to Flandrin. Let us not however complain. This circumstance revealed his talent under a new aspect, and in all its originality and grandeur.

Holy men and women march on the right and the left of the church in two parallel lines. This double procession advances, calm and majestic, towards its sacred goal, the gates of life, symbolized by two angels placed at the entrance of the choir. These two servants of the Lord hold in their hands the crown of immortality which belongs to the elect. Before them is a roll unfolded, on which we read: "*Beati misericordes: Beati qui persecutionem patientur propter justitiam.*"

Let us now consider, and in hierarchical order, the groups which compose these admirable processions, beginning with the apostles.

St Peter and St Paul are at the head of this group; the two founders of Christianity, the two great preachers of the word of Jesus, lead the sacred march. St Matthew, St John, and the other disciples follow them. St Paul's head is magnificent as to force and expression. We can read the thoughts with which that powerful intelligence incessantly laboured. St John has more firmness of expression than is generally given him, whilst he has not lost the air of sweetness and devotion which are so characteristic of him. He advances upwards, his eyes fixed upon the Saviour who loved him, but we see in him nothing feeble, nothing feminine. The face of Thomas is rendered with great subtlety;—a thin face, expressive of devotion, but in which we yet see that weakness of one who had doubted; and who trusted the more entirely for the very reason that he believed only because he had seen.

After the holy apostles come the holy martyrs, with palms in their hands, and headed by St Stephen, who holds a censer and the stones by which he was slain. It seems as if he saw "the heavens opened, and the Son of man seated on the right hand of God." The most vivid faith and perfect beatitude are ineffably depicted on the countenance of the first martyr. St Pothinus and St Polycarp lead the admirable group of the soldier martyrs; which is ended by St Christopher, the Christian

Hercules, that giant who abases himself with such joyful humility beneath the Infant-Deity ; and who, giving him the support of his powerful shoulders, is a beautiful image of Christian gentleness.

The sainted doctors of the Church come next. St John Chrysostom is the finest type of that group. One recognizes at once the great orator of "the golden mouth," and all penetrated with divine fire. St Jerome, the Latin translator of the Scriptures, clasps to his breast the sacred volume. St Augustine is a beautiful and severe figure, not without rigidity. The pope St Leo is represented under the dear and venerated features of M. Ingres.

The holy bishops and confessors of the faith are the last in that frieze devoted wholly to the heroes of Christianity. They all deserve special notice. As many saints, so many figures are seen, largely designed, and of Christian types unequalled in purity and distinction. For it may be stated here that Hippolyte Flandrin had the true sentiment of religious gesture. His devout soul taught him the art of Christian personation ;—the attitude in which the true Christian, the saint, the martyr approach the altar ; and how they listen to the voice of Heaven.

We will only mention St Nicholas and the three boys, represented as children of most delightful beauty ; St Joseph, holding in one hand the lily, emblem of chastity, and in the other a carpenter's rule ; St Charlemagne, clothed with all the attributes of empire ; St Clodoald, a sweet and gentle figure, wrapped in the monk's drugget, under a fold of which we perceive the royal ermine ; and St Roch, St Francis of Assisi, and so many others we cannot speak of for want of space.

Turning now to the left side of the nave, we see the marvellous procession of all the heroines of Christianity unfolding itself before us. Marvellous indeed it is, for all that courage and soul in the weakest sex could effect, in what was most grand and most sublime, is represented there. Flandrin's pure and tender spirit had full scope here.

He seems, indeed, to be more at leisure with these Christian virgins, these mothers and daughters of confessors, with these

women who had the courage to face death in bearing witness to the God of meekness and goodness;—he seems more at ease amongst them than in the midst of the martyrs themselves. This observation has never before been made, and we wish to note the fact before we enter upon a brief examination of this “*Christian Panathenæa*” of women.

We say a brief examination, for many pages would be needful to enable our readers to comprehend the charm of these figures, conceived by a Christian spirit, and executed with a beauty of form, a fulness and a scientific skill, truly exquisite;—but our space is limited. We will therefore only select (as in the other procession on the right) some figures which have more deeply moved us.

And first, let us speak of St Cecilia, whose tender rapture is so expressive; and of St Ursula, whose face is lighted by a ray of heavenly light; of St Agnes, a charming figure of the most beautiful design; of St Geneviève, whose innocent simplicity is so attractive; of St Zita, one of the most delightful creations of Flandrin’s pencil. But, truly, we must name all the persons of this admirable group, which is one of the richest treasures of our artist.

Then come the holy women. What exquisite purity of lines! What an admirable arrangement! St Felicitas and her six children form a most delightful group, which we cannot describe; St Anne with tottering steps walks beside St Elizabeth, who leans on the infant St John the Baptist; St Monica is alone, with ardent look and a firm heart, a soul truly Roman. St Helena, the mother of Constantine, is also by herself, but resting on the cross. Then follows a splendid group of holy Queens, among whom we observe St Elizabeth of Hungary, with a face of an infinite sweetness, carrying bread, and St Clotilda, whose hand rests on the shoulder of the young St Clodoald.

The holy penitents which follow form groups less rich, but which exhibit the most ideal purity of type. For instance, is it possible to find a figure more exquisite than that of Mary Magdalen, not on her knees and in tears, but standing, and presenting herself before God as purified by her long repentance;

not clothed with costly garments, but covered by a simple tunic of hair-cloth, her hair falling over her shoulders; and St Mary of Egypt, whose features sparkle with ardent love; and St Thais, burning her rich garments; and St Pelagia, trampling upon the instruments of her worldly pleasures, and throwing off her ornaments?—and many others, all of them genuine pearls of inestimable value.

The *holy households* form the close of this frieze by some groups of austere beauty. Husbands who have converted their wives, and wives who have converted their husbands, present themselves together before God, closely embracing, and surrounded by their children whom they dedicate to the Lord.

A grand composition, *The Mission of the Church* (such is the name of it), placed below the organ, worthily terminates this magnificent work of Flandrin. St Peter and St Paul are teaching the nations. In the centre is an altar adorned with the monogram of Christ, and supporting a nimbed cross. On the steps of the altar stand the two apostles; St Paul, on the right, with a sword leaning against his breast, and arms expanded, announces the glad tidings of salvation to the Eastern nations,—a wonderful group, in which we see Jews, Persians, Greeks, Arabians, and even a negro armed with a shield and arrows.

On the left is St Peter, a nobly austere figure,—no longer the impetuous apostle, but what he was after he had answered the question of Christ. He holds the keys in one hand, the other is extended towards those he is addressing. These are the Western nations, which seem to await life from his lips. At his feet are kneeling a father and a mother, who bring their children that they too may receive the gospel. The preaching of the two apostles is addressed to both Jews and Gentiles, and their faith communicates itself to the whole world.

If we have succeeded in giving any notion of these admirable paintings in the church of St Vincent de Paul, we cannot hope to depict the deep emotion which they inspire. Nothing can, in fact, produce a living and lasting emotion more effectually than the constant reproduction of this sentiment of adoration. And there is yet more here: there is the perfect absence

of all conflict, of all care, and of all sorrow. The life in God expresses itself in prayer, in aspiration spiritual, indefinable, eternal. It is not the sentiment of enthusiasm, of passionate love; it is the yearning of the soul towards the Infinite.

In conclusion, we would say that the frieze of St Vincent de Paul is the most perfect religious painting of our time. Flandrin has risen to higher conceptions in the paintings of the nave of St Germain-des-Près, of which we shall presently speak. The subject, much more vast, required greater and more varied resources, but we do not perceive there the charm of the beautiful hymn in the church of St Vincent de Paul.

As soon as he had finished this exquisite work, not only France, but the neighbouring nations, and Germany especially, hastened to pay homage to our pious artist. We are glad to reproduce the estimation of Cornelius, who himself had decorated churches.

The architect, Mr Koefler, wrote on his return from Paris thus: "As Cornelius was deeply interested in the disposition of the edifice (St Vincent de Paul), and especially that of the frieze, I offered to show him the lithographs of the paintings, which I knew I could get. He was exceedingly pleased with them, and began to praise the classical beauty of the draperies, the purity of the drawing of the figures, the variety in the admirable characters of that long train of holy men and women. He often repeated that he had always expected much from M. Flandrin, but that his expectation had been far surpassed. It is, he further said, the true, the actual Renaissance; it unites with the religious spirit of Christianity severe beauty of form, and France ought to think herself happy in having such an artist."

It is, in fact, a true Renaissance of Greek art. M. Ingres had revealed it to his illustrious pupil "in analyzing it with him in its most minute details. He had, above all, taught him not to copy those wonderful models as a dead letter, but, on the contrary, to vivify them by the constant study of nature."* "Do you suppose," said the master, "it is to make copyists of you that I send you to copy the great masters? I wish you to get

* M. Beulé, *Éloge d'Hippolyte Flandrin.*

the juice of the plant. I send you there that you may plunder like the bee." To such elevated teaching Flandrin owes the antique purity of his style, but he learned from no one that faith, living and gentle, which he expresses in his works, and which gives them that religious stamp reminding us of the Italian schools of the 15th century, and of the first Flemish masters, such as the Van Eycks and Memling. A conscience which no doubt had never troubled, a perfect sincerity, a loftiness of mind, which Flandrin could carry into the domain of art, enabled him to proceed with a calm and sure step in the way of continual progress. And he went on with simplicity and modesty, too, caring only for the praises of the instructed, and perhaps in the bottom of his heart a little too disdainful of the opinion expressed by a majority of the press, which revenged itself for a long time by refusing to render the homage due to such ability and talent. They were however compelled to admire, and to admire frankly, the fine arrangement of his compositions, the purity of his design and of his style. It was the colouring they blamed. They found it flat and cold. "Flandrin does not know how to paint," said they, "he knows drawing only." Was this censure just? surely no! The painter of the study at the Luxembourg, of *The Girl with the Pink*, of the portrait of Prince Napoleon, works of a warm, soft, and harmonious colouring, possessed in the highest degree the science of painting. But it is true that, often carried away by his devotion to form, he neglected this admirable science; and that to understand well the marvellous force of Flandrin, we must study him in his drawings. We had the opportunity of doing so last year, at the exhibition of his works. At the school of Fine Arts, by the side of some pictures and fine portraits by this master, were placed the drawings and the sketches he made for his great wall-paintings. One could imagine nothing more masterly than those drawings. What force! what breadth! what perfection! Never could you find anything undecided or re-touched. Sometimes, if we may say so, we should have preferred to see him hesitate for a while, to feel the beating of his heart, the trembling of his hand. But here, as in his letters, as in all his works,

we meet but one sentiment, evenly sustained,—that of Faith and religious Love, kept up by the liveliest affection for Art.

He proceeded in the same way with his paintings as with his drawings. He never hesitated, he never re-touched. He proceeded without experiments and without *repentirs*, but with absolute precision. The two unfinished studies which were at this exhibition, two master-pieces, souvenirs of his last stay in Rome, were remarkable examples of his manner.

If the quality of Flandrin's talent was admirably suited to religious subjects, it was equally adapted to another kind of painting—portraiture. His superb portraits are too well known to require a long notice. His unquestionable superiority in this branch arose from his being always true, always sober. Never was there any exaggeration of character, never a studied attitude, nor a redundancy of accessories. We would even blame him, if we could censure him at all, for being too systematical in the attitude of his models, and thus (at least, such is our impression) having lost something of the inimitable grace which he could give to his portraits of women when in the vein. Flandrin was not at ease with his models, and that restraint has sometimes shown itself in his work. But if happily his model was naturally graceful, what master-pieces did he produce! Witness the portrait of Mademoiselle Maison, so famous under the name of the *Young Girl with a Pink*, and that of Madame Vinet. The first is a master-piece of grace, the second of moral truth. It is impossible not to be enraptured with the admirable expression of that serene face, on which we read goodness, gentleness, and the strength of a great soul. Flandrin entertained for that portrait a peculiar predilection. Every time he saw it, he said, "I am well pleased with *that*."

Generally, however, we prefer his portraits of men. They are wonderfully true, and there is in them more ease. We have already mentioned that of Prince Napoleon, one of his finest. Let us add those of M. de Rothschild, M. Walewski, M. Marcotte Genlis, and especially that of the Emperor,—which is the master-piece,—a real historical composition, in which the moral expression is wonderful, and is united with a perfect likeness, in

which depth of thought seems to be graven on the brows. This is one of the last works of Flandrin.

And now we have to speak of the last great conception of Flandrin, of that to which he attached the highest value, and which called forth all his solicitude, for he looked upon the completion of the decoration of St Germain-des-Près, as the honour of his life. These paintings, which he began on his return from Lyons, in 1855, and which death prevented him from finishing, adorn the nave of that old and famous basilica. One arch remains still without ornaments.

St Germain-des-Près is well known. The chief architect of the city of Paris, M. Baltard, has restored to this church all its ancient splendour so completely that it might now resume the name of St Germain-le-Doré, which it had in the middle ages. We see nothing but gilding:—columns small and great, ceilings, cornices, everything is dazzling. The effect of the paintings is spoilt by this excessive richness. To cope with the brilliant blue of the vault, gilt grounds were necessary for the paintings of the frieze. Flandrin, who had so successfully employed gold for the decoration of the choir, hesitated in using it again for the frieze; where he confined himself to grounds of a dull blue, and sometimes even left them open. Let us say at once (that we may have nothing else to abate our admiration)—the general effect is rather dull. The sentiment which guided him was purely Catholic and mystic, he did not wish to adorn the nave equally with the sanctuary.

The nave of St Germain-des-Près is divided into five great arcades. The large frieze intrusted to Flandrin extends itself on either side of the nave between the top of the arches and the bases of the windows. The subject is divided according to the architectural divisions. Each arcade contains two pictures, making a total of twenty compositions, which are the development of these words of the New Testament; "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."* For the Jews the Christ was hidden, but he is revealed to the Christians. Such was

* Heb. xiii. 8.

the artist's thought.* Thus we see in the first arcade, *the Annunciation* on one side, and the *Burning Bush* on the other;—in the second, the *Nativity* and the *Fall of Man*;—in the third, *the Adoration of the Magi*, and *Balaam*, prophesying that a Star should rise upon Israel; and so on, always a subject from the life of Christ and the prophecy related to it;—or, in other words, Jesus Christ as we see him in the life of the patriarchs and the prophets.

This vast epopee was to be ended by two pictures representing *the Ascension* and *the Preliminaries of the Last Judgment*, illustrating the words "*And for ever.*" But here Death stopped the hand of the artist. He left some most remarkable cartoons for these two compositions, and his beloved brother is intrusted with the execution of them.

Let us now examine those pictures separately, beginning at the entrance of the church, on the left.

The first division, as we said, contains *the Annunciation* and the *Burning Bush*, and under the window we read this text: "*Domine, mitte quem missurus es.*"† The first of these pictures is characterized by charming simplicity. The Virgin appears in all her traditional purity and youth; she rises at the voice of the angel, and a divine expression seems to transfigure her. The angel is noble and ærial. The *Burning Bush* reminds us of that of Raphael in the Loggie. The composition is powerful and of great breadth.

Per hominem mors, per hominem resurrectio,‡ such are the words inscribed beneath the second division, which is adorned with *the Nativity* and *the Fall*. In the latter, the figures of Adam and Eve are admirable, from their purity of form. Nothing can be more delightful than *the Nativity*. The Virgin is lying on a rustic bed, clasping her hands with fervour over the manger. On the left sits Joseph, plunged in meditation. On the right three angels—delightful figures—watch over the Divine

* This mode of illustration was familiar to the artists of the middle ages. It appears in many ecclesiastical decorations; and is fully developed in the famous "*Biblia Pauperum.*" This fact indicates

the profoundness of Flandrin's study, as well as the peculiarly devotional tendency of his mind.

† Ex. iv. 13.

‡ 1 Cor. xv. 21.

Infant, and behind is a Seraph announcing peace to the world. On his unfolded banner is inscribed : *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*.

*Habitantibus in regione umbræ . . . lux orta est.** The *Adoration of the Magi* and *Balaam* illustrate this text. On one hand, you see the Virgin, the most adorable type of humility, holding in her arms the Child Jesus, who lifts up his hands to bless the three kings kneeling before him. One, who seems to be the most powerful of the three, wears a triple crown, and stretches his arms towards the Ruler of the World to offer him presents. Joseph, standing near Mary, contemplates the scene with tenderness, whilst at the door of the humble cabin a crowd of people, full of emotion and respect, dares not cross the blessed threshold. This composition is simple, touching, eloquent.

That which follows is one of the most sublime pages of this vast poem.—Balaam stands on Mount Pehor where Balak had taken him to curse Israel. Before him is the altar which he had built ; behind him, on the right of the picture, are the king, Balak, and the princes of Moab, who are angry at hearing a blessing proceed from the prophet's mouth instead of the curse they had asked for. In the background are the tents of Israel ; on the left a young man holds the victims for the sacrifice. He lifts up his head and looks with amazement at Balaam, who, seized with the prophetic inspiration, points out on the horizon, by a gesture, grand, inspired, magnificent, the brilliant Star which "should come out of Jacob."† The spirit of the Bible is felt everywhere in this composition ; and it must be regarded as one of the most beautiful works of our age.

Erit Sanguis Vobis in Signum.‡ The *Baptism of the Saviour* comes after the *Adoration of the Magi*, and is completed by the *Crossing of the Red Sea*, which is the type of it. Jesus Christ stands in the middle of the Jordan with St John the Baptist, who, worn out by austerities, pours the holy water on his head. Three angels kneeling on the banks of the river await the moment for offering their service to the Son of God ; and the Holy Ghost descends on the head of Christ in the shape of a dove. A pro-

* Isaiah ix. 2.

† Numb. xxiv. 17.

‡ Exod. xii. 13.

found sentiment of reverence is expressed in this painting, both in the face of St John the Baptist and in that of the three angels.

The Passage of the Red Sea is a composition remarkable for its action. Moses, a majestic figure, stands on the shore. His garments and his hair are ruffled by the wind. He commands the waters of the sea, which close over Pharaoh and his army. The Egyptians are overwhelmed by the furious waves, and the children of Israel burst into songs of triumph. They express their grateful joy by gestures full of eagerness and enthusiasm.

The beautiful figure of Miriam is in the foreground. Throwing back her mantle, she lifts her bare arm to invoke the blessing of the Lord on the instrument with which she accompanies her sublime hymn.

Novi Testamenti Mediator est. The Institution of the Holy Supper* and *Melchizedek* are the two last compositions of the left frieze. Flandrin has represented the Holy Supper in an entirely original manner. Christ is standing; in his right hand he holds the bread which he is blessing, whilst his left rests upon his heart. "Take, eat," says he: "this is my body."† His face is full of sadness, sweetness, and dignity. The apostles form two groups on either side of Christ, and their eyes are turned to him in earnest love and sorrow. Judas alone hangs his head down. *Melchizedek* is a noble composition. The pontiff-king, enveloped in fine white drapery, appears to Abraham, who has conquered the four kings, blesses him, and offers him bread and wine.

The frieze on the right is badly lighted, and especially the two paintings close to the choir, the beauty of which can hardly be discerned. We speak of "*The treason of Judas*" and "*Joseph sold by his Brothers*."

Pro Salute vestra misit me Deus.‡ The grief of Christ is immense; it is the grief of God sorrowing over the world.

Joseph is admirable in his despair, so true, so innocent. You could fancy you heard him crying, "Pity, have pity." His tears, his imploring looks, do not move his barbarous brothers. His destruction is determined.

* Heb. ix. 15.

† Matthew xxvi. 26.

‡ Gen. xlv. 5.

"*Proprio filio non pepercit.*" * The sublime sacrifice of the Cross comes after the great treason, a sacrifice prefigured by *the Sacrifice of Abraham*. This is rather below the talent of Flandrin. Isaac seems to us to be too resigned. For it must be remembered that Isaac was not a self-devoted victim, as was Christ. In the Crucifixion, Flandrin has risen very high. You contemplate it with growing emotion. Christ, bowing his head under the weight of our sins and sufferings, is a wonderful figure. And the Magdalen, so passionate in her grief; and the Virgin in her deep sorrow; and these holy women:—everything is Christian! Nor let us not forget St John weeping at the foot of the Cross. His face is a most admirable type.

Signum Jonæ Prophetæ.† We have now reached the Resurrection: Jonah thrown up by the great fish on the shore is the symbol of it. The prophet walks on the beach in the midst of the waves which break around him. The gesture by which he thanks God for having delivered him is of great beauty. The preceding composition shows us Christ leaving the Sepulchre, resplendent with light. He rises towards heaven bearing the cross, which is transformed into a standard. Our artist has surprisingly represented the terror of the soldiers. Giotto's inspiration seems to animate this picture.

Gentes esse cohæredes . . . promissionis in Christo.‡ What a grand and beautiful composition is *the Mission of the Apostles*. St Peter kneeling before Christ, who gives him the keys as he points upward to heaven. The apostles surround him; all seem animated by that ardent zeal which no persecutions could chill. They listen to the last commands of their Master, who bids them unite in the bonds of charity all the nations of the earth.

The Dispersion of Nations at the foot of the tower of Babel, which is by its side, is a scene full of movement and truth. The grief and astonishment of this crowd, who can no longer understand each other, are marvellously rendered.

Above this frieze, in the panels which surround the windows, are numerous personages, either isolated, or in groups. These are the heroes of the Old Testament, from Adam to John the

* Ep. to the Rom. viii. 31.

† Matt. xii. 39.

‡ Eph. iii. 6.

Baptist—figures rivetting the attention by their expression of energy, life, and truthfulness. Among those which more especially deserve our admiration, we may mention the group of Adam and Eve. Adam is seen in front, his head is bent down by grief, and Eve, at his left hand, leans upon the shoulder of her husband. What love, what grief, and what confidence this attitude expresses! They are nobly-conceived figures.* *Jacob* blessing his children, *Job*, full of ardent faith, and *Samson*, attract our attention. We must also notice *Aaron*, *Joshua*, *Miriam*, the sister of Moses, *Deborah*, and *Judith*, among the heroines of the Scriptures.

We are glad to end our analysis of this admirable work by the opinion which has been expressed upon it by one of the most learned critics of France, who had the privilege of knowing intimately our great artist, and who has most kindly assisted us in this essay.

"Since M. Flandrin," says M. Vinet, "has handled the brush, he has never shown himself so bold, so fertile, so full of warmth, as in this colossal work, which contains not fewer than 130 or 140 figures of large proportion. He never has raised himself to such a height. We knew the rare qualities of the powerful pupil of M. Ingres, his fine drawing, his grand style, his skilful execution, so rare now-a-days; we have applauded that scrupulous study of nature which does not exclude the flash of imagination; we have admired the religious aspirations of a talent fostered by all that is most elevated and most exquisite in the past which Greece and Italy offers to the world. But we knew not fully till now the invention and the originality of that talent. What resoluteness, what energy, what resources, must one find in oneself, to take up in so masterly a way the Bible and the Gospel, to turn up again with such an activity and vigour that soil which had been so deeply dug before by the grandest geniuses; and to make it produce something both new and imperishable."

These great labours had seriously shaken Flandrin's health.

* An etching of this group was given in the preceding number of the F. A. Q. R., with the former part of this article.

Hoping to improve it, he made up his mind to spend a winter at Rome. He set out in the month of October, 1863, with his wife and children. For a long time he had ardently desired once more to see the Eternal City, and there he revived again all the impressions of his youth. "We have reached Rome full of joy," he wrote; "as for me, my emotion is greater than that of all my family,—the sight of all these beautiful and noble things took me back so vividly to the time when, full of youth and hope, I had life before me, that for a moment I was again the pensioner of 1832, but more full of enthusiasm, and more profoundly touched than ever by the marvels of Rome."

But the air of Italy, that invigorating climate, so eagerly longed for, could not strengthen his completely ruined constitution. "As I expected," he wrote to M. Poucet, "I have now found the lessons of the masters and of antiquity more beautiful, more sublime than ever; but why is it, that whilst my mind and even my heart seem to improve, my strength grows always weaker? Alas! I know it is the common lot; but how hard it is when we begin to experience it!"

New cares—a real trial—disturbed the repose he had hoped to enjoy. The changes introduced into the school of Fine Arts afflicted him deeply, and saddened the last months of his life. In all things he was fond of tradition, and feared innovations. His letters at that time are full of expressions of grief. "Rome," he says, "is a marvellous place, the utility of which for artists I value more than ever. But, alas! everybody is not of my opinion. With a word, and even with contempt, they have just overthrown institutions which for the last two hundred years had answered all our wants, and which, I confess, appear to me, since their fall, all the more perfect and glorious. . . . That dear Academy, that house which I had seen again with emotion, is also mortally wounded. . . . My sorrow is so much the greater, because my enthusiasm for Rome has become more deeply-rooted than ever during this last stay."

He wrote letters upon letters to his colleagues of the Institute, following day by day the course of affairs. He refused

his coöperation to the new administration; and even wrote on that important question a memoir, which however he would not publish. "M. Ingres having spoken," said he, "it would appear presumptuous to add anything to the words of one to whom all can give the name of master, and whose authority ought to be decisive."

All these troubles, joined to the severe cold of an exceptional winter at Rome, aggravated the state of his health. He had no longer strength to apply himself to his habitual occupations, and the only paintings he executed during this last stay in Rome are the portrait of his youngest son, and two studies for the decoration of the porch of the new church of St Augustine, at Paris. His soul and thoughts were all with that beloved school, in which he had achieved his first successes and taught the students the principles of the beautiful, and respect for grand traditions.

Hippolyte Flandrin was protesting (as much as his reduced strength would permit him), by letter and in conversation, against a reform, which his artistic imagination exaggerated perhaps the inconvenience and the danger of, when he was carried off by an epidemic in three days. Attacked by small-pox, his body, worn out by labour, had not sufficient strength to resist the malady, and he died on the 21st of March, 1864.

France was deeply affected at the news of the untimely loss of one of the most eminent of her artists. The sorrow was unanimous, and the clergy, through some of the bishops, expressed how deeply they felt their loss of the faithful and skilful interpreter of the Holy Scriptures.

His remains were brought back to Paris, and in presence of the Minister of the Emperor's Household, the Superintendent of Fine Arts, and all the notabilities of the world of Letters and Arts, his funeral was celebrated with pomp in that very church of St Germain-des-Près, which his admirable talent had rendered so magnificent. The mortal remains of Hippolyte Flandrin now rest in the Cemetery of Père Lachaise, and before long will be seen in the church of St Germain-des-Près, the

cenotaph erected by the city of Paris to the first religious painter of our age.*

M. C. H.

ESSAYS ON ART.

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE,

Late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.†

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?—This familiar phrase expresses the feeling with which a critic approaches the reviewing of a brother critic, as in the present case. Mr Palgrave has, by faithful and diligent labours for some years past, established for himself a good—and indeed a leading—position as an art-critic. The book with which he now appears before us consists of some of his notices and essays in periodicals, collected, revised, and re-issued, with two or three others. It is strictly a book of criticism, and generally of criticism upon contemporary artists

* This monument was inaugurated on Saturday, the 7th of July last. It is placed in the middle of the left isle of the nave; and is composed of four columns, supporting a pediment, and resting on a frieze. The whole is of white marble, projecting not more than 60cms from a background of black marble. Beneath the bust is engraved on the frieze in letters of gold, this inscription:

À Hippolyte Flandrin.
Ses amis, ses élèves, ses admirateurs.
Lyon. 22 Mars, 1869—Rome 21 Mars,
1864.

[In the 2nd line of the last paragraph in the preceding part of this Essay on Flandrin; our readers are requested to erase "them," and the comma following the word "compositions." ED. F. A. Q. R.]
† Macmillan & Co., 1866.

and their productions. To follow Mr Palgrave over his own precise ground, expressing assent here, demur or dubiety there, would amount rather to re-reviewing the subjects and objects of his criticism than to reviewing himself; and, in cases where the critic and the critic's critic might differ, the effect produced by the latter might be that of a disputant who *will* have the last word upon a question already amply debated, and concerning which the first speaker has closed his argument. The important matters discussed by Mr Palgrave might hardly benefit by such a mode of treating his book; and Mr Palgrave's own position, in its broader relations, would meanwhile receive little elucidation. We shall therefore say the least possible in this direction, but rather attend to the views stated in the author's preface, and to the general impression which his writing gives us; merely introducing our subject by a brief reference to the particular contents of the volume, and adding that, while here and there some omission or some statement in his pages appears to us to be open to animadversion, he very generally enlists or wins our assent, so far as critical opinion goes.

The volume opens with notices of the Royal Academy Exhibitions of 1863-4-5; a sort of performance which could not be republished or re-read with any satisfaction, unless the author were as cultivated as well as a neat writer, which Mr Palgrave fortunately is. There is also an appreciative notice of the fine exhibition of paintings and designs by Mr Madox Brown, collected together last year; with further studies of individual painters, in articles upon Mulready, Dyce, William Hunt, Herbert, Cruikshank, Holman Hunt, and Hippolyte Flandrin—supplemented by similar studies of the Sculptors Thorwaldsen, De Triqueti, and Behnes. The subject of sculpture, one to which Mr Palgrave devotes much more attention than any other of the current English critics, produces five other articles, among which those on "Sculpture and Painting," and "The Position of Sculpture in England," are prominent. A few more papers yet remain: one does an instalment of justice to some of the many admirable qualities and phases of "Japanese Art;" the two named "Sensational Art," and "Poetry

and Prose in Art," are wide in purview, but kept within the limits of definiteness, both by the author's habit of mind and writing, and by the well-known works which he cites in illustration. Altogether it could hardly be said that these re-published papers from serials are of too "occasional" a stamp; or that the habit of dealing with minor and shifting interests has blunted Mr Palgrave's aptitude for more solid or speculative work.

Critics on any art involving a good deal of *technique*, such as painting and sculpture, may with some rough completeness be divided into the practical and the non-practical—or, as our business-like modern habit of speech might prefer to say, the professional and unprofessional. For our part—whatever may be the unfavourable inference as to our own qualifications and performances which the reader may legitimately be pleased to draw—we suspect that the only criticism of much use in the long run is that by professional men; not only on the ground that they alone are qualified to pronounce upon technicalities, but that this knowledge of technicalities is a powerful sedative to the whole range of opinion upon art, and enables a man to say clearly and almost *ex cathedra* what attempts in art are desirable to be made, compatibly with the limits of technical attainment, as well as how far those limits have been reached in any particular attempt. Of course we are here supposing, in the professional man, equal or comparable general powers of mind to those of the unprofessional critic: this is only a fair supposition in any such contrast, for the greatest devotee of professionalism would repudiate the assertion that an empty-headed or grossly literal and unthoughtful professional can probe the depths of any problem as well as a deep-thinking unprofessional. That no small number of practitioners in art are ready to render a reason for their practice, and fully capable of coping in discussion with acute and cultivated unprofessional students, is a fact amply known to many of these latter. Next after well-qualified professionals, we incline to think that the most useful and effective critics are to be found among men in whom mere accuracy of critical insight is not the main quality, but rather some vividness of personal perception, or fervour of mind, or brilliancy

or discursiveness of illustrative power. Thus by far the most moving and dominant critic of our own time and country has been Mr Ruskin; and this, we think, not so much because he has been more nearly right in critical judgment than others (a question on which much difference of opinion may fairly be maintained, especially so far as the criticism of single works of art is concerned), as because he has evinced an overwhelming superiority in those other faculties of perception, fervour, and eloquence, constituting a vigorous original individualism, and initiating force. Other critics have to keep house (so to speak) with much less imposing mental furniture. They will do well not to hanker too much after the poms and harmonies, the ingenuities and subtleties of arrangement, of the Ruskinian *ménage*: but they must always look up to him as a great aristocratic magnate of the critical domain, who represents the vocation with a dignity and splendour such as enable it to vie with whatsoever high estates of the literary realm. The time may come when Mr Ruskin's opinions shall have been forgotten, and many of his theories exploded; but, long after that, his influence will be vital and beneficial, and his name sonorous in those mouths which ratify praise.

The observations upon criticism which Mr Palgrave makes in his preface are few and simple, and especially free from all jargon and sophistication. He concludes in these terms:—"Art, like poetry, is addressed to the world at large, not to a special jury of professional masters: the technical qualities are only means to the public end, and the question which remains always is—'How far do they tend to the object of all the Fine Arts, high and enduring pleasure?' To point out the degree in which a work fulfils this condition, and thereby to assist the artist in fulfilling it, and the spectator in feeling it, is the province of criticism." He has just before acknowledged that "some few strictly technical qualities remain on which the artist alone is a judge." His conclusion has an epigrammatic comprehensiveness which is one of the more distinctive marks of Mr Palgrave's writing; and it may be accepted as a very fair summary of the case, within so small a compass. Presumably, however, the

writer entertains a somewhat higher opinion of the influence of published unprofessional criticisms upon the producers of works of art than we should feel confident in adopting. We suspect that the advantages of such criticisms, in the long run, may pretty nearly be comprised under two heads—1st, that they are a fitting because a natural vent for the expression of cultivated opinion upon art, and one in whose default the art would less be a matter of national or publicly diffused interest; and, 2nd, that the criticisms, when appreciative, prove to the artist that there is not only sympathy, but intelligent sympathy, in his work. Against this we must set the great drawback of carping, stupid, or frivolous criticisms; how far too real and crying a drawback we need not say: and, even when the criticism is in itself sound, its influence is but too likely to run in the direction of paring off and softening down those strong individual qualities—or call them even peculiarities—in the artist, whose existence is on the whole by no means detrimental. In short, good average criticism consists to a great extent in a protest against extremes; while those extremes, although in themselves not absolutely defensible, are nevertheless the natural and necessary symptom of the artist's individuality, the repression of which is more harmful than are the extremes. We must remember that, if we except the greatest Greeks, the magnates of art have all been, in a measure, extremists. To take a set of portrait-painters (and artists of that class are the mildest example in point), it can hardly be denied that Holbein was somewhat extreme in sedateness and positivism—Rembrandt in chiaroscuro—Vandyck in elegance; and that the cue of criticism—even fair criticism—would have been to comment upon these points, and its influence, if any, to check the painters in following out their respective bents to the uttermost. But would art have gained anything by such a result? We answer without misgiving, No: the ideal of art has after all been better fulfilled by these three great painters working with undiminished intensity of several aim, even if somewhat one-sidedly, than if they had been induced to tone themselves down, and approach the one towards the other upon middle or neutral ground. Examples may readily occur

to our readers, of artists of the present day who have listened to the voice of the charmer (and that not a wholly reasonless voice), and conformed to established standards, to the detriment of their power; and of others who, abiding by the despotic promptings of their own individuality, have presented a somewhat defiant and lurid aspect to the critical eye. But which is the greater band of artists? Who does not know that it is the latter?

What we have here urged presents in a very hasty manner, and as we understand it, the abstract question of preference between a condition or epoch of art in which published unprofessional criticism does not prevail, and one in which it does. When it does prevail (as, for instance, at present) a man who feels art strongly, and who finds critical writing in his line, naturally engages in it; not necessarily that he thinks the world and the art are the better for the critical hullabaloo which is kept up about the ears of artists, but because the art-country is already, as it were, in a state of war, and one must take sides, bear one's part in the fray, and endeavour to establish the right, though one may desiderate a state of peace and quietness as better than even the torn and still flying colours of victory. Thus we hold our own position to be sufficiently consistent in falling into the critical ranks, none the less that we see some grounds for deprecating altogether published unprofessional criticisms of art. The golden age might include the silence of critics: but that is the golden age, and this the iron one.

Among the unprofessional critics who keep up the skirmishing, Mr Palgrave shows well. He appears to us to be very generally on the right side. He takes a genuine interest in art; he has investigated and studied; his culture is considerable, and not wanting in either width or precision; and he writes well, though perhaps with somewhat too obvious a bias towards pointed climax and rounded period. We do not think he exhibits marked deficiency in any critical requisite, nor any prejudice amounting to a mental twist or ingrained taint. At the same time, we conceive that he has one tendency which impairs his openness to new impressions or conviction *ab extra*, —the tendency to find the views which he has once adopted and

propounded confirmed, rather than subjected to a chance of revision, at every relevant opportunity. If he has once come to the conclusion that a particular artist is bad, or defective in some qualification, he appears to find, however many new works that artist may afterwards continue to produce, that they only strengthen the conclusion already formed, and clench the critical nail with which Mr Palgrave has affixed his artistic owl to the barn-door. This, as already intimated, we do not regard as intentional unfairness on Mr Palgrave's part, nor would we accuse him of the obstinacy and narrowness of a sluggish mind which, having once by an effort managed to evolve a conviction or an idea, would require a second lease of life for the further feat of modifying or advancing beyond that result. Of course, too, it is open to argument that the idea is all the more likely to be right because it stands wear and tear—and we are far from thinking that this is never the case with Mr Palgrave, though the tendency of mind to which we have adverted seems somewhat predominant in him. The instance of one not obscure sculptor against whom he butts with peculiar *acharnement* whenever the chance offers, does not appear to us explicable on the assumption that that sculptor and his admirers are invariably wrong, and Mr Palgrave invariably right. One of the alternative assumptions, that Mr Palgrave is consciously unfair, we have just eliminated: we take refuge therefore in the other alternative—that the tendency of this writer's mind is to use up new examples as fuel for the flame of some opinion already aglow.

One of his merits is the possession of clear conceptions of the phases and typical forms of art, along with a considerable knowledge of its facts, and readiness of illustration. We say *conceptions*, as distinct from mere *notions*—the stock-in-trade of very many of our ephemeral critics; and indeed unprofessional critics might without much unfairness be segregated into the two classes, of those who have notions only, and those who have conceptions. With Mr Palgrave, the faculties of admiration cluster and concentrate very decisively around Greek art. To contest his being right in this regard would require some hardihood: we leave the task to any other critics who may feel some

strong attraction towards Christian or mediæval art, the obverse of that which acts upon Mr Palgrave. It shall rather concern us to note one effect of Mr Palgrave's Greek predilection. The Greek is preëminently the full-orbed and perfected art—the art of completion, the art which reposes in attainment. Of completion, that which is ordinarily termed “finish” is an important element: but the Greek finish, so subtle and elusive is it, may almost be regarded as one of the animating and informing principles of that form of art, rather than as a distinctly executive quality. We incline to think that Mr Palgrave remains somewhat too much of a Greek when he passes to the contemplation of other cycles and developments of art; and that, not entering into the motives of these phases of art with quite the same assimilative thoroughness which he commands when the Greek art is in question, he is too anxious to find in them a certain sort of finish, of which a kind of ideal or echo abides in his mind from the models of Grecian perfection, but which does not, and hardly can, assume a like shape in modern art. Hence Mr Palgrave appears to have a somewhat excessive craving for “finish” in work of our own day—for a certain completeness of execution which, were modern art as harmonious a concrete as the Greek, would rightly be demandable, and would indeed constitute the outer manifestation of its harmony, but which is not equally intrinsic to the idea of modern art, and may be insisted upon by the critic beyond the expedient point. It is better to put up with a lower *degree* of finish than importunately to demand a higher degree: the result of such a demand is but too likely to be the production of a lower *quality* of finish. You will then have to accept as a boon mechanical or laboured finish in the ratio (let us say) of twenty, rather than vital or spontaneous finish in the ratio of fifteen—the latter being indeed only approximative, but right and precious as far as it extends. We do not, however, mean to imply that Mr Palgrave is insensible to the merit of vigorous and even sketchy work: but we doubt whether he is not sometimes too much disposed to bear hard upon some partial want of finish, or else to condone graver lapses when this particular requirement has been met.

Another of Mr Palgrave's critical merits, which we feel bound expressly to name, is his readiness to assume a decided tone when his own mind is made up upon grounds which he deems adequate, whether or not other critics or organs of public opinion agree with him. In criticism, especially that of fine art, the dangers of pusillanimity and of "bumptiousness" are about equally real and grave, and we would certainly not thank an ignoramus or a mere sciolist for being pragmatic as well as wrong: but, when a man is qualified to pronounce, it is highly desirable that he should do so without timidity, and free from that pitiable frame of mind which apologizes for its own convictions, and cannot express them without looking out for some opening for recantation, or some hole to burrow in. As an instance of Mr Palgrave's superiority to this abjection, we might refer the reader to many of his dealings with contemporary artists; but we will rather select a case where no invidious personality can be concerned, and specify the article on "the Farnese Marbles," of which Mr Palgrave's opinion is decidedly adverse.

Criticism may in a sense be compared to photography. Exceptional in the critical as in the photographic art are those productions which—like the surprising and magnificent pictorial photographs of Mrs Cameron to be seen at Colnaghi's—well nigh recreate a subject; place it in novel, unanticipable lights; aggrandize the fine, suppress or ignore the petty; and transfigure both the subject-matter, and the reproducing process itself, into something almost higher than we knew them to be. This is the greatest style of photography or of criticism; but it undoubtedly partakes of the encroaching or absorptive nature, such as modifies if it does not actually distort the objects represented, and insists upon our thinking as much of the operator, and of *how* he has been operating, as of those objects themselves. Mr Ruskin frequently exemplifies this order of criticism. Other critical or photographic methods arrange the materials neatly and agreeably, throw carefully distributed light upon all parts of the subject, invite us to examine the details and their relations, endeavour to be in focus throughout, and are, in fact, out of focus only in one or two spots. Excellent work can be done

in these methods also. Mr Palgrave's critical process, clear and quick, may be included among them. He evidently intends that readers should feel his dexterity, but does not exercise any so strong a spell over them, by peculiarity of view or treatment, as to preoccupy for himself the attention which he solicits for his subject-matter. On the whole, it would, we think, be unfair, even for his opponents in the artistic or the critical ranks, to deny that Mr Palgrave is one of the very few British art-critics who, since the first appearance of Mr Ruskin, have either established or deserved a position of some solidity in letters.

W. M. ROSSETTI.



JEHAN FOUQUET;

AND HIS FORTY MINIATURES IN THE POSSESSION OF
MR L. BRENTANO, AT FRANKFORT-ON-MAINE.

By C. RULAND, Esq.,

Formerly Librarian to H.R.H. the Prince Consort.

(Continued from page 51.)

12. *Christ before Pilate.* (165^{mms.} × 120^{mms.}.) The scene is the Hall of Judgment: on the frieze, which is supported by Corinthian columns, alternately red and blue, we read the inscription, SENATVS POPVLVS QVE ROMANVS; between the pilasters are suspended oval red shields with the initials SPQR. On the left sits Pilate, his throne raised on three steps. He is dressed

in white with a green cap; before him stands Christ in a purple dress, his hands tied together and surrounded by officers and soldiers; one of these lifts his hand to strike him. Near him appears the high priest in a crimson robe, with a golden mitre, yellow gloves, a green purse tied to his girdle, and a red staff in his hand; he is accompanied by two Jewish dignitaries; the one in a blue mantle lined with ermine appears again in the two following pictures. Pilate is surrounded by a few servants and knights in armour; people and soldiers fill the background.

The predella represents a wall with two low and narrow doors of dungeons: between these is a tablet fastened in the wall by two cramps, showing an initial D, ornamented with a representation of the Scourging of our Lord. Out of the door on the right, a jailor in a red dress is leading the two thieves, who are to be crucified; both are in their shirts, and tied with ropes; the first folds his hands and looks upwards, as if to Christ. In the foreground we see two men with hatchet and drill, occupied in making the cross.

This picture must have suffered considerably by some liquid having been poured over the middle, and the damage has been clumsily repaired. The outlines are spoiled in many places, the delicate carpet which covers the steps of the seat being entirely smeared over. A few figures only, especially the high priest, Christ, and the officer on the right, show still all the delicate beauty of the original, and render the injury the more to be regretted. In some places the carmine and other lakes have faded considerably, and reversed the effect intended. Thus, the wall to the left behind Pilate, which ought to be in the shade, is much lighter than the other, upon which all the light falls, so that the picture seems flat.

13. *The Procession to Golgotha.* (162^{mm.} × 115^{mm.}.)

The procession comes out of the town from the left, and passing in the foreground proceeds up towards the right. It is opened by horsemen, with pennants and lances, a priest in a blue mantle with a red cap, and the high priest in red robes and golden mitre. These are followed by soldiers on foot, one of whom, in golden armour with a red coat over it, leads Christ by a cord.

All the figures are seen from behind, as they enter a sort of hollow. The foreground is occupied by Christ in a purple dress, bearing his T-shaped cross; to the right kneels Veronica with her *sudarium*, and another woman, both characterized as virgins by their turban-like head-dress. Simon of Cyrene is being beaten and kicked by two officers, with red batons of command, and puts one hand on the cross, whilst with the other he protects his head from the blows. To the left we see the Virgin Mary, folding her hands, with the deepest expression of love and grief; and behind her are several women, people, soldiers, &c. In the background hangs Judas on a tree; and blood is running from his ruptured body on his dress, which lies on the ground. A small devil is flying away from him, and leaving a little smoke behind. Some of the soldiers point this out to others. The town, which is delicately painted, in the left background, is the central part of Paris,—L'Isle with the Sainte-Chapelle, walled in and surrounded by the Seine. The whole forms a brilliant scene, and rich enough as to the number of persons represented, and the variety of their costumes. The composition also is well conceived, and so disposed that, notwithstanding the great number of figures, every part is perfectly clear and uncrowded.

Under the principal picture we have, first, an initial D, in which kneels Veronica with her sudary, and then a highly interesting predella, separated by some large blocks of rock from the scene above. It represents the forging of the nails, by a curious figure of a woman: she is dressed in a reddish brown gown, with a red cap, white apron, and a white band round the left wrist. Turned towards the left she holds the nail upon the anvil with her left hand, and raises the hammer with the other. On the right we see the opening of the furnace, and before it, and on the ground, a hammer and tongs, with a pitcher, and a glass half filled with red wine. On the left a soldier in armour stoops to take up two nails lying on the ground.

14. *The Crucifixion*. (165^{mm}. × 125^{mm}., arched at the top.) Christ is in the middle, the good thief on his right, the other on his left. A captain in a richly gilt armour on horseback, is on the left; the high priest and a man in a blue

mantle, and another, mounted on mules, on the right. Behind is the centurion, lifting his hand in wonder. Before the cross a soldier, seen from behind, is holding up a lance with the sponge, and the cup of vinegar stands at the foot of the cross. Farther back, and all round between the principal figures, there are grouped many men in armour, officers, &c.; several of them on horseback, with red pennants, upon which is embroidered S P Q R. (These streaming flags are painted with the greatest delicacy, transparent against the bright blue sky.) To the left in the distance are a castle and houses on a hill, and a mediæval town with steeples below. Quite in the foreground and on the left is the Virgin Mary, fainting and supported by three women and St John, who are looking up to the cross; on the right four soldiers in armour are throwing dice on the blue mantle of Christ.

The Crucifixion certainly is one of the gems of the collection, not less from the anatomy of the three crucified bodies, or the wonderful expression of Christ's head, than from the bold drawing of the foreshortenings, the animated attitudes of the figures, or the graceful variety of the rich costumes. It may be remarked that this, with Nos. 17, 21, and 22, are the only ones in which the Virgin Mary appears of the traditional more advanced age.

15. *The Descent from the Cross*. (168^{mm}. × 118^{mm}., arched at the top.) The two crosses of the thieves are empty: four men, two of whom standing on ladders, are carefully taking down the body of Christ. Towards the right are eight men, two of them with vases of ointment; on the left the Virgin, six women, and St John, kneeling near the ladder. In the foreground lies a skull, a hammer, tongs, and three nails. The background shows a rich hilly landscape, in which is a town, with a large cathedral and golden cupolas, near a lake; churches and castles are on the hills; and below is the usual prayer.

We must remark the beautifully varied expression of intense grief in all the heads: the eyes, reddened by weeping, of the figures of the holy women. The rich costumes of some of the men remind us of the treatment adopted by the early Venetian masters.

16. *Pietà*. (165^{mms.} × 118^{mms.}.) At the foot of the cross and on the ground sits the Virgin in an attitude of the deepest grief, the body of Christ lying across her knees, on a delicately painted thin veil. The head, towards the left, is supported by an old man kneeling; on the right are St John and two women, one of them of a charming, mournful expression, adoring the body; and further off an old woman is sitting on the ground, absorbed in thought. Behind stand five old men of noble figure; two on the left, and three on the right, one holding a half-emptied glass vessel.

In the background we see a large town, with a very carefully drawn cathedral (Nôtre-Dame of Paris), and many towers and steeples.

In the predella stand two angels, dressed in blue. The one to the left carries the lance, sponge, and nails; the other the pillar, the cords, and the scourges. Both support a beautiful initial S, painted in blue and ornamented with MAISTRE ETIENNE C^HLR, written in gold, and his cypher several times repeated. Over the remainder of the writing is pasted a poor miniature of a heart, and some nails in a garland of flowers. Between the angels stands the sarcophagus, half opened, with the blue robe of Christ and three dice on the rim, and the thirty pieces of money (here painted in gold) lying on the cover.

The whole is a fine composition, injured a little by the fading of the carmine in several places. Here and there it has disappeared entirely, leaving the pen-drawing exposed; in others (especially the dress of the woman kneeling), where it had been mixed with different colours, its decomposition has unpleasantly altered the original effect.

17. *The Entombment*. (167^{mms.} × 117^{mms.}, arched at the top.) In an enclosed court-yard stands the sarcophagus, upon which the body of Christ is temporarily laid, with the crown of thorns and the nails. Joseph of Arimathea supports the head; Nicodemus arranges the feet. Mary Magdalen kneels behind and kisses the hand of our Lord. Two disciples anoint the body; between them are the Virgin Mary and two other women, St John and six other men, one of whom carries a vase of ointment.

At the lower end of the sarcophagus kneels Maistre Etienne, dressed in black, adoring the body. In the background on the left two men are walking in a verandah covered by a vine; two others appear further off. Above the wall in the background we see the beautifully painted towers and steeples of a town, amongst which is the same cathedral with cupolas as in No. 15. On the right is a hill with an opening, as for a tomb, and a few trees at the foot of it.

On a lower level are seated two guardians of the tomb in golden armour, holding green and red shields with Maistre Etienne's name and cypher, and supporting two tablets in which there is a large initial C, ornamented with a small representation of a risen Christ, painted in brown and gold on a blue ground, and some writing pasted over.

The picture is fine in many respects, the composition well conceived; and some parts, as the interesting portrait of Chevalier, the head of the Virgin and of the Magdalen, are beautifully executed. It is, however, rather sombre, and not equal to the delicacy of the very best; perhaps because of the woolliness of the parchment.

18. *The Ascension*. (173^{mms.} × 120^{mms.}, arched at the top.) The Virgin Mary, Mary Magdalen, and nineteen disciples, surround the little hill upon which the impression of two feet is visible, and look up to the figure of the Saviour, who, in a purple dress, with arms raised and without any marks of wounds, stands above, on a small white cloud. Two angels in white robes near his feet are speaking to the disciples; three other pairs on each side, one above the other, adore the Lord. Christ is surrounded by a brilliant glory, most beautifully executed. Below there is written: IN ILLO TEMPORE RECVMBENTIBVS XI DISCIPVLIS APPARVIT ILLIS.

By the expression of all the heads (chiefly of those of Christ, the Virgin, St Peter, &c.), as well as by the majestic flow of the draperies, this miniature ranks very high.

19. *Pentecost*. (166^{mms.} × 120^{mms.}, arched at the top.) In a large hall, resting on grey marble pilasters, with a sort of semicircular choir of richer architecture in the background, and

an arched wooden ceiling, sits the Virgin Mary on a throne-like chair; and along the wall are the apostles, six on the right, five on the left. Fiery tongues in a triple golden shower issue from the Holy Ghost floating above, and descend upon the assembled group. Square windows appear between the pilasters; the floor is composed of slabs, alternately green and grey, arranged according to a tasteful pattern. Below is the usual prayer.

This pretty picture is well executed, and the perspective is carefully drawn. Particular care has been bestowed upon the finish of the heads, which are full of individual character; and upon the entire figure of the Virgin, whose throne is identical with that in the picture at Antwerp.* The colouring of the walls has faded so considerably, that traces of another partly obliterated painting of an earlier date are visible through it, in consequence of which the general effect is impaired; for the colouring of the upper part and of the foreground is no longer in harmony with that of the sides of the picture.

20. *The Baptism of Converts.* (165^{mms.} × 118^{mms.}.) Round a richly ornamented Gothic fountain are kneeling eleven catechumens, sprinkled by its spray. On each one an apostle lays his hand; from a flame above, seven gifts of the Holy Ghost descend upon the converts. The background is a wall of exceedingly rich design: the panels into which it is divided by fluted Corinthian pilasters are filled with costly marbles and lapis-lazuli. A handsome bronze frieze joins the capitals, and upon it stand two pairs of *Amorini*, holding shields with the usual cypher and branches with blossoms and fruits. The floor consists of grey and green slabs, with the monogram on the latter. The usual invocation is written below.

This miniature, one of the best from its beautiful execution and finish, must have been very difficult to execute, from the exceedingly woolly parchment used for it.

21. *The Angel announcing to the Virgin that her Death is near.* (164^{mms.} × 123^{mms.}.) The Virgin, turned to the right, in a blue dress, with a white cloth, like a nun's veil, covering

* Vide supra, p. 31.

her head and shoulders, is kneeling before a green prayer-stool, upon which lies an open volume. On the right kneels the angel, his large wings extended, turning towards her, and holding a palm-branch in both his hands. Out of his mouth issue the words AVE BENEDICTA: whilst the Virgin says: OBSECO NOMEN TVVM VT FILII ET FRATRES MEI NVLLVM SPEM MALIGNVM. . . . The right wall of the room is divided by pilasters into panels inlaid with a bluish marble; the background is occupied by a beautiful large bed, covered entirely with a green cloth, embroidered with the cypher C.E.; the baldachin of the same stuff is suspended by cords from the wooden ceiling. Near the bed is a carved piece of furniture; further on, a low door. The floor is covered with a mat, a perfect masterpiece of careful execution. Below we read the usual formula.

This is one of the most pleasing of the series. On the wall we remark faint traces of leaves or arabesques, painted at an earlier date, on the vellum used by Fouquet. It is to be regretted that the effect of the dress of the angel has been impaired by a partial fading of the carmine.

22. *The Death of the Virgin.* (166^{mms.} × 122^{mms.}, arched at the top.) The Virgin is lying on a bed with her head on the right, and her hands crossed on her bosom. In the foreground on both sides kneel two apostles, eight others are behind the bed. St Peter is standing and sprinkles holy water over the body. St John, also standing, holds a burning candle in his right hand and a palm-branch in his left. Above this group, and in a glory surrounded by cherubim painted in red, stands Christ in a white robe and holding a small figure (the emblematical representation of the soul) before him. On the left, upon clouds, kneels St John the Baptist, Moses, David, and a fourth figure; on his right four other prophets. Above these, on both sides, are choirs of angels, painted in blue, and higher up others in white. Below is the same inscription as in the preceding numbers.

This composition is treated in a broader style than the others, and would have been grand enough in itself for a fresco.

23. *The Burial of the Virgin.* (163^{mms.} × 120^{mms.}.) The procession moves from the left. The first three apostles, carry-

ing torches, are only seen from behind. St John, immediately preceding the body, has a palm-branch in his hand. St Peter and St Paul, with two other apostles, carry the coffin, which is covered with a crimson cloth. A crowd of soldiers and knights in full armour threaten to lay hands on the coffin; but they are prevented by five angels in white, who smite them with blindness. This is indicated by black rays descending upon the group from the hands of the three first angels. In the background are fields, with a village, a lake near some hills, &c., and below, the usual prayer.

This miniature is treated much as the preceding one. Its severe grandeur reminds us of Mantegna, or the earlier masters of the Umbrian School.

24. *The Ascension of the Virgin.* (166^{mms.} × 122^{mms.}, arched at the top.) The empty sarcophagus is placed in the middle, surrounded by St Peter, St John with the palm-branch, and four other apostles on the left, and St Paul with five others on the right. All these are looking up to the Virgin, who is standing on some clouds. She is surrounded by a glory, and encircled by two rows of angels, painted in red and in blue. On her left are kneeling St John the Baptist, Moses, and another prophet; on her right three other saints, the first of whom is dressed in white, with an ermine collar, and a purse tied to his girdle. Above these are choirs of blue angels. And below is the usual invocation.

The treatment of this subject is exactly similar to that of the two preceding ones; and the arrangement of the upper half very much like the same part in No. 22.

25. *The Coronation of the Virgin.* (167^{mms.} × 122^{mms.}.) This is the choicest gem of the whole collection. The golden throne of the Trinity, standing upon a pavement inlaid with various marbles, occupies the greater part of the picture. Of a rich Corinthian style, and ornamented profusely, but tastefully, with pearls and precious stones, it is divided by four fluted pilasters into three seats. The panels are inlaid with lapis-lazuli; green cushions with gold tassels are placed both on the seats and as footstools. The centre and the right-hand seats are

occupied by God the Father and the Holy Ghost, both represented as men, in long white robes, with golden orbs on their left knees, raising their right hands in benediction. Christ, having left his orb on the throne, stands on the right, in the foreground, and is crowning the Virgin, who kneels before him on the left, dressed in a blue mantle. To the right of the throne is a high-backed seat with crimson drapery and green cushions. The space on both sides of the throne is filled with groups of angels in diaconal robes below; and higher up are the Cherubim and Seraphim. Below is written: CONVERTE NOS, DEVS: SALVTARIS NOSTER ET AVERTE IRAM.

In every respect, in this glorious piece the master has even surpassed himself. Nothing can excel the earnest expression of the heads of the four principal figures, especially that of the Virgin, the beautiful and correct design of the whole composition, the understanding with which the draperies are treated, and the loving care bestowed upon the execution of every detail. This miniature also is one of the very best as to preservation; even the soft carmine touches on the cheeks of the figures retain all their original delicacy. The purely traditional treatment of the choirs of Seraphim and Cherubim is all that we can perhaps object to.*

26. *The Martyrdom of St Stephen.* The Saint, in his diaconal robes, is kneeling on his right knee in the foreground; the two executioners are standing beside him. The one on the left, in *uni-parti*, blue and yellow jacket and hose, raises a heavy stone with both his hands; the other on the right, in blue jacket and red hose (on the left leg of which is some minute, undecipherable writing in gold), has a stone in his uplifted right hand. The attitudes of these men are most vigorous and life-like. On the left, a little further back, Saul, represented as a young man in a long blue tunic, is seated on the executioners' clothes. Behind are groups of officials and others, some of the figures being

* The Drawing for the Chromo-lithograph illustrating this subject, was made by M. Hendschel of Frankfort, to whom both the writer of this article and the

Editor would express their obligations for the conscientious and artistic care with which it was executed. ED. F. A. Q. R.

precisely similar to those in miniatures Nos. 12, 32, and 33. The background is closed on the right by a steep rock and by undulating ground, on an elevation in which is seen, towards the left, a castellated building; and towards the right an open landscape. Above is the Trinity, painted minutely in a circular glory, from which three rays descend to the uplifted face of the martyr.

On the left below is an embowered alley, covered with roses, into which is seen entering a group of peasants, the last being a woman holding a spindle. In the middle, above, is an initial letter A, formed in garlands, with the usual monogram in the two spaces; and the succeeding letters are painted over with flowers. The space under it is covered with arabesques, formed of blue daisies and other leaves interlaced with the usual cypher; and on the ground are two small birds. On the right a peasant, blowing a bagpipe, is coming out of a trellised alley covered with blue grapes.

Of the authenticity of this composition we have said already that some doubts may well be entertained. The principal picture is so well composed and so beautifully and delicately executed, that we might ascribe it to the master himself, notwithstanding several differences from his treatment. But of the predella we cannot say so much. First of all, it has suffered considerably by the fading of all the green; the foliage has turned to a pale yellow, out of which the dark red of the roses glares in unharmonious patches; and the small figures are painted in brown camaïeu, rather clumsily.

27. *The Conversion of St Paul.* (155^{mms.} × 113^{mms.}.) In the middle foreground Saul, whose head is surrounded by a nimbus, broken down horse and man, looks up with an expression of terror to the apparition in the clouds. It represents the Trinity with three heads, and the words: SAVLE, SAVLE, QVID ME PERCEQVERIS? On the right are several horsemen, forming part of the cavalcade, the beginning of which is lost in the distance. On the left four more horsemen, the two first horses rearing; further back rocky ground, with a tower and a house. In the most distant background is a town at the foot of a hill. Below, and separated by rocks from the principal picture, we see a naked

hairy man, carrying upon his back a tablet, bearing an initial S, ornamented with the cypher EC, and some writing pasted over. This tablet is supported also by two naked hairy women on each side, who also carry two shields with the usual monogram; the shield and club of the wild man are thrown on the ground.

This picture is well composed and painted; we feel inclined, nevertheless, to ascribe it to another hand, as we have explained in the general introductory notes.

28. *St John in Patmos*. (160^{mms.} × 118^{mms.}.) Writing the Apocalypse. He is represented as a beardless elderly man, sitting on an islet, in the middle of six trees, with his eagle near him. In the background is a beautiful marine landscape; vessels under sail appear in a large harbour, towns and towers on the hills of the shore.

Below there is an initial I, with a small angel kneeling, and holding a green shield with the usual cypher, and some writing painted over. The tablet is supported by two flying angels, naked, with blue wings, holding between them a large shield, upon which Maistre Estienne's name is written in full.

By its delicate execution this comparatively simple composition is equal to the very best.

29. *Job*. (160^{mms.} × 120^{mms.}, arched at the top.) The Patriarch, half naked, lies in the foreground on a heap of rubbish, looking up to his friends,—three beautifully-painted figures in rich dresses. In the distance are a woman and three other figures, advancing through an avenue of trees. The background is occupied by a fortress of the 15th century, with a powerful Keep, very much like Vincennes as it then was. Near its walls are a horseman and two men. Below we read: INVITATORIVM: REGEM CVI OMNIA VIVVNT VENITE ADOREMVS, and VENITE EXVLTEMVS DOMINO IVBILEMVS DEO SALVTARI NOSTRO.

This picture is particularly bright and sunny, carefully executed in every detail, and yet of a very great general effect.

30. *The Martyrdom of St Peter*. (156^{mms.} × 113^{mms.}.) The cross to which the saint is tied, head downwards, is being fixed in the ground by two soldiers, between two four-sided pyramids. On the right an emperor in Roman armour, crowned with laurel,

is sitting on a white horse; before him kneels an officer, bare-headed. On the left are a few soldiers with shields and pennants, bearing the usual *s p q r*. These groups are surrounded by crowds of soldiers, with lances, &c.; many of them on the right, on horseback. Three heralds are blowing trumpets, on the covers of which is *s p q r*. In the background a town at the foot of some mountains.

Below there is an initial *T*, in which are painted in brown camaïeu two nude little angels, sitting, and holding a shield with the usual cypher; the remainder of the writing is painted over. This tablet is supported by two blue-winged angels, standing lower down, and holding between them a shield with the monogram; to the left two small angels are seated, and on the right one other, holding two similar shields.

We have discussed the peculiarities of this and the following miniature before. Fouquet himself would certainly not have copied one of the group of angels below in the initial above; the design of the former is charming, but that of the copy is clumsy. The tone of the whole picture is rather dark, and not so vigorous by far as in the really good Fouquets. The effort made in this picture to represent historically true Roman costume and armour, is very curious.

31. *The Martyrdom of St Andrew.* (154^{mms.} × 112^{mms.}.) In the centre we see the saint tied to his cross; and above his head, on a golden cloud, and surrounded by a golden glory, his soul represented as a child in prayer. To the left is an officer in full armour, on horseback, the housings embroidered with Maître Etienne's cypher; his retainers follow him. A very numerous group of soldiers with lances, halberts, &c., and various people, surround the cross. In the background on the right rises a rock, upon which we see some of the faithful kneeling and praying. In the distance is a town on a river. Quite in the foreground on the right, and a little lower down, is sitting a knight in armour, holding a tablet with an initial *D*, ornamented with the usual cypher and some MS. pasted over; on the left a herald, turned towards the left, is sounding a trumpet, the cover of which shows the usual monogram.

Below the picture, and separated from it by a rocky shore, is a river on which five men are rowing vigorously in a boat, whilst one stands in the bows, directing a lance at a quintain,—a blue shield with the three golden fleur-de-lys, set up in the stream.

The general remarks we have offered upon the preceding pictures (e. g. Nos. 26, 27, 30) apply forcibly to this one also.

32. *The Martyrdom of St James the Greater.* (162^{mms.} × 110^{mms.}.) The saint, dressed in a pilgrim's garb, kneels in the foreground, his eyes bound, his hat and staff near him on the ground. The executioner, seen from behind, seizes the head of the saint with his left hand, and with his right hand takes the broad grooved sword from his assistant. On the left, and a little further back, kneels another martyr, in his shirt, blindfolded, whilst the executioner behind him raises both his arms to decapitate him. In the background is a crowd of people, men in armour with shields and pennants upon which we read *S P Q R*, and on the right a group of high dignitaries mounted on mules; amongst them is one in a red robe and blue mantle, guarded with ermine, and a blue hat, shaped like a cardinal's; and another, in a red dress lined with ermine, speaking to a knight in golden armour, on a white horse partially covered with armour, holding the red staff of command. Behind this group are seen many more horsemen. In the distance is a large town on a river, delicately painted, and some detached buildings on the right. On a socle of grey marble, with a cornice in gilt bronze, sit two small angels, naked, with blue wings extended, holding shields with the usual cypher; and between them a tablet showing an initial *O*, ornamented by two prettily-painted small angels, holding a similar cyphered shield. The remainder of the writing is painted over. In the marble of the socle are inserted four square bassi-relievi, painted in brown camaïeu, representing scenes from the life of St James:

- a. a group of pilgrims, addressed by a man, taking off his cap;
- b. the execution of a thief; he is just ascending the ladder; to the left are some soldiers, and on the right a few pilgrims;
- c. the saint keeps the hanged thief alive until he is converted; a few pilgrims kneel on the right in prayer;

d. the ladder is taken away from the gibbet; and there are soldiers on the right.

In this highly interesting miniature we once more trace Fouquet's own hand. The whole of the socle-ornamentation, together with the angels, belongs to his best works; the figures of the two dignitaries on their mules remind very much of those in Nos. 13 and 14. But the treatment of the landscape background is closely related to numbers like 26, 27, or 31.

33. *The Martyrdom of St Catherine.* (158^{mms.} × 116^{mms.}.) In the middle are the wheels, smitten with fiery flames, by an angel floating above. The fragments have struck down the executioners; four are lying on the ground, one is falling. The saint kneels in the foreground on the right, looking up to the angel and praying. Her rich costume consists of a long blue dress and a red jacket, lined with ermine; on her head is a crown ornamented with the fleur-de-lys. Behind her stands a group of people, apparently much astonished; to the left are soldiers armed with spears and halberts, turning to flight. In the distance we see on the right the walls and towers of a fortified town; and on the left, far away, a place of execution with gallows and wheel, evidently a representation of the famous Montfaucon near Paris.

Below are two half-length savages, holding two cyphered shields, and between them a tablet with an initial, ornamented by a similar shield. Under this a simple grey wall, on which are three circular medallions, representing:

- a. St Catherine disputing with the philosophers;
- b. three men surrounded by flames, to whom the saint is speaking;
- c. the saint, beheaded, lying on the ground; the executioner sheathing his sword, and the emperor and his suite on the right.

The first and the last are painted on a blue ground, heightened with gold; the second in the usual brown camaïeu.

Some parts of this picture are very pretty: others so weak that they must have been painted by a different hand, or, which is more likely, they have been badly restored after some injury

to the miniature. We believe it to be one of those executed from Fouquet's designs by some of his pupils.

34. *The Martyrdom of St Apollonia.* (155^{mm.} × 118^{mm.}.) An exceedingly rich and interesting composition, of which even a detailed description will hardly convey a sufficiently clear conception.

In the centre the saint, dressed in white, is lying on a board, her head towards the left. One man is pulling at her fair hair with all his might; two others tighten the cords which attach her to the bed of torture, and a fourth seizes a tooth with a long pair of pincers. The executioners are interesting for their costumes; one is dressed in a red jacket, with partly green and red hose, red shoes and a pointed blue cap, the white lining turned upwards. Behind the bed stands the emperor, his sceptre in his left hand, surrounded by his suite, and speaking to the saint; more on the right, and seen in profile, a judge dressed in blue, with a white wand, reads the verdict. In the left foreground is a fool, seen from behind, making an impudent gesture; behind him a black devil, or perhaps another clown in such a costume.

The background is a circus or amphitheatre, such as may have been used by strolling players or *jougleurs* for their exhibitions at French country fairs in the 15th century. An open space is inclosed by a wooden structure with a gallery all round, and something like boxes for the nobility and gentry, protected from sun and rain by an awning loosely spread over some poles, the space beneath being reserved for the lower classes. The first box to the left is occupied by Christ, the archangels and angels; steps lead to the arena below; two angels sit at the top, as if waiting to receive the soul of the martyr. Further on we have the heavenly orchestra; the organ is played by a female saint (Cecilia?), whilst a man is working the bellows, and there are other musicians with horns, trumpets, and bagpipes. In the background there is first the imperial box; the throne is empty, but surrounded by pages and courtiers. There is also a ladder, which the emperor has just descended. Next to it are two boxes with the nobility; the ladies are remarkable for their high head-dresses, reminding us of those we still see in the north of France.

A young knight is conversing with a lady; another is embracing his mistress. In the right foreground, opposite to Christ and his legions, is Satan, also in a box, accompanied by one of his ministers; and under him the jaws of hell, represented by the gaping fiery mouth of a monster, surrounded by devils. Under the boxes, all round, there are crowds of people.

Below, in front of a wattled fence, is a tablet with an initial B, ornamented with the usual monogrammatic shield, supported by a kneeling figure. It is supported by two kneeling savages, who hold at the same time and between them a shield with MAISTRE ESTIENNE CHÛR and his cypher on it. On either side sits on the ground a savage woman with a similar shield.

The whole of the lower part is of such very different execution and drawing, that we must ascribe it to some pupil. As to the execution of the miniature, we would only say that the whole of this rich composition is represented on a space not exceeding $3\frac{5}{8} \times 4\frac{5}{8}$ clear, and that it is perfect in perspective, every figure being well drawn, those of the principal group full of life and expression, but at the same time even the minutest group in the background perfectly intelligible and correctly represented.

35. *The Inthronization of St Nicholas of Myra.* (158^{mms.} \times 114^{mms.}.) The saint is seated in the centre on a rich chair, whilst two archbishops are placing the mitre upon his head; many bishops and priests as well as people are around. The scene takes place before the altar and between the four small columns, the curtains of which are partially withdrawn. A curtain of red damask is suspended behind, above which appear ten burning candles, and the upper part of a Gothic altar, with a statuette of the Virgin surmounting it. In the background is the choir of the church, with the bases of three windows; over the floor and the steps is partially spread a green carpet, the pattern of which is executed with delicate care. Upon the bronze cornice of a projecting socle in grey marble rests a tablet with an initial O, containing the usual monogrammatic shield, and some writing painted over. The socle itself is ornamented with four oval bassi-relievi, representing incidents in the legendary life of the saint. The first three represent the charity of St Nicholas in

rescuing the three noble damsels whose father had been reduced to poverty; the fourth depicts the miracle performed by the saint upon the three boys.

Here we have again one of the best works of the master, full of character in all the heads, in every respect beautifully drawn and executed. The partial fading of some of the carmines, as in the curtain behind the principal group (because it does not now form the proper background for the heads in front of it), is greatly to be regretted.

36. *A Council.* (155^{mms.} × 116^{mms.}.) The meeting takes place in the chapel of a palace; its walls are covered with a dark crimson tapestry, on which the papal tiara and keys are alternately embroidered in gold. In the background is an altar raised upon several steps, on which are six burning candles and the statues of St Peter and St Paul; behind the altar hangs a curtain of white damask, which shows the Virgin and St John at the foot of the cross, embroidered in gold upon a ground ornamented with the tiara and keys. On the right of the altar is placed an empty throne, covered with crimson silk, lined with white, with the same gold pattern as the walls. Before the altar, and with his back towards it, sits a bishop, his head surrounded by a nimbus, in a blue mantle lined with gold, his right hand raised in benediction. His seat is a block of stone, in allusion to "*Tu es Petrus, et super hanc Petram, &c.*;" on the green carpet before his feet is written: DOMINI EST TERRA ET PLENITUDO EIVS. Behind him sit two rows of ecclesiastics; on his left, ten bishops in blue dresses; on his right, eight cardinals in red mantles.

Before the socle of the picture kneel two angels in diaconal robes, with blue and white wings, holding a tablet which shows a small painting of most marvellous execution. A sainted bishop, St Patrick, surrounded by his clergy, arrives in Ireland, and by his word drives the dragons, serpents, and other monsters inhabiting the island, into the sea. Above this picture is an initial O, containing Chevalier's full name on a shield,—and some writing painted over.

This miniature is distinguished amongst the very best. Not

only are all the accessories, as the tapestries, the carpet, the costumes, painted with particular care and understanding, but also the figures of the ecclesiastics are so full of individual character, that it alone would suffice to mark Jehan Fouquet's place amongst the greatest artists of the earlier Renaissance. Happily it is most beautifully preserved.

37. *St Thomas Aquinas* (162^{mms.} × 120^{mms.}) is standing in the middle before a desk, preaching to eight monks, who are seated on benches on both sides; all of them in white and black robes, in a vaulted hall of Byzantine architecture. The blue ceiling with its golden ribs rests upon blue columns, with gilt capitals and pedestals.

In the predella we see the crypt of a church resting upon two short piers of four columns each. In the left compartment sits St Thomas before his desk, turning back to speak to the devil, who has come to tempt him and who kneels under the middle arch. On the right side a shield with the usual cypher is suspended from a nail in the wall. On the capitals of the two piers an initial I, with Chevalier's shield, is supported by the kneeling figure of a boy.

This miniature is not one of the best. The heads are nearly all well painted; but the ceiling and the columns are much inferior. Perhaps these and other parts have been gone over entirely in consequence of some damage done to the picture.

38. *The Burial of Maître Etienne himself.* (168^{mms.} × 120^{mms.}.) In the right foreground the priest receives the coffin at the door of the church and sprinkles it with holy water. It is carried by men, some of them in the robes of a religious confraternity, who hold it by white cloths drawn under it, the ends of which are tightly wrapped round their hands. This group is surrounded by torch-bearers. A black tablet, with the usual red monogrammatic shield, is attached to each torch. The coffin is covered with a red cloth, richly embroidered with gold, showing the same tablet as the torches. Further on towards the left are mourners in black mantles, the hoods drawn over their heads. The scene takes place in the court-yard of a church, surrounded by cloisters, above which appear, on the left, several houses, with

two spectators at an open window, a tower built of red stone in a style very like that of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, and a most delicate small Gothic bell-tower. In the background are a Gothic chapel, and the battlements and towers of a fortified palace. On the right the strongly fore-shortened façade of the church itself. Below there is written DILEXI OLIM EXAVDIET DOMINVS VOCEM ORACIONIS.

This picture shares with No. 25 the palm of the collection. It is perfect in every respect; the beautiful perspective, linear as well as ærial, the expressive figures of the clergy, of the coffin-bearers, one of them perspiring under his load, of the torch-bearing poor in their wretched rags,—the magnificent treatment of the silk and embroidery of the crimson pall,—everywhere we recognize the master's own hand.

39. *The Last Judgment.* (167^{mms.} × 120^{mms.}.) Above, Christ is sitting with outstretched arms on four cherubim, painted in red; his feet resting upon the sphere. The Virgin and St John the Baptist kneel at his sides upon clouds; choirs of angels are further back. Below the globe there is a lantern, and under this the allegorical figure of the Holy Ghost. On either side, six apostles, and a little lower down on the left, the holy martyrs, as St Stephen, St Laurence, &c.; and on the right, popes, bishops, and holy women. On the earth, which is represented below, there are groups of men and women, looking up and praying. Below is written: CONVERTE NOS DEVS SALVTARIS NOSTER ET ADVERTE IRAM.

This rich, though theatrically-grouped composition, is well executed; with regard to the expression of the many small heads as well as to the correct design of draperies, &c., it is equal to any; in the group below we find many interesting figures, and a few bold fore-shortenings.

40. *The Heavenly Glory.* (165^{mms.} × 110^{mms.}.) The Trinity represented under the three-times repeated figure of Christ, in long white robes, is seated on a rich Gothic throne, surmounted by three graceful baldachins over the seats. To the left, but separated, and lower by one step, stands a more simple chair with a baldachin, upon which sits the Virgin Mary, also

clad in white, and crowned. The throne is surrounded by the emblems of the four evangelists; the eagle and the angel above, the bull and the lion, both winged, below. The whole appears in a glory, which is surrounded by concentrical circles of angels, painted in red and blue. Lower down we see on both sides and sitting in rows amphitheatrically arranged, the patriarchs, saints, martyrs, confessors, &c. Moses, David, the gigantic form of St Christopher, the three Magi, St George in full armour, &c., are easily to be recognized.

The foreground and the space left free between the rows of saints is filled with groups of the humbler faithful,—nearly all seen from behind, as their eyes are turned in adoration towards the celestial glory.

The whole forms a most charming, interesting composition, exceedingly rich and of the minutest execution, which, however, never disturbs the general effect.

How many more miniatures did Maître Etienne's Hours contain? and what has become of these? We receive only a fragmentary answer, when we hear of two more as having formed part of the same volume.

One belongs to M. Feuillet de Conches, of Paris. It represents the chief incident of the life of St Martin, the patron saint of Tours,—Fouquet's native town,—viz., The meeting between the saint and the beggar. It takes place at the angle of a bridge, built across a river within a town. Part of the numerous suite of the saint has passed on towards the left, and is only seen from behind; in the centre, and turned towards the right, kneels the poor old man, only partially covered by the half of the mantle he has just received. The saint, on a white horse and nearly seen in front, is sheathing his sword; the remainder of the mounted escort follow behind. The pavement of the bridge—laid down in a double arch, leaving a kennel along the middle—consists of bricks; over the parapet we see the river with a second bridge in the distance, under which passes a boat with two rowers. The background is closed on the left by the

tower forming a *tête de pont*; the arched gate is open and the draw-bridge down, in order to admit the cavalcade; towards the right we see everywhere the delicately painted houses of a mediæval town, partly overhanging the river. On a lower level, and apparently leaning against the pillars of the bridge, there is a tablet divided into two compartments connected by hinges like a diptych; on the frame of each we read "MAISTRE ESTIENNE CHEVALIER E.C. E.C." The diptych shows two incidents of the legendary life of the saint, painted in the usual chiaroscuro; in the left the devil precipitates the saint down a stair-case; in the right a numerous group (apparently the Virgin and saints) are coming to visit him. On the diptych stands a large initial O, ornamented with the usual cypher in the four corners, and a small representation of Christ appearing to St Martin, covered with the mantle he had given to the poor beggar. The whole tablet is supported by two angels, standing with extended wings. Both hold scrolls; on the left one we read "HIC MARTINVS QVI NVLLI NOCVIT;" on the right "HIC MARTINVS QVI CVNCTIS PROFVIT."

Most interesting is this miniature from the varied costumes of the cavalcade, and the view it gives of a French town of the 15th century; possibly some part of Tours itself. Curious is the way in which the bridge is built, forming an angle in the middle across the river, and facing the stream in order to obtain greater solidity.

The second miniature belonged to the late Mr Samuel Rogers, and afterwards to the late Marquess of Breadalbane. We understand that it is now in the possession of Lady E. Pringle. It is said to represent a saint in golden armour, kneeling before a heavenly apparition, surrounded by a glory of seraphim and cherubim, painted in the traditional colours, red and blue; and the background is formed by a pretty landscape. In the lower part of the picture is represented purgatory, and the poor souls tormented by demons.

Of the forty miniatures belonging to M. Brentano slightly

reduced photographs have been taken some years ago by Mr Schäfer of Frankfort. Quite recently, most carefully coloured fac-similes have been executed by M. Hendschel for Mr L. Curmer, of Paris, who has published them in chromo-lithography.*

THE SISTINE CHAPEL

AND

THE CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL.

By W. WATKISS LLOYD, Esq.

PART III.

THE TAPESTRY OF THE CONVERSION OF ST PAUL.

RAPHAEL'S CARTOON of the conversion of St Paul is another that is unfortunately lost; destroyed, some say, from the same puritanical feeling regarding the depicting of a heavenly vision, that is to account for the loss of the Stoning of Stephen.

* In Mr Curmer's work another miniature has been published (as if it belonged to Maître Etienne's missal) after an original in the possession of Mr F. Didot. Judging merely from the chromo-lithograph and a reduced photograph, we are convinced that this miniature is, at the best, the production of one of Fouquet's pupils. Chevalier's well-known cypher appears nowhere in it, the subject itself is badly chosen: *the Return of the Roman Escort from Mount Golgotha*. In the background, drawn on a very small scale, appear the three crosses, surrounded by the group of holy women sitting on the ground, the soldier raising the spear to pierce our Saviour's side, two

Pharisees on mules, &c. ; a little further off we see on one side a cross falling over, and on the other a group of soldiers near a cross lying on the ground. The numerous escort in golden armour which fills the foreground, is treated in a rather heavy style, somewhat resembling, but for the worse, the hand we have recognized in some of the legendary subjects above, e. g. the Martyrdom of St Peter and St Andrew. Two pillars with irregular capitals and socles, supporting an entablature, frame the picture in a style unprecedented in any other of the incontestable miniatures by Jehan Fouquet.

In this instance, however, there is no introduction of a figure of God the Father.

Some Mantuan memoranda and engravings from the tapestry must therefore be our text. A small one will be found in the English translation of Kugler's "*Handbook of Painting*;"* a large and very satisfactory one has been recently engraved by Gruner. The latter is taken from the tapestry, and corresponds with it in respect of right and left sides and figures. To the left of the spectator, Paul, wearing armour, arms, and helmet, has fallen from his horse and lies on the ground, shrinking from the light of the vision, and with one hand moved instinctively to moderate it, at the same time that he looks towards the glory and the Divine speaker. His vigorous body and legs are in entire prostration, as stricken down by supernatural power. His head and arms alone express astonishment, supplication, attention.

Above, half-emergent from clouds and glory, and supported by three angels, is the figure of Jesus starting forward in a man-



ner to express the suddenness of Paul's surprise: and with stretched right arm and raised forefinger, indicating remonstrance and command. The position of Paul is that of a man not only surprised, but already thoroughly subdued, in agreement with

* We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr Murray for the use of the illustration.—ED.

his first, submissive question, as of subject to superior, "Who art thou, Lord?" His sword lies on the ground beside him: it seems to have become detached and shaken off in his fall, as it lies with the broken belt rolled round it. It is on the side of his right hand, but lies thus separate, as if to intimate that it had fallen from his grasp as a persecutor, for ever. It is a sword of the same form which the Saint usually is represented holding as a symbol of his martyrdom; and the painter, I believe, designed the suggestion.

Some flowers and herbage are along the front line of the picture; but the stony ground beyond, and on which Paul partly lies, indicates the beaten high-road to the great city. In the beautiful tapestry at Mantua the ground, where not covered with herbage, is yellow, as with sand. The legs of Paul, I may record, are clothed in blue.

A young man on foot, holding a spear, and with much of the appearance of a special attendant, runs towards Paul with every sign of solicitude, but with no marks of consciousness of the sudden light.

Beyond this young man are two horsemen; one of them helmeted, and both girt with swords, which appear to be uniform. Thus is conveyed an appearance of rank and file; and Paul, whose startled horse is away in advance, seems to have been riding officer-like, as his distinction in armour suggests, at the head of his company, either at its extremity to the left, or a little in front.

The seat of these two horsemen is still that of men who are riding at settled pace; and that this is not yet disturbed while their heads are turned and left arms extended in the direction of the fallen Paul, helps to express at once the suddenness of the incident, and to illustrate the particular text that they who were with him "saw no man." It is to be observed that these immediately attendant figures are unaware of the vision; but their horses appear not insensible to an unnatural disturbance,—their hind-quarters show a check, and they turn their heads round, as shunning a light that meets their direct course. All this harmonizes with the acknowledgment by the brute creation of

certain atmospheric alterations—the approach of an earthquake or volcanic eruption, and so forth, which has often gained for them from the superstitious the credit of being able to see spirits. Paul's horse has obeyed the same impulse, and is in frightened flight.

In the direct history, and in the speech at Antonia, the light from heaven is spoken of as shining round Paul alone, and he alone as falling to the ground; in the speech, however, his companions are alarmed at the light but do not hear the voice, whereas in the history they stand speechless at hearing the voice and seeing no one.

Raphael follows neither version exclusively; he does not even arbitrate between the versions; but he introduces or avails himself of elements of confusion, which account for the origin of all. The figures nearest to the foreground, we have seen, are solely attentive to the catastrophe of Paul, the alarm being confined to the animals. But beyond these we see a youth on foot, in full flight, meeting them, and looking back in the direction of the apparition. Still further, beyond the two mounted swordsmen, we see spears and horses' heads turned in the reverse way to the direction of the expedition. Some faces appear, that seem to be questioning each other; and one man lifts his hand towards his head, with a little of the expression of listening for a sound. Far in the left-hand distance, again, we seem to see a figure, who shades his eyes with both hands and elevated buckler. One young man, by the near side of Paul's frightened horse, flies almost as fast, but apparently in simple sympathy with the hubbub and confusion.

Raphael therefore shows Paul alone fallen to the ground; but while he makes some of his company and fellow-travellers cognizant only of their leader's disaster, he makes other some alarmed at the light; others perhaps astonished at the voice; and others, like the very horses, simply bewildered by instinctive or sympathetic feeling of a crisis in nature.

The engraving I am consulting does not show any hint of Damascus in the background: this is, however, displayed distinctly enough in the tapestry at Mantua.





THE PARTING OF THE TWO BROTHERS

ELYMAS STRICKEN WITH BLINDNESS.

The narrative in Acts xiii. 1, proceeds: "Now there were at Antioch, in the church established there, certain prophets and teachers; as Barnabas, and Simeon who was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrène, and Manaen, foster-brother of Herod the tetrarch, and Saul. And as they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Spirit said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. Then, having fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away. So they, being sent forth by the Holy Spirit, went down to Seleucia; and from thence they sailed to Cyprus. And when they were at Salamis, they preached the word of God in the synagogues of the Jews: and they had also John as an attendant. And when they had gone through all the island unto Paphos, they found a certain magus, a Jewish false prophet, named Bar-jesus: who was with the proconsul, Sergius Paulus, a man of intelligence; the same sent for Barnabas and Saul, and desired to hear the word of God. But Elymas the magus (for so is his name interpreted) withstood them, seeking to turn aside the proconsul from the faith. Then Saul, (who is also called Paul,) being filled with the Holy Spirit, set his eyes fixedly on him, and said, O full of all craft and all mischief, child of the devil, enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease from diverting the straight ways of the Lord? And now, behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season. And immediately a mist and a darkness fell on him; and, turning about, he sought some to lead him by the hand. Then the proconsul, when he saw what was done, believed, being astounded at the teaching of the Lord."

The connexion of this man with a proconsul has abundant parallels in Roman story. Josephus, *Ant.* xx. 7, mentions a Simon, a magian of Cyprus, who is in a similar position of influence with the procurator Felix. Jewish cultivators, on private behoof of the prevalent addiction to superstition and miracles, infested the Roman world; and while some deceived and preyed upon the vulgar, the more artful or accomplished

flew at higher game. Apollonius of Tyana, and the Alexander of Lucian, furnish types of the more ambitious class, to which Simon Magus seems also to have belonged. The wandering Jewish exorcists, the sons of Sceva, of Acts xix., are cattle of the same horn, but of inferior breed.

The blinding of Elymas, considered as one of a series of tapestries for the Sistine Chapel, is a Pauline miracle of a severe type parallel to the Petrine subject of the death of Ananias.

The scene is a marble-paved hall, and in front of the raised tribunal of the proconsul. This is exactly in the centre of the picture; the divisions of the inlaid pavement correspond with its position, and behind it,—behind the curule chair of the magistrate, is an apse or coved niche, flanked by shafts of coloured marble. On either side of the tribunal an open arch admits a view different on either side, of other columns and other arches, conveying the impression of an extensive palace or public building. Still beyond, also on both sides, we gain that glimpse of open country and sky which is provided in every one of the Cartoons, whether the incident represented takes place within-doors or without.

At the right of the picture are apparently seen the jambs of a doorway, but through this also the strong daylight penetrates into the apartment.

The Proconsul is seated on his tribunal, wearing a laurel crown, and the robe and ornate sandals appropriate to his rank. To his right another Roman stands, also conspicuous in the dignity of a toga; to his left, on the steps ascending to his seat, the fronts of which are ornamented with piles of arms and trophies—among them, expressively, shields charged with the head of Medusa—stand two lictors, bearing the axes and rods, the symbols and the instruments of the power of life and death.

Thus surrounded by all the indications of dignity and power and preëminence, the Proconsul, on his very seat of state, is starting in unfeigned and scarcely checked astonishment at a punishment inflicted by the exertion of a power as different as it was superior to his own.

Paul and Elymas stand out confronted, leaving a clear space

in front of the Proconsul, and every pictorial aid is given to heighten the effect of the implied moral contrast.

Paul stands firm and erect, and extends with decision his denouncing arm and hand, which are caught by the bright light that falls on him from behind. His face is in dark shadow, but his expressive profile is seen in distinct relief. His right hand grasps a book,—the Scriptures, doubtless; an indication that his controversy was with a Jew, and that the perverting efforts of Barjesus had been met by exposition of prophecy. The book and the controversy are closed, and Barjesus receives the punishment of the sophist who will not admit recognition of the most manifest fact; who will not allow a passage for argument along the course of the directest sequence. In the English authorized version we read that he went about seeking some one to lead him by the hand. In Raphael's accurate interpretation of the fact, he stands helpless, stricken, and groping. With spread feet, and with one leg bent and one advanced, he stoops his body and throws back his head instinctively, to enable him to preserve his balance in case of unexpected impact. His blindness is made manifest by the strong light falling effectless upon his closed eyes; by his stretched hands and feeling fingers, of which the very tips are recurved in agitation, and his utter unconsciousness of the proximity of the man who avoids touching the wretched reprobate, but is otherwise as close to him as he can be.

This man, of somewhat plain and commonplace and common-sense aspect, looks with fixed and glaring eyes of inquiry at the closed lids of the Jew; and in his raised and displayed palms we read conviction of the certainty. There is a certain clumsiness in the configuration of his hand and fingers—I once thought he had gloves on—and in the hard creases of the skin, that gives great force to the tremulous sensitiveness of those of the sorcerer.

Again; while Elymas feels his way with his forward foot, and so retains the other below his bent knee, as to enable him to redress his balance on the instant, this peering neighbour throws all his weight upon one erect leg without hesitation; and while

his other foot—visible beyond the gaberdine of Elymas—just touches the ground, he leans so far forward that, but for his having all his senses about him for safeguard, a single touch would throw him forward on his face.

The simplicity of the majestic drapery of Paul contrasts, not without meaning and effect, with the complicated, and at the same time unhandsome, array of his opponent,—a palpable reminiscence of the sempiternal systems of bodily enfoldings of the Ghetto. There appears to me to be a peculiar quivering effect given to the lines and lights of the drapery over the arms of Elymas, as if his upper extremities were all trembling.

I scarcely venture to make an attempt to define in words his marvellously characteristic face. There is a certain vulgarity in the nose, a confidence of loquacity about the mouth; but the features and brow taken together are, perhaps, more expressive of impudence than incurable depravity, and certainly of astuteness rather than stupidity; a very "child of craft and of dexterity in management of mischievousness."

In the face and gestures of Sergius Paulus we see conviction and astonishment; we see, at the same time, an angry expression of contempt, which may be partly for the quelled deceiver, and just a little, perhaps, may be contributed by self-reproach for having allowed himself to make a guide and a confidant of such a shiftless impostor. His friend beside him may have been intended as the introducer of the apostles; certainly he is independent of a surprise, and turns his head with a flexibility and freedom that give force to the rigidity of Sergius. He speaks over his shoulder to one in the background, while he extends his arm in the direction of the victim with unmistakable indication of all being over. The tenor of his words is further gathered, and his composure illustrated in turn, from the expression of the face behind, which is that of one shuddering and aghast.

Behind Elymas we see the general crowd of attenders of the Proconsul's hall of audience, and amidst it a dialogue proceeds, which is easily interpreted. A female, whose head appears above Elymas, seems hurrying in, and points to Paul, while she turns with a scolding look of nervous excitement to one of the

immediate by-standers. The man appealed to points with right hand to Elymas, and approaches the index-finger of his left to his own eye, in evident illustration of the nature of the catastrophe that has occurred. In the Cartoon there is a little confusedness in the position of this left hand, or, at least, of the arm, and the drapery it belongs to,—an unpleasant uncertainty whether it may not belong to the aged man beyond. I do not doubt that this equivocal effect is entirely due to the drapery of the sleeve, at least, having been first ruined, and then repainted. The drapery is certainly continuous with the mantle of the man who points to Elymas, but it has not at this part the fringing edge and patterned border that are distinctly marked at the other parts: the modelling has vanished, and flatness and emptiness remain.

The appropriation of the hands, as given, is quite borne out by the tapestry at Mantua; on another point this authority seems at fault. The toe of a boot just visible below the skirt of the sorcerer is made blue;—I do not doubt by mistake, and that it ought to match the other red boot of the glaring figure next to him.

The woman we may probably regard as the sorcerer's wife. As to her informant, I think, to judge from Dorigny's engraving, he by no means expresses compassion, nor, as it seems to me, very much astonishment. I am almost disposed to think that he feels some of that gratification which Rochefoucauld says we afford in our misfortunes to the best of our friends—the Tubal of an ancient Shylock.

A group of heads still further back have their eyes directed to the illustrator, with a fixedness of gaze that helps the realization of the pertinent ideas of the force and value of vision.

The manner in which the figure of Elymas stands forth detached upon the pavement, is admirably managed. His back is in deep shadow, and the dark outline from shoulder to heel gives that one long line of marked definition in the picture upon a lighter background, upon which Raphael constantly relies as an element of vigour. The upper outline of the raised arm of Paul is the converse and correlative definition of a considerable illuminated line upon a darker background.

It is observable how the force of Paul's erect figure is assisted by the strong shadows cast upon the pavement, at an exact right angle to it.

Over the right shoulder of Paul we see the head of Barnabas—"a good man, and full of faith"—lighted up with devout satisfaction as he raises his joined hands in adoring thankfulness. Beyond, there appears another sympathetic face, which is doubtless Mark's, not pressing forward with eagerness, but accepting the result from the denouncement, and expectant in gathered seriousness of the further consequences.

Intermediate between Mark and the Proconsul are the lictors; and one head behind is seen with the lion scalp, which denotes the wearer to be a Roman soldier. The lictors, notwithstanding that they preserve their formal station, and continue the unrelaxed grasp of their fasces, seem to press together with a shuddering recoil, and turn their heads; one, I think, not without a touch of brute compassion, the other more distinctly in dismay.

The group to the left of Sergius Paulus is thus made up entirely of the ministers of his executive authority, and the members of the Christian mission; an omen of the consummation that was preparing; of the tendency of which his conversion prefigured the end in the alliance of the temporal force of the empire with the new spiritual power.

In the mean time, the superiority of sanction derived immediately from God may be taken as symbolized in the arm with which Paul deals out the delegated authority, being shown in relief upon the background of the forms of the appalled lictors.

I observe that all the Romans introduced have a somewhat commonplace type of head and feature, and they remind me of the figures upon Trajan's column. How better could be indicated the peculiarly administrative genius of the people,—that genius which is ever disposed to boast as its greatest triumph of success the keeping down all spontaneousness, which delights to depress and trample out every germ of personal and political independence and intellectual originality. It succeeds for long, but its time comes.

In Pistolesi's engraving from the tapestry he shows behind Paul a broad pilaster, parallel to the plane of the picture, and reaching to the top, with a niche in which is a statue. I am not certain, without further examination, that this is not to be taken as an integral portion of the picture. I observed this addition in the Mantua tapestry also. The statue is a hooded female; the base is supported by Bacchic terms; upon it is sculptured a battle of Tritons.



EXHIBITIONS OF THE YEAR.

IN the following survey of the art-season, precedence is naturally accorded to the Academy, then follows a review of the two Water Colour Exhibitions, and afterwards are taken in order the British Institution, the Dudley Gallery, and certain minor collections, making in all nineteen Exhibitions. Without further prelude, therefore, we will commence our task with a notice of the principal works in the Royal Academy.

The Royal Academy's Exhibition contained the works of 28 Academicians, 15 Associates, and 555 outsiders; a total of 598 exhibitors, represented by 1053 pictures, drawings, and sculptures. When we consider the competition to obtain admission, and that each artist is on his mettle to do his best, the Exhibition may fairly be taken as representative of the power and resources of the English school. A classification which would indicate the relative proportions between historic works, portraits, landscapes, genre pictures, and sculpture, it is not very easy to give with certainty. The notes in our catalogue, however, show the following results. Distinctively historic works were in a minority; there were not more than twenty pictures of this class

that call for examination. Of quasi-historic pictures, there might be about an equal number of choice examples. Compositions commendable for fancy, a faculty not exuberant in English artists, might be set down as about 30. The number of the genre class was greater: of subjects domestic, rustic, and generally picturesque, there could not be fewer than 70 works deserving attention. Of portraits, usually deemed in excess, we find marks in our catalogue calling favourable notice to 28. Landscapes so noted are set down at 42; of sea pieces were marked for merit 15; of animal pictures 10; of flower or fruit pieces 3. Of sculpture we have noted 58 works; the greater part we fear for censure. However, no one supposes that the Academy collection is a full representation of the English School. Thus the critic finds in the Exhibition about 300 works out of a total of 1000, upon which he is called to pass judgment. This approaches the ratio of one to three: a proportion which experience in other Galleries tells us is about the usual average. There are indeed comparatively few exhibitions in which two-thirds of the space is not usurped by mediocrity. In the Royal Academy, however, the gross number of pictures sent in is winnowed: thus the very restriction of wall surface tends to enhance quality. For this as well as for other reasons, the Academy is generally, with perhaps the single exception of the old Water Colour Society, the choicest and most select exhibition of the year.

Among the pictures of which we have given a numerical summary, there are some which will take a permanent place in art. "The Last Moments of Raphael" by H. O'Neil, "the Death of Nelson" by D. Maclise, "Hagar and Ishmael" by F. Goodall, "the Syracusan Bride" by F. Leighton, "Her most high, noble, and puissant Grace" by P. H. Calderon, "Volunteers at a Firing Point" by H. T. Wells, and "a Spate in the Highlands" by P. Graham, are works which deserve to live.

The group of historical pictures, as we have said, was small, but yet such works have, in the present day, greater diversity of style than in former times when strict Academical laws were imposed. Perhaps that carefully studied picture "the Last Moments of Raphael," by H. O'Neil, conformed most closely

to the practice of the Italian Schools. The painter has adhered strictly to the facts. The statement in the catalogue, however, that Raphael was born and that he also died on Good Friday, seems to be erroneous. Mr Wornum has shown that the coincidence of birth and death was in the day of the month, not of the week; that Raphael was born on the 6th April, 1483, and died on the 6th of April, 1520. The 6th of April was Good Friday in 1520, the year of the painter's death, but not in 1483, the year of his birth. It remains, however, true that Raphael died on his birth-day; and the mistake as to the coincidence of Good Friday does not affect the picture. Yet we think it must be admitted that the face of Raphael does not correspond with his well-known likeness. The difficulties were considerable. The likenesses which we are most familiar with, represent Raphael as a youth. It is not easy to preserve that face and yet add to it twenty years. Again, the features are remembered chiefly by their expression; alter that expression, and the face loses its distinguishing traits. In other points personal identity has been preserved. The great painter is about to die on his thirty-seventh birth-day; the fatal Roman fever has run its course. The evening light which catches the summit of Monte Mario, shows that the hour of death is near. Raphael died between half-past four and five in the afternoon of a spring day, which is seen shining cheerfully in at the open window. The unfinished picture of "the Transfiguration" has been uncovered, and the painter's friends, Giulio Romano, Peruzzi, Giovanni da Udine, Marcantonio, and Cardinal Bibbiena, are gathered around the couch. The picture is impressive, the details are well chosen, and the execution is careful and without ostentation. The composition recalls an early work by Mr O'Neal, "the Last Requiem sung round the Death-bed of Mozart." The present picture, "the Death of Raphael," will be engraved, as its predecessor was.

"The Death of Nelson," by Maclise, confirms the statement that the historical works, if few in number, are diversified in style. "The Death of Raphael" is academical in treatment; "the Death of Nelson," on the other hand, is of the realistic school. By vigour of handling, by individual character, by

circumstantial detail, such as cannon, shot, and cordage, the treatment is directly such. The vast difficulties which the subject presents, have been met boldly and conquered. Two ships, "the Victory" and "the Redoubtable," are fighting in close quarters, and the deck where Nelson falls is crowded with combatants, and covered with the materials of war. The painter has shown no ordinary skill in the arrangement of these intractable subjects. The story is clearly told, the spectator is in fact made present at the scene. Against the sky rises the rigging of "the Redoubtable," from which the fatal shot was fired. "This is too warm work to last long," said Nelson, as he walked the deck with Captain Hardy. Shortly afterwards a shot from a rifleman in the mizen-top struck the Admiral beneath the epaulette. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said Nelson, "my backbone is shot through." He lies where he fell. The picture in the Academy was the finished oil-study for the large composition, painted with the Water Glass medium, in the Houses of Parliament. The copyright has been purchased by the Art Union of London, for £2000, and the plates of the two companion pictures, "the Death of Nelson," and "the Meeting of Wellington and Blucher," are in process of engraving.

Mr Yeames has won deserved honour by his plain record of a striking incident in English history: "Queen Elizabeth receiving the French Ambassadors after the news of the Massacre of St Bartholomew." The French Ambassadors in gay attire are taken by surprise when they see the English Court in mourning for the butchered Protestants. Mr Yeames has turned the contrast to good account. But the picture seeks no vain display: the quieter passages have received especial care, and the way in which each person keeps his relative place and distance indicates a power of subordination as rare as it is admirable.

The change which has come over the treatment of sacred history is not less than that which has befallen secular. This forsaking of the prescriptive Italian manner was manifest in every work, save that of M. Signol. "The Holy Family," by this illustrious French artist, which follows "the Descent from the Cross," exhibited last season, is a pleasing reminiscence of Carlo

Dolce and Sasso Ferrato.—We are at a loss to know what Mr A. Moore means by "The Shulamite." He would seem to have aimed at a revival of Greek or rather Roman style, displayed in such works as the Aldobrandini Marriage, and the mural paintings of Pompeii. Hence it can scarcely be tested by modern standards. We cannot admit, however, that the picture is good of its kind. Panoramic composition, evenly diffused light, and a certain chalkiness of colour, might indeed be sanctioned in Pompeian decorations. Examination, however, shows that the mannerism rather than the merit of the originals has been caught. The composition is not well managed; it is loose and out of balance, the forms suffer from repetition, and the drapery is unfortunately not cast like the best Grecian style, but after the manner of the corrupt Roman. Mr Moore, however, need not be discouraged, even by the treatment of the hangers. The newly opened mine he attempts to work is rich: the sphere in which he labours is scarcely preoccupied; and the success which may be attained has been already proved in pictures by Gêrome and other French artists.

Two pictures by Mr E. Armitage, "the Remorse of Judas," and "the Parents of Christ seeking Him," show to marked advantage the influence of foreign schools. Delaroche, the master of Armitage, engrafted on the academical mode of Italy the naturalism in which modern schools find strength. Mr Armitage is, in the adoption of this manner, the leading representative of the higher historical style, which in England has become all but extinct.—The picture of Mr Goodall, "Hagar and Ishmael," is allied to what has been termed the romantic treatment of sacred themes. The landscape preponderates over the figures in a manner never known in early religious art; light, shadow, and colour are thrown over the wide desert tract, so as to enhance the expression of the figures, and to give to the action of the piece a tragic intensity. Compositions with a greater number of figures encounter fewer difficulties. This picture of "Hagar and Ishmael" is well balanced throughout; the relation between the figures and the surrounding landscape is faultless.

The Exhibition contained a fair proportion of compositions of fancy and imagination,—works in which facts received decoration from, or were made to bend to, poetic impulse. Of such compositions Mr Leighton's "Syracusan Bride leading wild beasts in procession to the Temple of Diana," was most conspicuous. Few pictures have been painted with a more subtle sense of beauty, few works in the English school have been composed so expressly on the knowledge of the principles of the masters of the olden time. Grecian types, classical draperies, and the modes of composition which are found in ancient friezes, and the mural pictures of the Greco-Roman period, may be traced in this Syracusan procession. It has been felt, however, that Mr Leighton's work wants variety of individual character, and the vigour acquired by close contact with actual nature. A smaller picture by the same artist, "the Painter's Honeymoon," is recommended by his accustomed refinement, and a portrait of "Mrs James Guthrie," if not all that might be desired in colour or texture, deserves praise for subtle artistic management.—Mr Noel Paton's "Mors Janua Vitæ" is better as a thought than as a picture; it pleases amateurs more than artists. The execution is as small as a miniature; but the colour wants delicate harmonies.—Mr Calderon in his satire on "Her most high, noble, and puissant Grace," is conspicuous for character and colour. There is a certain French aplomb in the neatness with which Mr Calderon hits a point, his thought is incisive and his hand follows his thought.—Mr J. Archer, like Mr Calderon, forces up colour by rich tapestries, a practice which we are glad to see gains ground. "Hearts are Trumps," has the solid careful painting which gave value to Mr Archer's picture a year ago. Mr Arthur Hughes again exhibited works in which colour dominated over form. "The Guarded Bower," and "Good-night," are highly wrought in harmonies which recall middle-age illuminations.

There is another class of pictures which portrays incidents in biography, or characters which popular stories have made familiar to a wide circle of readers. Of this order "Amy Robsart and Leicester," by E. M. Ward, is a brilliant example.—A

picture taken from the well-known misfortunes of "Palissy the Potter," by Mrs E. M. Ward, is remarkable for expressive character and realistic truth.—"Clarissa," by G. D. Leslie, shows marked advance: we have heard much commendation bestowed on the quiet tone and pictorial keeping, which bring this painting into harmony with the pages it illustrates.—"Stealing the Keys," by Marcus Stone, is universally pronounced a clever composition, skilful in its scheme, striking in situation and plot, and sufficiently dextrous in execution. There is, however, a palpable mistake in making the red lamplight so obtrusive upon the open day.—"Widow Wadman laying siege to my Uncle Toby" is Mr Frith's humorous rendering of two favourite characters which Leslie and others have made familiar.—"Miss Lilly's carriage stops the way," by J. Hayllar, is as capital in point as in execution.—Mr Hick's last composition, "Before the Magistrates," is not his best.—Among satirists, Mr Marks is the keenest. His two pictures, "My Lady's Page in disgrace," and "The Notary," have humour; and the execution and incidents are governed by intention.

Pictures of every-day transactions, or the *genre* class, call into play the powers which in the English school are strong. The Academy usually owes, indeed, much of its attraction to the miscellaneous and pleasing class which this year have been conspicuous under the names of Horsley, Faed, Pettie, Orchardson, and Nicol. Mr Horsley contributed four compositions, which for incident, colour, and execution were no less agreeable than others by which they have been preceded. Mr Thomas Faed's simple mother and child "Ere care begins" is what a "Diploma work" should be, a choice example of the artist's style. Nature surely comes closest to the heart when least adorned. There is a pathos in the pictures of the Scotch school, like that in the poems of Burns. The way in which Mr Faed has broken positive colours into tertiary tones, and mingled figure and landscape into unity, shows moderation and reticence. His brother, Mr John Faed, as seen in a diligent work, "Scottish Volunteers half a century ago," has not yet learnt the use of harmonious colour in a tertiary key. The figures which make a

crowd rather than a composition, have the merit or demerit of being, in detail, miniatures. The picture wants breadth, and is injured, as the artist's work of last year, by an inky sky, used as a background.—Mr Nicol, another Scotchman, carried the Academy by storm. His three compositions, uncompromising in naturalism, "Both Puzzled," "Paying the Rent," and "Missed it," have gained for their author the honour of Associate. And it must be conceded that his productions are graphic and droll to the highest degree.—Mr Pettie, also Scotch, is another rising artist who has won honour. "An Arrest for Witchcraft" deserves the tribute it has received. It is a picture of character and intention, manifest alike in the heads of the people, and the gabled roofs of a quaint mediæval city. The artist looked only to truth, and was not diverted from the singleness of his purpose by any desire of display.—As another example of the faithful mode, in which many of our younger artists are content to set down facts as they are, without trick or show in the handling, may be mentioned "Anne Boleyn and Percy," by D. W. Wynfield. The execution, however, would become a more apt and agreeable vehicle to the thought if it had greater sharpness and precision.—Mr Orchardson's "Story of a Life" belongs to the same school, and is open to the same praise and blame.—"Evening," by Miss M. E. Edwards, has a refined beauty like "The last Kiss" of the previous year.—"The Gipsy Beggar," by C. S. Lidderdale, is a close study, as the figures of that painter always are.—"Boys and Boat" has the accustomed mastery of G. H. Thomas in drawing and composition.

For a fourth time the Academy has for its President a portrait painter. Sir Francis Grant was represented by seven works which set forth not unfavourably his long-established style. The portrait of "Mrs Brassey" is a summary of the President's power. The canvas contains, in addition to the lady, a landscape, a horse and dogs, making a combination in which a President is an expert. The execution might be slight, but yet was sufficient to reach its aim. A masterly equestrian portrait of "The Lady Sophia Pelham," had, to the honour of Sir Francis Grant be it spoken, qualities in common with the off-hand pro-

ductions of Velasquez.—Of portraits, indeed, the Academy displayed the usual number, marked by the accustomed diversity of styles. The academical portrait of the stricter sort is painted by Knight, Phillip, Maclise, and Macnee. A full-length likeness of "His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge" has the vigour and individuality habitual to Mr Knight. The same may be said of Mr Phillip's powerful portrait of "The Lord Justice General of Scotland." To the likeness of "Doctor Quain," Mr Maclise added accessories which are master-strokes of his realistic hand. Two portraits by D. Macnee, of "The Right Hon. Edward Ellice," and "Sir Charles Forbes," have a quiet manner and simple truth. It is difficult thus to seat a full-length figure in a furnished room, so that each object shall, without confusion, keep its relative position and the picture hold together in unity.—Mr Boxall's heads are sometimes wanting in firmness and solidity of modelling; his portrait, however, of Mr John Carrick Moore, though slight in execution, has a good and quiet bearing.—Mr Cope's "Posthumous Portrait of W. Dyce, R.A.," is faithful.—Mr Herdman's full-length of "T. V. Wentworth, Esq.," has colour, power, and mastery.—The portraits of "The Queen and the Prince Consort at Aldershot, 1859," have been adroitly arranged in a pictorial composition by G. H. Thomas.

Another class of portraits are more characterized by pictorial display. Mr R. Buckner in two conspicuous figures, "The Countess of Caledon" and "The Hon. Mrs Basset," proved once more his expertness in the painting of drapery. This department in portraiture may not have received much honour, but it would be unjust not to acknowledge the rare skill shown by Mr Buckner in the varied lights, shades, tones, and perplexities seen in silk robes.—In Mr Weigall's portraits an improvement was visible: still that harmony of colour which makes the portrait-painter an artist, is in Mr Weigall's works, though more nearly approached, scarcely as yet attained.—Mr Sant exhibited several figures after his essentially popular style. Nothing can be prettier than such productions, of which the figure of "Claude, younger son of Mr Nathaniel Montefiore,"

is a specimen: it must be confessed, however, that the sobriety and simplicity which live longer in good esteem than the merits that win immediate applause, is sometimes lacking.—There is what Reynolds might have termed “style” in a portrait-picture of Mrs James Guthrie,” by F. Leighton; the manner, however, is almost more German than English. What German colouring, texture, and execution really are, may be judged from the figure of “Monsignor Gabriel Camerier Secret du Pape,” painted by H. Lehmann, a well-known artist, German in extraction though French by adoption.

The great portrait-picture of the year was “The Volunteers at a Firing Point,” by H. T. Wells. The figures were individual and true, the composition free yet sufficiently balanced, the colour subdued while touched with the glow of a Venetian painter, and the execution broad and manly. This is one of the very few pictures which may take its place in the historical portrait galleries of a future day. The artist has that firmness of hand and that plain statement of facts which belong to the times of Holbein, Antonio More, and Van Helst, with but little of those allurements that have been the bane of portraiture since the days of Vandyck.

Landscape art within the Academy, if it showed little progress, certainly received scanty favour. Creswick, Redgrave, and Lee, as Academicians, occupied the line. “A Breezy Day on the English Coast,” by T. Creswick, the figures by R. Ansdell, is a faithful study of the shore which lies as a foreground to St Michael’s Mount. The picture is detailed and yet broad.—The family of Linnells was represented by a noble landscape under the title, “As a Shepherd divideth the Sheep from the Goats.”—Among young and rising landscape painters may be named Field, Walton, Brett, C. Knight, W. H. Paton, H. Moore, Lewis Mawles, Raven, and C. J. Lewis: in mere number, not to enter on the question of merit, these names make a goodly company.—The landscapes by G. Mason may glow with genius, but the manner of painting is hasty and even slovenly.—Raven’s “Midsummer Moonlight Dew rising” was novel and poetic in effect.—F. W. Hulme, with whose name the public have been

long familiar, in a careful study called "Rest," reconciles detail with the composition which comes of knowledge. Landscapes which specially prove this power of massing scattered materials into a picture, were contributed as usual by Vicat Cole, and B. W. Leader.—A landscape which enchanted all was "The Spate in the Highlands," by P. Graham. In this work, landscape art reverts once more to the breadth and grandeur of general effect which belonged to the masters of a former day. A stormy sky has been used as of old for a veil of mystery. What is thus invisible or dimly seen, gives the more value to the detail which the artist emphasizes. The torrent that gives movement in the scene is closely studied and well painted; and the picture deserves the applause with which it was greeted, and the further patronage it has won for the artist.

In the department of animal painting, the pictures scarcely reached the average of former years. Sir Edward Landseer contributed five works, of which "Lady Godiva's Prayer" was the weakest. The subject required to be well done or not at all; and the drawing of the figure had little firmness or mastery, and the colour of the flesh was chalky. "Mare and Foal—Indian Tent, &c.," and "Odds and Ends—trophy for a hall," have much of Landseer's dextrous manner; the pictures, however, would have been better for more defined form and substance.—The picturesque compositions of Richard Ansdell stood out with strong effect: "The Road to Gibraltar from San Roque" had much beauty.—H. W. B. Davis in his large and ambitious picture "Ploughing" shows the influence of Rosa Bonheur; but the action of the horses has more in keeping with the circus than with plain agricultural work. In general terms it may be said that animal painting in England is divided between the style of Landseer and that continental manner which of late has been identified too exclusively with the name of Rosa Bonheur. Horlor, "Among the Heathen," shows the sway of the former, and Hopkins, like Davis, in a team of plough-horses, the influence of the latter.

Several sea pieces, some bearing new names, deserve to be remembered. We were glad to recognize once more the vener-

able Clarkson Stanfield.—The works of E. W. Cooke, five in number, were, as always, veritable studies: of his realism “Marine Stores” offered a characteristic example. In another, “Scheveling Pincks,” might be seen, on the wet sands, richly toned reflection in favourable contrast to the purples and blues upon which Mr Cooke generally relies for shadow and force.—Miss Blunden had a successful picture, “Marsden Rocks,” in which we were glad to see gathered into unity the scattered details from which her works of late have suffered.—C. E. Johnson is in danger of repeating too often the one good idea made out of a turned sail, a glassy ground swell, and a grey sky. His pictures are effective but uniform.—J. C. Hook has, we all know, long settled into a well-recognized manner. Each year, however, bears witness to fresh work: new facts are diligently gathered, and nature is represented under various phases. On the coast-scenes of Mr Hook, play the sea-breezes: the shore is burnt by the sun and beaten by the waves. The picture “Washerwomen in Brittany,” may be quoted for a characteristic incident—a child afloat in a washing-tub,—and this is an instance of the varied materials which come to a painter, always on the look-out for a subject.—In “The Storm on the Coast” by E. Gill, and “Drifting on the Rocks” by W. Malby, the swell of the waves and the dash of the spray were rendered with spirit and motion. It was evident, however, that to hold the position won by these pictures, the artists would need study of plain facts and positive forms.

The Sculpture room, as we have already said, could not be taken as a fair representation of the ability of the English school. Still some works merit record. The central position was accorded to “The Parting of Hector and Andromache.” A group in which Mr Spence displayed his accustomed care and refinement.—Mr Theed’s “Musidora,” and Mr Weekes’ “Luna,” show how in modern art pleasing sentiment and broad generalization take the place of detail and articulation.—“A Water Nymph” by Mr Ingram is nicely balanced, the forms and the lines have beauty and grace.—In the figure of “St Stephen,” Mr Crittenden has modelled the limbs with care: the sentiment

however has too much in common with Carlo Dolci.—“*Lot's Wife*,” by Mr Leifchild, is a vigorous and suggestive sketch, and, like other conceptions of this artist, shows predilections for Michael Angelo.—Mr E. Landsheer in “*The First Pocket*” seizes on a picturesque point, and so far approaches the naturalistic school. “*The Stag at Bay*,” by Sir Edward Landseer, showed more the facile hand of the painter than the firm modelling of the sculptor.

The Sculpture room was indebted to two foreign artists for sensation figures. “*Charlotte Corday before the death of Marat*” has the realism for which the Milanese school is famous. Signor Miglioretti, by this highly-wrought work, allies himself with Magni and Monti; all three are from Milan. In the minute carving of the chair on which Charlotte Corday sits, is the same detail to which Magni's “*Reading Girl*” owed in no inconsiderable degree its popularity. Other details, such as those in the drapery, ally the work to the manner of Roubiliac and Bernini. The school is corrupt, but the figure itself is a marvel of its kind.—The second illustrious work of foreign extraction is a bronze bust, “*La Gorgone*,” by the Duchess of Castiglione Colonna. The modelling is sharp, and each point by pronounced character bears out the general intention. The South Kensington authorities were wise to secure this clever piece of modelling and casting.

We fear that another opportunity is about to be lost of adorning our towns with creditable monuments. The busts and statues of Richard Cobden in the Academy were below the level of such works. Such portrait-figures of children as admitted of plays of fancy, received pretty treatment. “*The Children of Mr John Pinder*,” for example, were modelled by Mr McDowell in the act of playing with a dove. Again, little “*Miss Reade*” received from Mr J. Adams exquisite finish. In like manner, Mr Durham took advantage of the incident “*Waiting his Innings*,” to give picturesque effect to the figure of “*Basil Edward Laurence*.” Mr Monro, in the head of “*Master Walter Ingram*,” animated the marble with the play of youth. Prominent positions were assigned to seven medal-

lions of the Queen and Royal family executed by Miss S. D. Durant for the Memorial Chapel of the Prince Consort at Windsor. As portraits they are as characteristic, as in execution they are conscientious.—Of the multitude of busts, the following may obtain a passing word. I. Forsyth in the head of Professor Huxley carries picturesque effect almost to a grotesque extreme. The works of J. E. Boehm have a sketchy breadth which ignores details. Baron Marochetti seizes on the salient points of a face, and in the head of “Viscount Combermere” forces the likeness beyond the bounds of moderation. The late academician William Mulready, as rendered by a brother academician H. Weekes, is too stalwart: the slight frame of the original was not a subject for heroic treatment. Another venerable academician, the late John Gibson, has been modelled by J. Adams in the unadorned classical style.

The sixty-second Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours was of the high quality which may always be expected from an association which takes for its members the élite of the profession. The gallery contained 327 drawings, or about one-third of the total number of works exhibited in the Academy,—and drawings being smaller in size than oil paintings, the wall space covered in the two Exhibitions was in still more marked disproportion. This shows the advantage of keeping an exhibition small. With the present power of art production, it is the most easy thing to make a large collection: the difficulty is to keep it choice. The old Water Colour Society has been called, in common with the Academy, exclusive. The charge may in some measure be excused by the high standard maintained.

An analysis of the contents of the Exhibition gives the following results. It will be seen that the Society harbours no drones. Of the 30 Members only one was absent, and of the 25 Associates no one was absent. Of the total number of 327 drawings, 204 were contributed by 29 Members, and 123 by 25 Associates. This gives an average of about 7 drawings to each Member, and 5 drawings to each Associate. It will thus be seen to what extent the Members avail themselves of their

superior privileges. This will be more apparent in the number of works contributed by certain members in excess of the average of 7. For example, W. Davidson sent 12 drawings, W. Callow 15, J. P. Naftel 13, T. M. Richardson 14, H. Gastineau 16, Collingwood Smith 18. When in contrast it appears that Alfred Fripp exhibited only 4, J. Gilbert only 3, Birket Foster 2, F. W. Topham 3, Samuel Palmer 2, and F. W. Burton only 1.

Among the contributions of figure drawings must be recorded Topham, Haag, Alfred Fripp, Burton, Gilbert, Lundgren, Johnson, Shields, Watson, Walker, Smallfield, and Burne Jones. It is impossible, within the limits of this article, to do more than notice the most conspicuous.—Mr Topham's "Gipsies' Toilet," essentially a rustic subject, obtained a certain distinction through symmetry of line, beauty, and academical manner. The style is showy, and has little of the precise detail which men of the new school value.—Mr Carl Haag sent a work, which, like others that have gone before, combines merit in art with value in archæology; "The Entrance to the subterranean Chambers beneath the Temple of Jerusalem." Mr Haag's picture is as faithful as a photograph. The stone-work of this chamber is almost as massive as that of the Jews' place of Wailing. The arches, bold and even rude in moulding, are simple segments of circles. The drawing is admirable for execution, texture, and management of conflicting lights.—Mr Carl Haag's subject is subterranean; Mr Alfred's Fripp's "Commissariat Party for the Quarries," no less remarkable for technical qualities, is on the contrary mounted in mid-air. The flood of light the figures meet upon the hill as they reach the quarries, is dazzling. Sunshine and the play of colour in open day, so difficult to render, are qualities which peculiarly belong to Mr Fripp.—Mr Burton's single drawing, "A Study," shows a student's thought and power.—The manner of John Gilbert is too well known to need description. "Agincourt" is a medley. A smaller composition, "The Venetian Council," is fortunate in the individual character, the colour, texture, and dextrous handling of which Mr Gilbert is undisputed master.

Among the pictures of the season, there are few we recall

with greater pleasure than Mr Lundgren's subtly coloured composition, "Dominican Friars in the Library of Sienna." The relative tones in this harmony of colour are carefully calculated. In other works we were glad to see that Mr Lundgren is giving to his draperies more definite forms.—The entrance of E. K. Johnson into the Society is worthy of note: in him the Gallery gains a painter, similar in style to Meissonier and some other French artists. This was visible in a drawing bearing the title "Tuning Up." The composition and execution has a certain French piquancy and neatness, as distinct from the Dutch style as a scene from the Rivals is from an interior by Teniers.—Mr Shields, another recent accession, is more homely in his choice of subject, and proportionably more heartfelt. "One of our Bread Watchers," independently of its art-merits, will long be remembered for its pathos. The patient endurance of pain in that poor child's face as she sits in the snow, watching the newly sown wheat-field at the pay of four-pence per day, seems to some people almost in excess. But we do not think the expression is overdone. There are surely a sufficient number of mere pleasure-giving pictures painted, to admit of one being devoted to suffering. Mr Shields' execution and incidents are honest and truthful.—Of the drawings by J. D. Watson, that of the violin player who detects "something wrong" in the instrument, is conspicuous for its point, character, and precision. "Good Friday" by the same artist does not display these usual traits: the drapery was shirked, and good intention has to stand in the place of good work.—Mr Walker's "Bouquet" is also a mistake. It was wrong to make the gardener who presents to a child this "Bouquet," so ugly in back, legs, and boots. The colour is more remarkable for intensity than for harmony; and the accumulation of opaque pigments is a practice seldom to be commended.—Mr Smallfield certainly made a great advance: his drawings, in fact, this season have taken the public by surprise. Since "The Slave of the Fishpond," he has not exhibited works so subtle in form, colour, and touch, as "The Girl with Raspberries," and "The Mermaid of Hans Andersen." There is, too, an adventurous spirit in this artist, as seen in the chromatic expe-

riment he tries in "The Blind Goatherd." The difficulty, if difficulty there were, which Gainsborough overcame in the "Blue Boy," Mr Smallfield attempted in the "Goatherd." Titian made blues, both in figures, mountains, and skies, emphatic and brilliant, and he knew not that he was encountering any difficulty at all. Everything, of course, depends on the juxtaposition and transition of the colours whether positive, tertiary, or complementary; and in such management Mr Smallfield scarcely proves himself proficient. But if novelty of intent be lacking to the old Water Colour Gallery, surely Mr Burne Jones is the man to supply the need. This artist has a style so eccentric, that persons who do not revere are known to scoff. Yet there cannot be a doubt that Mr Jones has thrown harmony of colour and deep sentiment into "Le Chant d'Amour." This drawing has much in common with the music parties of Giorgione: indeed, it is obvious that Mr Jones has gained from the old Italian masters qualities all but lost in modern art. Yet, as frequently happens, he gathers, along with merits, those attendant defects which cannot but offend, as anachronisms. Many things the old painters did because they knew no better. Surely "Zephyrus bearing Psyche asleep to the Palace of Love," however pretty as a thought, is not to be commended as a picture.

The Gallery contained landscapes of the colour, tone, and atmosphere, which are specialties in the Water Colour art. Palmer, George Fripp, Glennie, Alfred Hunt, Boyce, and Whitaker, exhibited drawings of rare quality. Mr Palmer's "Day Dream at Salerno" is, as the name implies, and as the artist's previous works would lead us to expect, a reverie and a phantasy of colour.—A contrast comes with the simple and essentially English style of Mr George Fripp, seen in "The View of Streatly;" evidently true to the spot, yet each part of the landscape has been distributed with a view to pictorial effect.—Yet another contrast awaits the visitor on approach to "the Mountains of the Oberland," as painted with scenic display by Collingwood Smith. That dashing brush has certainly not been disciplined in the school of microscopic detail now in vogue.

Still it must be admitted that the artist displays power and address in his encounter with a subject beyond the reach of art. Altogether, the drawing has much of the grandeur of Swiss mountains.—The numerous contributions of T. M. Richardson were of his wonted show and cleverness.—Mr Jackson exhibited a careful and every-way commendable study, "Tintagel."—"Early Spring," by Mr Davidson, is, in its literal transcript of bare trunk and leafless branches, praiseworthy.—Among the admirable drawings of J. W. Whittaker—the largest, however, of which is a little scattered and ragged,—"*Llyn Idwal*" excels in tone, atmosphere, and that suggestiveness which seems to belong to the use of transparent and liquid colour.—We might with advantage have spoken of the drawings of Alfred Hunt after "*The Day-Dream*" of S. Palmer: both artists delight in chromatic experiments. "*Childe Roland to the dark Tower came*" is a nightmare. Mr Hunt, however, is no longer extravagant in "*Harleck*," which in its concords of reds, yellows, and greens, is a vision of delight.—Arthur Glennie's "*Amphitheatre and Town of Pola*" proclaims that it was indeed "done on the spot." There is here not only truth in detail, but that breadth which in the act of out-door sketching it is difficult to preserve.—The same praise cannot, save as to breadth, be extended to Alfred Newton's "*Coliseum*;" the vast pile is little save a shadow in the moonlight.—The drawings of Mr Boyce were less important than often: "*Pangbourne*" and "*Wotten House*" are, however, of rare worth.—Mr Andrew's "*Wreck of an East Indiaman*" has the distinction of being one of the largest drawings ever executed. It is needless to say that a tempest in which no ship could live, it was difficult for a painter to study, and imagination, it is to be feared, has been scarcely able to supply what might be lacking in positive data. This "*Wreck*" was indeed an arduous undertaking; and its completion can scarcely be accepted as a success.—Mr Read's interior of "*St Stephen's, Vienna*," is another vast achievement. The result is imposing; magnitude, space, relative proportion, have been preserved, and the artist shows no ordinary skill in keeping together so large a mass of distracting materials.

We may briefly chronicle the fourth Exhibition of Sketches and Studies, by the members of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, which closed early in the spring. This Exhibition has exceptional value in its sketches as distinguished from finished pictures. The studies left by the old painters we esteem for like reasons. Mr Topham's effective picture, "The Fern Gatherer," however, had the merit of a picture rather than of a study. Mr Smallfield's "Girl's Head," life size, showed little of the dash or vigour of a first sketch. Mr Lundgren's "Fresco Painter," too, approached a finished work. Several artists, however, set a different example: they threw into one frame small scraps, the gleanings from sketching tours. Frederick Taylor, Birket Foster, and Brittan Willis thus gave epitomes of by-gone seasons—sometimes in the way of slight pencil or colour sketches, sometimes in jottings down of first ideas. Mr Shields, in "the Nativity of our Lord," cast after the German type, gave little promise of "the Bread-watchers," on which he was working for the summer exhibition. The studies of Watson showed that he lays in stores of solid materials. Heads by Burne Jones from a well-known model, had rare beauty, indeed they possessed a grandeur which recalls Michael Angelo's drawing of Vittoria Colonna. Richardson's rapid sketches have a nature which his finished pictures lose under the process of elaboration. Holland's "Mill-stream Tail" was remarkable for dash and motion: it opened, too, a new page in the artist's sketch-book. We have not space to add more than that contributions by Palmer, Collingwood Smith, Branwhite, Davidson, Whittaker, Dodgson, Jackson, Boyce, and Alfred Hunt, were after the styles and degrees of merit long associated with their several names. A moonlight ghost of the Colosseum painted by Mr Andrews was remarkable as a poetic vision; and a large panorama of "Sorrento" in a different way deserved no less praise for its elaborate detail done on the very spot.

"The Institute of Painters in Water Colours" held an average exhibition, which furnishes several works for our record. In ambitious, not to say pretentious, drawings this gallery indeed is preëminent. Of this class "the Entry of Jehu into Jerusalem,"

by E. Corbould, shows the inherent merits and vices of the school. The series of compositions by the same artist in illustration of the story of "Undine" has much of the fancy which delights us in the designs of Fröhlich.—"Deborah sitting in Judgment," one of the most ambitious if not successful efforts of Henry Warren, was among the very few drawings guilty of "high art." The figure of Deborah is grandly conceived, and an undefined poetic atmosphere is cast over the whole scene. That the difficulties of anatomy and drapery have been absolutely surmounted, it would be too much to affirm: still on the whole this work is not without nobility. In the list of ambitious attempts must be set down John Absolon's "Zaida," who launches a boat, decisive of her destiny, upon the waters. Mr Absolon, like Wilkie, if we may be permitted the comparison, is most at home in lowly scenes. "Zaida," at all events, must be content with the applause which the commonplace opposition of sunlight to moonshine never fails to secure.—There seems a danger that the great powers which J. M. Jopling has at command may be devoted to decorative ends. "Jerusalem y^e Golden" certainly has little depth, and is sadly out of keeping with the text. Another fancy head by the same artist, "Ching-a-ring-a-ring-ching," will rank as a triumph of colour. Intensity avoided violence and reached harmony.—Among drawings of high aim and successful issue must rank "Homeless," and other figures which gave successful entry to Guido Bach, a new Associate who bears a suggestive name. It is not a little surprising how many names of foreign origin occur in the two Water Colour Galleries. For some cause, not readily to be accounted for, the same cannot be said of the Academy. Among these German artists, who show good training, it is at once evident that Guido Bach has been accustomed to take honourable position. His style is quiet and thoughtful, and shows study both of the life and of the historic schools of painting.—Mr Tidey exhibited pretty figures under the fancy titles "Sensitive Plants," "London Pride and Golden Rod," "Penny Royal and Columbine."—Mrs Elizabeth Murray produced her best work, "the Cheat detected: a scene from

Spanish life,"—a drawing of colour and power, which only wanted more thorough study to make it as intrinsically good as it was at a distance attractive.—The style of Miss Emily Farmer comes as the converse: how vastly would it gain by some of the rude vigour of Mrs Murray's drawing. "The Passing Cloud" and "the Magic Swan" show the smooth surface and the refinement which distinguish Miss Farmer's drawings.—Mr Wehnert's "Shylock and Jessica" are surely unworthy of Shakespeare.—Louis Haghe was seen in wondrous force: his seven pictures came as an epitome of an art which has clothed again and oft repeopled ancient towns and venerable tenements. "La Salle du Franc de Bruges" and "Le Bureau de Bienfaisance, Ghent," have the details which delight an antiquary, brought together into pictorial keeping.—Mr Bouvier contributed nice specimens of dainty figure-manipulation. His lines of composition approach the grace of Stothard. "La Tarantella" had, in addition to refined beauty, nature, movement, and a correctness of drawing we seldom look for in this artist.—Among less conspicuous but not least praiseworthy figure-painters should be noted Lucas, Cattermole, Kilburne, Luson Thomas, and Green. Mr Lucas attains character and detail: Mr Kilburne in a choice little drawing, "A Labour of Love," maintained truest harmony between figures and background, no common merit: and Mr Luson Thomas, in "Little Dorrit's Story," displays a well-trained hand.

The Gallery contained not a few landscapes of fair student work, though, of course, a large number was but commonplace. Mr Rowbotham gives us Italy once more.—Our knowledge of Egypt does not lead us to receive as quite satisfactory the drawings which Charles Vacher has brought home. He is best when he deals in general sentiment and intention, as at "Dendera," a drawing in which twilight dispenses with detail.—The vague suggestion of definite facts cannot be urged against the realistic transcripts of Mr Werner, among which the plain of "Thebes" is an absolute miracle. We have seldom seen a drawing wherein so many difficulties have been encountered with such complete triumph.—Mr Skinner Prout's

best work, wherein he comes near to his relative and namesake, is the well-known porch of the "Frauen-Kirche, Nuremberg."—Another capital drawing which deserves long to be held in remembrance is Mr Dean's "Sala of the Scuola di San Rocco." It was not easy to indicate that vast fresco painted on the wall by Tintoret, "the Crucifixion," which travellers wonder at.—Mr Warren, the younger, in "the Haunt of the Fallow Deer," pursues still further the path which has led to success. We think he gains in breadth, and overcomes as far as possible the crudity which seems inevitable to the liberal use of opaque colours.—Mr Reed exhibited one of his boldly modelled mountain panoramas, "Llyn Cwm."—"Cornish Headlands," by Philp, was a lovely mingling of sea, cliff, and sky.—Drawings of choice quality were contributed by Hine, d'Egville, and Mogford. These are among the more recently elected Associates, who promise to the Institute in future years good student work.

The thirteenth Exhibition of French and Flemish pictures contained fair examples of foreign masters with whom, thanks to Mr Gambart, the English public have grown familiar. Gallait, Gérôme, Bonheur, two sisters and a brother,—Henrietta Browne, Edouard Frère, Henri Lehmann, Leys, Meissonier, and Plassan, gave to the Exhibition its average interest. After the display made by Gallait in the International it has been hard for him to maintain his reputation. Certainly "Jeanne la Folle" betrayed the painter's faults of melo-dramatic sentiment and poverty in flesh-colour.—Gérôme was present in works which had already won a reputation, "Cæsar dead," and "Phryne before the Tribunal." It is needless to insist on the consummate art-power which, in such compositions, attacks difficulties that lesser artists would simply evade. A hand for drawing, an eye for both ideal beauty and individual character, together with technical knowledge, were proved in these two master-works. That "dead Cæsar" stretched on the marble floor is a bold stroke of foreshortening. Yet "Phryne" is the work which, above all others, asserts Gérôme's incomparable resource, but at the same time tells how a great artist may prostitute his talents. Only a Frenchman would venture to depict

the carnal desire which kindles in the faces of the old judges.—The more the English see of the family of Bonheur, and of the mode in which the French school generally deals with landscapes and cattle, the less will the pictures of Rosa Bonheur come as a surprise. Auguste, Juliette, and Rosa Bonheur, each sent one picture after the family type, and it was curious to mark how nearly “the Twins” painted by Juliette approached to the smaller canvasses of Rosa.—“A Nun,” by Henrietta Brown, scarcely sustained the artist’s reputation. It becomes evident that the picture of the Sick Child, nursed by the Sisters of Charity, was the artist’s most happy thought, and now it is felt that each subsequent work lacks novelty and resource. Of Mad^{lle} Browne’s capacity to shine in another direction, did she care to do so, there can, however, be little question.—Edouard Frère, in such compositions as “the Travelling Print-seller,” multiplies figures, but scarcely adds to the value of each square inch covered. His smaller works of some years ago were his best.—Meissonier’s out-door scene, “the Halt,” has not the merit of his in-door single figures or groups. His “Joyful Trooper” is a miniature, sparkling as a gem; in character it touches perfection at every point.—After its kind, seldom has been seen a picture more consummate for composition or execution than “the Promenade,” by Plassan. An artist so thorough and subtle ought not to indulge in doubtful pictures of semi-toilette under the disguise of “Evening Prayer.”—Henri Lehmann shows to less advantage in an English gallery than on the ceiling of a French saloon: “Italian Women reposing” has a power which near approach makes coarse.—Three pictures by Leys are of the mediæval-domestic character we now expect from this artist as a matter of course.—The eccentric Biard showed versatility, not to say comic grotesqueness, in two works, “Souvenir of Central America” and “Lapland Lovers off Cape North.”—Novelty was imparted to the Exhibition by the clever, dashing, and sketchy pictures of “Arabs in Ambush,” and “Wallachian Waggoners,” painted by Schreyer. This artist, though as yet little known in this country, obtained two years ago a first-class medal in Paris.

The British Institution gave its accustomed exhibitions, the

one in the spring of living artists, the other in the summer of deceased painters. The spring exhibition of modern pictures has for some time been in decadence, and few works call for note in this register. Mr Cave Thomas revived Italian traditions of high art in "the Return of the Prodigal Son.—"The "Psyche" of Mr Dicksee, and "Nutting," by Mr Alexander Johnston, were good after their kind, pretty showy figures designed to catch popular applause.—Perhaps the most remarkable picture in the gallery was John Gilbert's "Timber Cart," for composition and colour.—Mr Yeames exhibited a couple of works which again lay claim to originality.—Mr Lucy was more than usually fortunate, in yet another page from English history, "Religious Emigrants in the time of Charles I."—Works of promise, if not of absolute success, were exhibited by G. D. Leslie, J. Morgan, Lidderdale, A. F. Patten, H. Weekes, Barnes, Lucas, Havell, Hemsley, and Houston. Among the painters of landscapes were the well-known names of E. W. Cooke, R.A., and Thomas and James Danby. Striking effects in sky and water called attention to pictures by both the Dawsons, for the delicate green and grey of ocean. The sea-pieces of Wilson were, as usual, commendable. The manner of Niemann was once more vehement and dogmatic. For painstaking study G. Cole deserved praise: and an "English Solitude," painted by Robert Collinson, should be held in everlasting remembrance as a triumph of so-called Pre-Raphaelite practice.

For its second Exhibition the British Institution collected some very interesting examples of "ancient masters" and deceased British artists. "The Holy Family," from the collection of the Marquis of Westminster, is a singularly fine specimen of Nicholas Poussin: it has few of the master's defects, and shows how completely he was imbued with the spirit of Italian art.—"St Catherine with Angels," lent by Mr P. H. Howard, has the finish, the beauty, and withal the mannerism of Luini. —"The Salutation," contributed by Mrs Campbell Robertson, is a noble specimen of the grand style of Sebastian del Piombo. It is interesting to mark the resemblance between some of the subordinate figures in this composition and the attendant groups

in Sebastian's great picture, "the Raising of Lazarus."—"The Portrait of John of Bologna," from the collection of Sir Coutts Lindsay, painted by Moretto, an artist whose works are scarce save in his native town of Brescia, combines the style and colour of Italy with the individuality of the Dutch portrait painters. There is also a rare example of Bronzino, contributed by Mr Joseph Bond, the portrait of "Bianca Capella," which shows how nearly this artist, too often crude, could approach to Veronese. Lord Crewe, whose pictures the other day barely escaped destruction in the burning of his house, has contributed, among other works, a fine example of Canaletto, "the Capitol, Rome." There are several pictures, especially of the earlier Italian times, the ascriptions of which may be questioned. The painters of Flanders and Holland are fairly represented. There is a spirited sketch, contributed by General Buckley, of Rubens' great picture in Antwerp, "the Elevation of the Cross." "A Dinner Party," the property of Mrs Hope, has more delicacy and finish than is usual with Jan Steen, and in composition shows interesting analogies to Ostade, who for skill in the linking together of figures into pictorial sequence is unsurpassed.—From the collection of Sir Hugh Hume Campbell there is the fine Cuypp, "St Philip baptizing the Eunuch:" the relation between the figures and the landscape is perfect.—Sir Antonio More, who holds his ground this year so firmly at South Kensington, has a grand portrait of "Isabella de Valois," contributed by Mr Joseph Bond.—A "Winter Scene with figures Skating," by Vander Neer, from the collection of Mr George Field, is very choice.—"The Rocky Landscape with Waterfall," by Ruysdael, the property of Sir Hugh Hume Campbell, though grown dark as usual, has high qualities; the trunk and bark of a broken tree are such as we look for in Wynants.—A peacock's tail in "the Larder" of Snyders, proves that few, if any, of our so-called Pre-Raphaelite painters have reached the illusive realism of the Dutch.

It is always instructive to recur to the well-known works of "deceased British artists," of which this year we have a great show; we thus learn the whereabouts of our living painters.

Reynolds has been seldom seen in greater force, partly through the celebrated series which fortunately escaped the fire at Crewe Hall, and partly because, as may be supposed, an effort was made to bring out, as a sequence to the earlier period exhibited at South Kensington, the strength of the English school of portrait painting. Reynolds is represented by no less than twenty-two works, a large proportion of which are of distinguished mark. Number one in the catalogue is "St Cecilia," a direct plagiarism from Domenichino: and another composition, "the Tribute Money," is avowedly taken from Rembrandt. The strength of Reynolds will for ever lie in his portraits, to which, however, the treatment reflected from his fancy compositions impart additional charm. The following is the Crewe series exhibited at the Institution: "Kitty Fisher" with doves, a picture of which there are two other versions, one belonging to Mr Munro, the other to Col. Lenox. About this picture a controversy arose: the painter was alleged to be Cosway, and not Reynolds, and the subject Miss Woolls, not Kitty Fisher. "Master Crewe" in masquerade character of Henry VIII., with legs astride, after the fashion of Holbein's portrait, is a very fine example of Reynolds; so is "a Child in a Black Hood," the sister, we believe, of "Master Crewe." "Portraits of Lady Crewe and Lady Robert Spencer" are lovely and ladylike, but faded. To the above must be added, "Portrait of William Duke of Devonshire:" "the Tribute Money," after Rembrandt: "Cartouche," a study from the well-known model whom Reynolds used in an exalted form for his pictures of the Banished Lord and Ugolino: "Psyche," afterwards known in actual life as Mrs Crewe: "Lady Crewe as a Shepherdess," and "Portraits of Miss Crewe and Mrs Hinchliffe."

Other painters of the English school are strongly represented in the Institution. "The portrait of Lady Margaret Fordyce," for example, contributed by Lady Stuart de Rothesay, shows how closely Gainsborough approached Reynolds.—The melo-dramatic manner of Romney, whose figures, however, seldom lack style and fascination, is seen in a head, in his usual rapture, of "Miss Crouch the actress," contributed by Mr Anderdon.—Another "Portrait of a Lady," by Sir T.

Lawrence, lent by Rev. Francis Trench, is inflated by the fine frenzy then in vogue, caught alike by Reynolds in the Tragic Muse, by Lawrence in the figure of John Kemble, and by Romney in the heads of Lady Hamilton.—Two well-known and first-rate pictures contributed by the Marquis of Lansdowne, "Scene from the Vicar of Wakefield" and "Scene from the Beggars' Opera," place Stewart Newton in the front rank side by side with Wilkie, Leslie, Webster, and Frith.—Another well-known picture, lent by Mr Thomas Howard, "Byron's Dream," by Sir Charles Eastlake, is a good example of the classical and poetical landscape which our English painters fifty years ago were ambitious to acquire in Italy. This work was painted in Rome in 1827, and Mr Harman became its purchaser for five hundred guineas. The scene is said to be laid near Corinth, and Mount Parnassus comes within the view.—"The Virgin and Child," by Dyce, the property of Mr G. E. Seymour, is a remnant of another historical style once in vogue, but now forgotten: the late Academician in this lovely picture threw himself back into the spiritual art of Italy.—Another recently deceased Academician, David Roberts, was represented by two of his chief works, "Baalbec," one of those scenic panoramas to which, in his later years, he became addicted; and the grandly rendered façade of Rouen Cathedral; an architectural conglomerate, said to *epitomize* the middle ages. This noble picture has the care and detail of the artist's best time.—Five works testify to the rare merits of Crome, seldom if ever seen to such advantage:—of Crome's pupil Cotman, too, there is a picture which proves how nearly master and pupil were alike. For colour, atmosphere, and the art which can make a great picture out of smallest materials, these pictures, from the collections of Mr Wynn Ellis and Mr Fuller Maitland, have few equals.

The second "General Exhibition of Water Colour Drawings" was held as the first in the Dudley Gallery. The works were double the number exhibited either by the old or the new Water Colour Societies. The elder societies may possibly rely on quality rather than number. Among artists who had already established reputations in other places, the following lent their

force to the new gallery:—Richard Redgrave, P. Calderon, H. S. Marks, Carl Haag, John Burr, George Thomas, Simeon Solomon, Arthur Hughes, Vicat Cole, T. Danby, Harry Johnson, Henry Jutsum, E. J. Nieman, Frank Dillon, and G. E. Hering. Such names are sufficient guarantees of a good exhibition, without counting the works of debutants, for whose benefit the Dudley Gallery is expressly opened. Yet that the new society has done good service in bringing into notice young men whose talents had elsewhere met with little or no recognition, the second exhibition no less than the first has proved. Of this, among others, the drawings by Arthur Severn, such as that of "The Sea from the Land's End," are examples. The brilliant sea-pieces of W. R. Beverly, if a little overdone, have the spirit and bold effect acquired in scene-painting. The landscapes of S. Vincent and J. C. Moore evinced more than usual maturity of manner. A. Ditchfield follows with success G. P. Boyce. J. C. Lewis sent the best rendering of a subject which, judging from its recurrence in the exhibitions of the season, must be with the painter a prime favourite: it will be admitted that this sedgy and willow-shaded river with a boat makes a capital study.—Among the figure painters, in addition to those already named, who appeared to advantage, may be enumerated, Lamont; Miss Juliana Russell, Miss Adelaide and Miss Florence Claxton, Mrs Newton, E. W. Russell, and William Scott. "Proserpine," by Mr Scott, did not receive the favour it deserved: the hangers possibly feared to place upon the line a figure which by its colour and power might kill any weaker work it came in contact with. A composition which also deserves to be remembered as out of the common beat, was Miss Florence Claxton's frieze-like disposition of figures, whereof "Dante Aleghieri" made the centre. Miss Russell in such drawings as "Isabella" displays her accustomed address and sense of colour.—Mr Lamont's drawing, "Bored to Death," which obtained in the Dudley Gallery the post of honour, appeared to better advantage than the works which the same artist exhibited on his election as Associate in the Old Water Colour Society. Four drawings of Mrs Newton, sister to Arthur and Walter Severn, were seen with

melancholy interest. These sketches alone, if nothing more were known, would indicate the loss sustained in this lady's untimely death.—Of works which merit permanent record were some amazingly clever studies of backgrounds and other accessories by H. S. Marks, such as "Interior of Bensington Mill, Oxon." The following will also be remembered: "The Temple near the Sphinx," by F. Dillon, a very masterly sketch; "Morning and Evening," by J. Burr, simple rustic scenes which come near to the heartfelt sentiment of Edouard Frère; and, lastly, "La Fontaine," a bold experiment by P. Calderon. The process by which this effective figure was painted deserves memorandum. The work is, in fact, a picture *in tempera*, executed on unprimed canvas. The lines of the canvas, which show through the colours, give texture to the surface, and the colours themselves have the brilliancy of light, which belongs to true fresco. The outlines have been incised with a firm hand, as also was the practice in fresco.

The Society of British Artists opened its Forty-third Exhibition in the handsome Gallery of Suffolk Street. The catalogue record 1097 works. The pictures of J. J. Hill and E. J. Cobbett have attractions which obtain reward from art-union prize-holders: "The return of the Gleaners," by Mr Cobbett, was indeed brilliant.—The landscapes of G. Cole, Pyne, Clint, Syer, Percy, Niemann, Pettitt, A. Gilbert, and H. J. Boddington, constitute what may be called the Suffolk Street School. During the past year the society suffered loss in the death of Boddington (alias Williams), an artist who, if he fell into mannerism, had yet during a hard-working life painted pictures not only large, but sometimes grand. His landscapes of mountain, lake, and river, had scenic breadth and power. The foregrounds of such works, too, generally contained careful studies.—A picture which contrasted favourably with the style habitual to Suffolk Street, was J. Peele's "Dolwydelan Valley," a landscape of conscientious work, yet here hung above the line.—A few figure pictures there were which might have shown well in any exhibition. "Passion and Patience," by E. C. Barnes, was a little too sensational, and we are not sure that some figures might not have

been borrowed.—“Grace before Meat,” by J. Kennedy, “The awkward Suitor,” by T. Roberts, “Hush,” by W. Hemsley, and a “Fish Girl,” by J. Collinson, had each merit after its kind. “Master Horace Mann,” by C. Baxter, was a pretty figure in the artist’s dainty style.—A young painter, F. Holl, Jun., came into favourable notice. From the artist who could execute that little picture, “Is it a purse or a coffin?” much may be expected.—Two Spanish heads by Mr Lidderdale are after the artist’s studious manner. “A portrait of a Lady” on horseback, by G. Earl, was also well painted and of good style. There might be seen, too, a large and crowded canvas, “The French Army of 1812,” by J. Sucholowski, a picture which, if a little hard and dry, gave proof of diligent labour.

The Tenth Exhibition of the Society of Female Artists was held in the Gallery of the Architectural Exhibition, Conduit Street. It has been the misfortune of this Society, that many leading female artists have held aloof from the praiseworthy enterprise. The last exhibition, however, was an advance on some of its predecessors, and contained not a few pictures of merit. Sketches by Miss Townsend and Miss Pyne had delicacy of colour. There were several drawings of picturesque buildings capitally executed by Miss Isabella Jones, and Miss Margaret and Miss Louise Rayner. A. M. Fitz-James is one of the many artists who now paint primroses and birds’-nests in emulation of the late W. Hunt. Mrs W. Hannay and Miss Royal exhibited ideal heads of considerable beauty, and Miss Florence Claxton sent six sketches in one frame, each a satire on certain modern Pharisees in female attire. Figure subjects in oil were very fairly painted by Miss Kate Swift, Miss Humphreys, Cecile Terrere, and Amelia Lindegren. Indeed, “The Family Sorrow,” by the last artist, a worthy disciple in the Tidemand school, is truly a remarkable picture, and was worthy of more notice than it obtained in the Gallery.

On the close of the Female Artists’ Exhibition, the rooms in Conduit Street once more reverted to the use of “The Architectural Exhibition Society.” To this sixteenth Exhibition, as to its immediate predecessors, the heads of the archi-

tectural profession gave inadequate support. It could not be said that the rooms displayed, with few exceptions, designs of the chief works executed in the country. This is cause for regret, inasmuch as it is admitted on all hands that from the inadequate space accorded to architecture in the Academy, this special exhibition has become a necessity.

Some few additional exhibitions remain for cursory notice. The newly-formed "International Society of Fine Arts (Limited)" opened its first Exhibition in Pall Mall. The room contained about a hundred works, some of well-known artists, chiefly Belgian, such as Gallait, Willems, Verboeckhoeven, Robbe, Stevens, and Bossuet. The idea of an International Exhibition is not bad, but if it is to succeed, the enterprise must be prosecuted with more vigour and on a larger scale.—Another small exhibition not without merit was opened in Pall Mall, of the sketches of Hildebrandt, an artist long recognized in Germany for the wide field of his labours. This painter in some measure realizes an idea expressed by Humboldt; he has pushed his way into all latitudes, and makes art follow closely after the discoveries of physical geography. Another German artist, Albert Bierstadt, born at Dusseldorf in 1830, was made known to this country by a truly great picture, "The Rocky Mountains." A landscape so grand in subject, and so thoroughly well studied and worked out, has seldom been seen. The style differs from the English; it is expressly that of the Dusseldorf school, and shows the influence of Leutze and Lessing, under whose influence Bierstadt has fallen.—During the season there were exhibited at the German Gallery, New Bond Street, pictures and sketches by Mr Elijah Walton, Mad^e Bodichon, and Mrs Bridell. The Alpine paintings of Mr Walton are now being reproduced in chromo-lithography.—Stanfield's broad manner of treating snow mountains is more pleasing though less accurate than Mr Walton's: his colour too is more agreeable.—The collected landscapes of Mr Andrew MacCallum seen at the Dudley Gallery were the result of years of earnest study. Mr MacCallum is remarkable for mastery of drawing and certainty of hand; the intricate branching of the trees is carefully traced,

the rounding of boulders and the undulations in the ground are faithfully rendered.

The sketches and designs of the late Godfrey Sykes placed on view in South Kensington Museum are a tribute to rare talent. This gifted man, who in turn was pupil, pupil-teacher, and master of the Sheffield School of Art, and for six years decorator and designer to the Department of Science and Art at South Kensington, was one of the very few artists in modern times who approach to the universality of the workers in the middle ages. The advantages which flow from an extended range of study were made evident in this Exhibition. Here were designs for the terra-cotta decorations of the arcades in the Horticultural Gardens, which are, perhaps, the best application we have in this country of a too long neglected art borrowed from Northern Italy. Then might be seen such works as ornamental alphabets and designs for the familiar cover of the Cornhill Magazine, and likewise the cover for the photo-zinco-graphic reproductions of Domesday Book. To these were added studies from the figure, and landscapes and other drawings made on sketching tours. And this wide range of subject was not incompatible with thoroughness; on the contrary, the knowledge gained in these various fields supplied materials and aptitude in the artist's speciality of ornamental design.

Our review has extended to 19 exhibitions, which contained a total of about 5870 works. These figures are an index of the increase in the number both of artists and pictures, as well as of the growth of wealth in the country. And each work does something to promote a knowledge of art. And we think the survey we have made of the year's exhibitions shows that the arts are at least moving onwards, and that the English school now stands on a wider and surer basis than at any earlier period in its history.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

THE
EARLY PORTUGUESE SCHOOL OF PAINTING ;

WITH NOTES ON THE PICTURES AT VISEU AND COIMBRA,
TRADITIONALLY ASCRIBED TO "GRAN VASCO."

INTRODUCTION.

It is perhaps a truism to say that the progress of the Fine Arts, in any particular country, is inseparably connected and interwoven with the general history of that country; but at all events, this connexion is especially evident in the instance of Portugal. Portuguese history, however, is a neglected theme; and art-literature there, with one solitary exception, in recent times, is almost a blank. Nevertheless, the general history of Portugal is a drama of most varied interest, the main events are striking, and successively present themselves in well-defined cycles; and Portuguese art, though hitherto all but unknown to Europe at large, possesses an intrinsic importance, which, to say the least, gives it a claim to further elucidation.

Almost every country has had a golden age of art, usually coincident with the epoch of its greatest glory and material prosperity. Here, again, Portugal deserves attention, for its age of art occurred at a period especially notable in the history of the world at large, namely, at the close of the 15th and the early part of the 16th centuries. This period, throughout the entire Spanish Peninsula, witnessed a sudden uprising of art, unparalleled in the rest of Europe; nor is this development, in respect to Portugal in particular, rendered less interesting from the remarkable fact of its rapid decline, shortly afterwards, in that country. Generally speaking, it is of little practical utility to trace back the progress of painting, as a speciality, in remote ages. Unfortunately the existence, if it may be so termed, of pictures is briefer than that of most other works of art, and for our present purpose it would be needless to resuscitate mere names, or to dwell to any

extent on the barren record of works no longer in evidence. Painting, sculpture, and architecture, in the earlier middle ages, were to all appearance handicrafts, much more equally developed in all European countries than is generally imagined; and it is probable that no single country of Europe could show any decided superiority over the others in respect of art. Italy was very wealthy and populous; it had a livelier tradition and better models of style in the relics of classical antiquity; but it may yet be doubted if, until the beginning of the 15th century, the painters, illuminators, architects, and sculptors of that classic land possessed any real preëminence over their brethren of England, France, Germany, or the Spanish Peninsula. A remarkable uniformity, or average standard of excellence, seems indeed to have been attained simultaneously in the various countries of Europe: nor was this confined to the master art—architecture, alone; the rapid diffusion of every new feature of which has been accounted for on many fanciful theories, of which an exaggerated estimate of the influence of freemasonry was, until recently, the most generally prevalent. The fact seems to be, that a much greater and more universal intercourse between the nations took place in mediæval periods than might have been supposed possible, considering the difficulties of communication which really existed. Skilled master workmen—artists, as they are now termed—were then, probably much more than at present, citizens of the world,—migratory and unsettled in their habits. This, indeed, should excite the less surprise, when it is considered that the universal patron was the Church, which had in every country the same prescriptive requirements, and which in innumerable monasteries and other religious establishments gladly gave shelter and support to strangers, whose talents enabled them to make an acceptable return. Thus Frenchmen and Flemings came to England, Italians and Germans went everywhere; and, what might well be doubted if there were not good record of the fact, English artists were no unfrequent wanderers in the Spanish Peninsula.

But admitting the fact of this general average diffusion of art, there were, at the same time, undoubtedly, countries or particular districts which from remote situation, poverty, or other causes, failed to keep up with the times; where old fashions and ruder developments lingered long after they were superseded in more favoured localities. The extreme west and the northern parts of Europe were the most backward in this respect. The obvious rule was, that as there was less material wealth and a sparser population in the outlying districts than in the more central and favoured countries; so there was less art manifested. Thus, in Great Britain, Cornwall, Wales, and Scotland

were manifestly behind the rest of the country; in France, Brittany was a primitive and benighted land. And lastly, Portugal, a country occupying much the same relative position towards Spain which Wales does to England, was, down to a certain period, less advanced in art and general civilization than the rest of the Peninsula.

This fact, notwithstanding the ultimate greatness and prosperity of the country, must still be kept in view, for the original lowliness and simplicity of Portuguese art underlies, and is still visible through, the brilliant strata of later ages.

But Portugal, although at the outskirts of Europe, was nearest to the Indies and the new world, the realms of boundless wealth and promise, and at an early period she began to assimilate and profit by the arts of the one and treasures of the other. The glorious reign of Ferdinand and Isabella in Spain was fully paralleled at the same epoch by that of Dom Emmanuel in Portugal. In both countries a wonderful uprising of art in every branch and speciality accompanied the general prosperity. The wealth of Mexico and Peru poured into Spain, was to a great extent expended on works of art; and in Portugal the riches of the Indies, flowing in an ever-increasing stream along the watery way traced out by the ships of Vasco de Gama, promoted all at once national developments of art in every plastic vehicle. To this day the glory of the Portuguese monarch is everywhere in evidence;—alike in architecture, sculpture, painting; the goldsmith's and jeweller's arts, the "Emmanuelite style," as it might well be termed, meets the eye on all hands; to say the least, it is obvious that the all-prevalent Renaissance, or revived classical style, received at this time in Portugal a local colour and distinctive national character of the most striking kind.

But it was not alone from the East, and in a merely decorative guise, that the light of art penetrated into Portugal; from a very early period the Peninsula seems to have been the principal foreign market for the innumerable pictures and other works of art of the early Flemish school. It is on record indeed that the great luminary of that school, John Van Eyck himself, early in the 15th century visited the Peninsula, in order to paint the portrait of a Portuguese princess, who was affianced to a duke of Burgundy.* The direct communication by sea, and the consequent active commercial intercourse of Portugal with the great Flemish commercial cities, were naturally the means of introducing numbers of Flemish pictures, illuminated books, and similar works of fine

* In 1428 John Van Eyck accompanied, for that purpose, the ambassador sent by Philippe-le-bon to demand the hand of doña Isabel, daughter of Juan I. of Portugal. Laborde, "Les Ducs de Bourgogne."

art. Artists themselves were not slow to follow where their works found a ready sale; and the artistic invasion of the Spanish Peninsula, which may be said to have taken place in the early years of the 16th century, was apparently effected quite as much from the side of Portugal, as through the influence of the new dynasty of Hispano-Flemish sovereigns of Spain, inaugurated by the marriage of the daughter and heiress of Ferdinand and Isabella with the last of the Burgundian Dukes.

At all events, except along the eastern or Mediterranean shores of Spain, in Catalonia and the kingdoms of Valencia and Murcia, where, through the obvious agency of locality and dynastic ties, Florentine, Genoese, and Neapolitan art obtained a considerable footing, Flemish art would appear to have predominated in the Peninsula. Flemish artists seem to have settled and become naturalized in all parts of the land, but especially in the centre of Spain, in the literally "Gothic" and truly Catholic countries of Old and New Castile, in the north-west provinces, and in Portugal. The "Juan Flamencos," "Juan de Borgoñas," "Francisco de Holandas," and numerous other *españolized* Flemings, whose names betray their native country, or that of their progenitors, are conspicuous in nearly every cathedral and conventual register of works. These men were the founders of schools of art, and the fosterers of successive generations of able native artists, who, engrafting national and local characteristics on the basis of the old Flemish art, produced, as may still be seen in the instances of Fernando Gallegos in Spain, and of Vasco Fernandez in Portugal, striking and characteristic works, scarcely inferior to those of their greatest contemporaries elsewhere.

The material prosperity of Portugal continued throughout the reign of John III. (1523—1557), and the character of that prince especially inclining him to uphold and exalt the Church, art, mainly of a devotional character, flourished in his time with undiminished lustre. During this period, however, the classical or pagan element, which had already long been paramount in Italy, penetrated into the Peninsula. The curious manuscript of Francisco de Holanda, written in Portugal during this reign,* indeed, is one of the most remarkable records we have of the enthralling manner in which the new art, identified in a certain sense with its great leader, Michael Angelo, at length seized on the minds of ultramontane painters and sculptors. Towards the

* Preserved in the library of the Academy of San Fernando in Madrid, and still inedited, with the exception of extracts given by Count Raczyński in "Les Arts en Portugal."

middle of the 16th century, a majority of the more gifted artists of the Peninsula had, in great measure, abandoned the old Gothic manner of their Flemish prototypes. Apparently this change of style was rapidly brought about, and in Spain its leading promoters are well known. Alonso Berruguete and Becerra, both pupils and assistants of Michael Angelo in Italy, and the sculptor Juan de Juni—all truly great artists, and the two former almost as universal in their talent as their immortal master himself—were the chief luminaries, and their innovations were soon reflected in every corner of the land.

But this revolution was not a universal one; the old school was by no means extinguished in the Peninsula, and there still continued to co-exist another race, namely, that of preëminently devotional painters, who adhered, as a matter of established, conventional routine, to the old mannerism. The ancient manner, in fact, still found numerous supporters both in the artists and patrons of art, and those characteristic qualities of the Peninsular races, immobility and unreasoning adherence to established forms, are strikingly manifested in the fact, that apparently down to the early part of the 17th century, pictures continued to be produced both in Spain and Portugal, which in all their main features of style and traditional type were essentially "Gothic,"—in which were imitated not only the technical qualities of the great artists of the age of Memling and Mabuse, but even to a certain extent the architecture, costumes, and ornamentation of past centuries. The new art was that of the Court and the great cities, and of learned connoisseurs, who then began to abound; but it is evident that side by side with it, the devotional feeling of the Peninsula at large caused the old models to be clung to with a prescriptive permanence not unlike that of the Byzantine Greek art of Mount Athos itself.*

Francisco de Holanda, writing in 1549, himself a friend and associate of Michael Angelo, composed his work on his return from Italy, whither he had been sent to pursue his studies in art at the expense of King John III. He omits no opportunity of ridiculing the prevalent "ancient" manner of his Portuguese contemporaries, but he leaves us, nevertheless, under the impression that the old fashion still retained possession of the field; and that it continued to do so in Portugal

* It should be observed, nevertheless, in respect to this remarkable class of pictures, that although to ordinary observers, or to such as are not acquainted with Peninsular art as it is seen in the country itself, these pseudo-antiques, when casually met with, appear somewhat inexplicable, there is little likelihood of the really accomplished art-critic mistaking them for genuine productions of the 15th or early 16th century; in other words, there are in all such works anachronisms of style or fact which infallibly reveal their real character.

more completely even than in Spain, is sufficiently proved by the evidence of art-monuments still extant in the country. The successor of John III., the unfortunate Dom Sebastian, maintained the high status of his country. The East still continued in all the minor arts to exercise a powerful influence; furniture, plate, embroidery, nay even the architecture of Portugal, continued to be strongly biassed by the Indian style and technical processes; rich curiosities and objects of ornamental art were imported in great profusion, whilst the precious woods of the East and of America also came into general use. It is not a little remarkable, indeed, to see in the Portuguese churches Gothic altar shrines and devotional pictures in juxtaposition with chasses and reliquaries of splendid Indian marqueterie and lac work; parcloes and altar-rails of mahogany and Brazilian wood; gold and silver everywhere,—the former metal, in the shape of rich gilding on elaborate semi-Indian wood carving, lining almost the entire interiors of numerous churches and ecclesiastical buildings. Probably one of the earliest pictorial evidences of the knowledge of the existence of the New World is to be seen in one of the ancient pictures of the Chapter House at Viseu, described in the following memoir, where one of the adoring Magi at the feet of the Saviour is portrayed in the costume of an American Cacique.

A disastrous eclipse was however at hand, and Portuguese art sank with the sudden loss of national liberty and life. The young king, Dom Sebastian, impelled by a spirit of romantic bravery, recklessly embarked on a wild enterprise for the conquest of Morocco. A great army, led by the flower of the Portuguese nobility, invaded Africa, but a single great battle overwhelmed this host, and the king himself perished in the fight. With this fatal battle of Alcaçar-quibir (A.D. 1578) came to an end the ancient greatness of Portugal. The crown reverted to an aged ecclesiastic, the Cardinal Henry, the only legitimate male survivor of the royal line. The whole of his short reign was a period of contention and cabal touching the nomination of his successor. He died seventeen months after his accession, A.D. 1580, and the tangled web of contention and intrigue was speedily cut by the sword of the most powerful aspirant to the vacant throne—Philip II. of Spain, who placing the famous Duke of Alva at the head of an invading force, in less than a year overran the entire country, and annexed it to Spain as a conquered province.

Portugal thenceforth remained for sixty years under the Spanish yoke, during which period the national life, though not extinct, lay dormant. Lisbon sank to the level of a distant provincial city. The history—if, indeed, during this period Portugal can be said to have had any

separate history—was a melancholy record of systematic oppression and degradation, whilst literature and the fine arts sank to the lowest ebb.

Portugal, however, had been too long a free and independent nation to admit of final amalgamation with the conquering race, and when the rapid and incomprehensible decline of the Spanish power took place under Philip IV., an overwhelming blow to the Spanish monarchy was dealt in turn by Portugal. In 1640 that country, by a successful revolution, suddenly and completely recovered its independence, and a descendant of its ancient kings mounted the throne; but the great age of art had then passed away. Material prosperity speedily revived; the Portuguese nation again attained to a respectable position in the European family, but its national art had entirely died out. Thenceforth there arose no native artist of any particular eminence, and the progress of art in Portugal thereafter would be a sterile and trivial theme. Although the wealth which flowed into the country in an increasing stream from its colonial possessions, was in the latter part of the 17th and during the 18th centuries freely lavished on great architectural undertakings and costly decoration, both civil and ecclesiastical, in which painting had a conspicuous part, neither in the works of native professors nor in those of the numerous foreigners who were attracted to the country, is there anything to chronicle but the fact of uniform mediocrity.

Fostered by an enlightened and accomplished prince, however, art has of late years taken root again in Portugal, and the newly awakened interest displayed in respect to the ancient art-monuments of the country, in great measure stimulated the writer to undertake the researches detailed in the following memoir.

NOTES ON THE PICTURES AT VISEU AND COIMBRA.*

THE pictures in the Cathedral at Viseu are noticed with considerable circumstantiality in the Comte de Raczynski's Book, "Les Arts en Portugal,"† and are there adduced as the most important and authentic works extant of *Gran Vasco*; they are as follow:—In the first place, fourteen pictures, hanging in the Chapter House, each about 3 feet 6 inches high by about 2 feet

* This memoir was written in Lisbon, in Nov., 1865, for the information of his Majesty the King Dom Fernando of Portugal.

† "Les arts en Portugal, lettres adressées

à la Société artistique et scientifique de Berlin, et accompagnées de documents, par Le Comte de Raczynski." Paris, Renouard, 1846, 8vo.

wide, painted in oil on thick panels, apparently of chestnut or walnut wood; they are in carved and gilded frames of the last century, and are placed high up on the walls, as decorative furniture. The room itself is very obscure, and the pictures being covered with surface dust and dirt, are very imperfectly seen,—they are indeed almost invisible from below. I have little doubt these fourteen panels were originally framed together as a “*retablo*” or large altar-piece. The subjects are various scenes from the life and passion of Our Saviour. (For a description of each composition, see Raczyński, p. 304.) From a careful consideration of the details of costume, ornamentation, and other indications, and from their general style, I think these pictures were painted about 1500—20, and are all by the same hand. My first impression was that they were the work of a Flemish master, but on further examination I came to the conclusion that in any case they were painted in the Peninsula, and that most likely they were the work of a Portuguese painter, thoroughly imbued with the style and technical peculiarities of Early Flemish art.

In the Sacristy are four large panel pictures, about 7 feet 8 inches square, and a series of eleven small panels, each about 2 feet 10 inches long, by about 1 foot 6 inches high. These pictures are all placed in ordinary carved frames of the last century.

At present they are symmetrically hung round the walls of the Sacristy, an early 17th century structure; but they have evidently been removed from some other position—very probably they were originally four separate altar-pieces of as many chapels in the Cathedral, and the eleven small panels, which represent half-length figures of saints, appear to have been their accompanying predella pictures.

The subjects of the larger pictures, named in the order of their probable date of execution, are,—

1. The Martyrdom of St Sebastian.
2. St Peter, clad in pontifical robes, and seated on a throne, apparently a typical representation or impersonation of the Catholic Church.

3. The Baptism of Our Saviour by St John.

4. The Pentecost.

These pictures and the eleven smaller ones exhibit a more advanced style than those of the Chapter House, and they are apparently by a different hand; their production would, I think, range from about 1520 to 1540.

Although in the four large pictures there are considerable variations in manner, and even in typical peculiarities, such as the physiognomic details of the figures, general style of drawing, disposition of draperies, &c., I am inclined to think with Raczyński, that they are all by the same artist, as are likewise the minor predella panels; I do not, however, consider this fact entirely without doubt. The Pentecost exhibits the greatest divergence of style, but I believe it to be the latest of the series in point of date; it is also the feeblest production of the four, but on the whole the differences of style are perhaps not greater than may be accounted for by the gradual mutations of manner of the artist, during the lapse of time betwixt the production of the several pictures.

At all events, two of the series, i. e. The Baptism and the St Peter, seemed to be certainly by the same hand. Immediately on seeing these pictures I was struck with their resemblance in style and general effect to a very celebrated work of art in Spain—the altar-piece, representing the descent from the cross, by Pedro Campana, in the Cathedral of Seville, and on further examination I could not avoid also perceiving a considerable analogy, especially in respect to colour, with certain works of Quentin Matsys; in fact these great square pictures immediately recalled to my mind the famous triptych by Matsys in the Museum at Antwerp. A further analogy with the earlier works of Bernard Van Orley of Brussels, seemed also to be perceptible; but their resemblance to the one great typical picture of Pedro Campana, a Brussels artist working in the Peninsula, at about the middle and probably during the earlier half of the century, seemed specific; the remarkably individualized features of the St Peter, and of the Christ in the Baptism, brought at once to my mind similar heads in the Seville picture.

There remains to be noticed only one other picture,—the altar-piece of the “Capella de Jesus,” a humid and apparently almost deserted chapel, detached from the main fabric of the Cathedral, and forming a sort of vestibule or gallery of communication from the exterior “enceinte” to the cloisters. This is a large arched panel, about eight feet high, with three small predella pictures beneath; the subject is the crucifixion, or “Calvary,”—a multifarious composition displaying the crucified Saviour, flanked by the two thieves, disciples with the fainting Virgin in the foreground, numerous Roman soldiers on foot and on horseback, and other accessory figures. The predella subjects are, Christ before Pilate, the descent from the cross, and Limbo, or the descent into Hades. Count Raczynski unhesitatingly assumed this work to be by the same hand as the four pictures in the Sacristy; it undoubtedly has great analogy with them, and I am inclined to adopt the same conclusion; I differ however from Count Raczynski in my estimate of its relative merit; it appears to me to be the weakest, rather than the most excellent, of the series.

In addition to these pictures at the Cathedral, there are several other early pictures of minor importance in the churches of Viseu and its neighbourhood; of these I saw two only deserving of especial notice; they are preserved in the Chapel of the Episcopal Palace at Fontello, situated about half a league from the city; one of them represents “Christ in the house of Martha,” a panel of about 7 feet 6 inches square, and another, a picture of somewhat smaller dimensions in three compartments, represents the Last Supper with episodes connected therewith. Of the last-named work I shall again speak; with respect to the former one, it has great analogy with the pictures of the Chapter House, especially with the Pentecost, but it is of inferior merit, and is, I apprehend, the work of a scholar or imitator.

Constant tradition in Viseu ascribes all the before-mentioned pictures to one celebrated artist, named “*Vasco Fernandez*,” or “*Gran Vasco*,” said to have been born in a village near the city, where a mill and the site of a cottage are still

pointed out as his birth-place. So great indeed, ultimately, became the fame of this artist, that at last, down even to the appearance of Count Raczynski's book, in 1846, nearly every ancient picture in Portugal was indiscriminately ascribed to him. It is no easy matter to wade through the voluminous and perplexing mass of memoranda relating to Gran Vasco and his reputed works, collected by Raczynski; his conclusions, however, may be summed up thus:—in the beginning of his researches the various notices he received seemed so hopelessly perplexed and contradictory, that he was inclined to disbelieve entirely in the existence of Gran Vasco, and to place him in the category of representative impersonations or myths. Count Raczynski soon perceived that the great mass of pictures ascribed to Gran Vasco were really the work of many different hands; denoting the existence, in the 16th century in Portugal, of a distinct National school of art. On further consideration, he perceived that a process had gone on similar to that by which, at no very distant period, nearly all early Italian pictures were indiscriminately ascribed to Pietro Perugino; all those of the early German School to Albert Dürer; and those of the Netherlands to Van Eyck, or Lucas Van Leyden. But here, again, parity of circumstance led to the conclusion, that an artist of surpassing merit, a real Gran Vasco, must have existed, although it seemed difficult to single out his actual works from the great mass of contemporaneous productions. Count Raczynski had advanced thus far, before he had himself seen the pictures in question; shortly before visiting Viseu, however, some interesting and apparently circumstantial evidence fell into his hands, the most important being an entry in the register of the Cathedral of Viseu, of the baptism of a certain "Vasco, son of Francisco Fernandez, painter, and of Maria Henriques, his wife, on the 18th of September, 1552." Thereupon, notwithstanding the fact which he had previously recognized, that the numerous pictures ascribed to Gran Vasco all obviously belonged to the *first* half of the 16th century,—whereas, supposing the matured labours of the newly discovered Gran Vasco to have been commenced at as early a time as

his twentieth year, namely, circa 1572, his artistic activity must have been mainly exerted towards the conclusion of the century,—Count Raczynski rather unaccountably seems to have rushed to the conclusion that this entry really recorded the birth of the great painter. At the same time the enthusiastic but not overstrained description of the Viseu pictures, sent to him by his correspondent the Viscomte de Jerumenha, prepared him to find an incontestably genuine series of the artist's works in his native town. Count Raczynski's visit to Viseu took place soon after this, and on his first view of the Calvary, and the four great pictures of the Chapter House, he gave utterance to an unfaltering and triumphant "Eureka!"—in his own words, "Fica revogada toda a legislaçao em contrario, c'est a dire que je revoque tout ce que j'ai cité ou rapporté sur Gran Vasco, &c., &c. Vasco Fernandez surnommé Gran Vasco, fils du peintre François Fernandez, naquit en Viseu à 1552." And further on, in respect to the picture of the crucifixion, "Ce tableau nous servira de point de comparaison pour tous les ouvrages du peintre qu'on peut raisonnablement attribuer à son auteur; voici d'abord ce que je pense de ce tableau, Il est d'un grand merite, quoique mal conservé; je l'aurais cru plus ancien que 1570, mais enfin les documents sont plus forte que toute que mes impressions, &c. Les tableaux de la sacristie sont evidemment l'œuvre du même maître." M. Raczynski, however, rightly observed that the series of panels in the Chapter House were apparently by a different and earlier hand.

Now it was with an equally deep interest that I arrived at Viseu just twenty years after Raczynski, probably the only person tolerably master of the various points of the Gran Vasco controversy, who, during the interval, had taken the trouble to visit that remote mountain city with a similar intent. Count Raczynski's conclusion appeared to me so doubtful, that I was the more anxious to see and judge for myself, and I must say that the first glance convinced me that Count Raczynski had much better have confided in his own artistic perceptions, than in the mere unsupported authority of a parish register; and that

his infant Gran Vasco of 1552 could at best scarcely have emerged from boyhood, ere in the natural course of time the grave must have closed over the heads of the really great painters of Viseu. I say *painters*, for it is evident that the Cathedral pictures were the work of at least two different artists, one of whom seems to have flourished at a somewhat earlier period than the other. One of these artists then, as we have seen, was supposed by Count Raczynski to be the famous Gran Vasco; and popular estimation or tradition, the superior importance of the works themselves, and lastly the idea of the comparatively late period of Gran Vasco's artistic activity or existence, combined to point out the Sacristy pictures, rather than those of the Chapter House, as the real works of the master.

Whilst I was engaged in examining these pictures, however, it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of Senhor Antonio Jôse Periera, an artist of merit, native of and resident in Viseu. This gentleman, who had assisted Count Raczynski at the occasion of his visit, I soon perceived, took a deep interest in the question under consideration, and most obligingly volunteered to be my guide for the remainder of the day, in investigating the art antiquities of Viseu. To my great surprise, Senhor Periera soon informed me that he was the possessor of a signed picture of Gran Vasco. Considering that this was of all things the greatest possible desideratum; no such signed work, nor, indeed, any sufficiently well authenticated picture of Gran Vasco having been previously noted. And I must confess I was at first apprehensive there must be some mistake; but on visiting Senhor Periera's studio, a single glance at the picture in question convinced me of the truth of his assertion. Senhor Periera produced three separate panels, apparently the three divisions of a small altar-piece; the centre piece represented a *pietà* or descent from the cross, and the wings respectively St Francis in ecstasy, with a fine landscape background, and St Anthony of Lisbon on the sea-shore, preaching to the fishes. These pictures are about 4 feet 3 inches high, and the width of the three together about 6 feet 9 inches. In the lower portion

of the centre panel is the abbreviated signature of the painter, i. e., "Vasco Fernandez," most clearly and distinctly written, or painted in yellow, as if to imitate gold. See the accompanying fac-simile. Though the precaution was



VASCO
FRZ

obviously superfluous, I examined it carefully with a magnifying glass, and the result was the perfect conviction that it was the genuine signature of the painter. I may further observe, that this signature is of rather prominent size, and is affixed on the panel, with a certain ostentation of conspicuousness,—peculiarities which observations elsewhere have shown me to be a national or characteristic habit of the Peninsular artists of the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th centuries.*

Here then at last was to all appearance a genuine and unquestionable work of Gran Vasco. Unfortunately as pictures these panels are mere wrecks, for they have been remorselessly flayed and half rubbed out by some ignorant picture cleaner; enough, however, remains to give an adequate idea of their relative merit, and also of their leading characteristics of style and apparent date. I may in the first place state, that this picture *is*, or rather *was*, a fine work of art, equal at least in merit to any of the Cathedral pictures already described. My first object naturally was to satisfy myself whether or not these panels were by the same hand as either of the two series in the Cathedral. Senhor Periera had convinced himself that they were by the painter of the St Peter, the Calvary, and the other Sacristy pictures; it soon appeared to me, however, that this

* This habit of affixing a signature in some prominent part of the foreground of the picture, usually in bold upright church text characters, or in the kind of Italo-Gothic letter, seen in the present instance, seems to have been very frequent with the more eminent of the early Spanish and Portuguese painters; as other instances of early pictures so signed I may specify the superb but hitherto unnoticed altar-piece of Fernando Gallegos in the Cathedral of

Zamora, the altar-piece by the same great artist in the Cathedral at Salamanca, a beautiful early picture in the Cathedral of Cordova, signed "*Pedro de Cordova*," several panels in the churches of Seville, and the Triana suburb, by the excellent early painter *Alexio Fernandez*, and quite recently two very interesting early Spanish panels signed respectively "*Pedro del Gallo*" and "*Lo fils de mestre rodrigo*" have fallen under my notice.

conviction was rather the result of an *à priori* method of reasoning, natural, indeed almost inevitable, considering surrounding influences, than founded on an unbiassed comparison of the respective works; and after careful examination and consideration I was soon convinced that they were certainly *not* by the same hand as the Sacristy pictures. Nevertheless, in many peculiarities of design, colour, and general aspect, this signed work showed a kind of family resemblance to both series. I should here remark that the unquestionably earlier series of panels in the Chapter House, are not without certain features of resemblance with the later Sacristy pictures; in short, in all of them there seemed to be an obvious pervading local influence or style; and unless, indeed, imagination has misled me, there seemed to be such a general resemblance as to warrant me in assuming the existence of a succession of artists at Viseu, who had cognizance of each other's works; at all events I shall now venture to initiate the term "School of Viseu."

These panels, or, as I may more conveniently term it, this picture, of Vasco Fernandez, then, seemed to me to occupy a middle place in the school, i. e. betwixt the earlier pictures of the Chapter House and those of the Sacristy; and after careful consideration I estimate the date of its execution to be not later than about 1520. My impression now is (though unfortunately I could not re-examine the Chapter House series after the discovery of the picture in question), that it has, perhaps, more analogy with them than with the Sacristy series, but that it is *not* by the same painter. Could I have compared it with the Chapter House series in a good light, this point might probably have been set at rest; but this was impossible, from the fact that a violent tempest, with torrents of rain, which had set in on the morning of the day of my visit, towards the afternoon reduced the ordinary twilight of the Cathedral to almost total darkness, and at the same time converted the steep and narrow streets of Viseu into little better than mountain torrents, rendering locomotion all but impossible. My investigations, indeed, were made under circumstances of physical discomfort, which would have been intoler-

able but for the interesting nature of the research. My best thanks, however, are due to the dignitaries of the Cathedral, who, although my visit happened most inconveniently to fall on a Sunday, kindly afforded me every possible facility and personal assistance, even to the extent of allowing a ladder to be carried through the crowded Cathedral, and with considerable difficulty hoisted through the "Coro Alto" and the intricate corridors leading from thence to the Chapter House.

Quitting Viseu for a moment, I have now to state that I have had the further good fortune, as I believe, of discovering the real author of the Sacristy pictures, and of establishing beyond doubt the fact, that they are *not* the work of Vasco Fernandez. I must, however, premise, that I have almost a feeling of regret at having thus to put an end to the dearly cherished traditions of the place, to replace the old-familiar local idol by a new and unknown deity. The artistic halo of Viseu will, however, I feel convinced, gleam still more brightly in the strong light of truth, for, in addition to one little more than mythic impersonation, I have now to add substantial individualities,—works and names.

My route from Viseu, crossing the ever-memorable ridge of Busaco, led me back again to Coimbra, and I lost no time, on arriving, in re-inspecting certain pictures in the ancient Church and Monastery of Santa Cruz; amongst them one large and important panel, hanging in the Sacristy, now appealed for closer attention. This picture, about 5 feet 3 inches wide by 5 feet high, retains in great part its original frame or architrave, forming an integral part of the picture; this is a simple but elegant architectural bordering, with two lateral pilasters carved with Renaissance arabesques in low relief; narrow frieze, cornice, &c. above, and regular base mouldings at the bottom; which details alone furnished an unmistakable clue to the date of the work, namely, circa 1530—40. The picture represents the Pentecost; unfortunately, though, on the whole, not perhaps in a hopelessly bad state of preservation, it has become extremely black, from the fact of its having, at some time or other, been thickly covered with a

bad oil varnish; and thus, in the scanty light of the Sacristy, it was at first sight all but invisible. Fortunately I was enabled by mounting on the wooden presses, which surrounded the room, to examine every part of its surface minutely. I had not been long so engaged, before it became evident to me, that this was another picture by the hand of the painter of the St Peter and the Baptism in the Sacristy at Viseu. The composition of this picture is entirely different from that of the Viseu Pentecost, and it is in every respect a finer one. But the exact resemblance in drawing, colour, details of costume, execution, and above all, in the peculiar and very marked physiognomic type of the principal figures, left no room for doubt; in fact the head of the St Peter at Viseu is here repeated in another St Peter, who forms one of the most prominent figures in the foreground of the picture, whilst the very similar ones of the St John and the Saviour in the Baptism have also their counterparts in other portions of the composition. I have, in short, the conviction, that this picture is the work of the traditional Gran Vasco of Viseu. But what was my satisfaction on inspecting the lower portion, to find a well-preserved and conspicuous signature of the artist! I append a fac-simile.



Here then we have, as I believe, revealed the real name of the painter of the St Peter and the Baptism at Viseu, and in all probability also of the St Sebastian, the Pentecost, the Calvary, and the small predella series; it is I think evident, that M. de Raczynski's Gran Vasco in reality was this same *Velasco*. There is something almost painful in this discovery, but, after all, this substitution of one name for another is of little real moment; the pictures remain in evidence, and they reflect equal credit on the country of their production, although no longer enshrouded in an atmosphere of mysterious tradition.

The facts now adduced afford, I apprehend, a new insight into the hitherto perplexed subject of Early Portuguese art, and

I may now state, as an earnest of the fertility of this yet almost virgin field of artistic exploration, that in another picture of the Santa Cruz Sacristy, representing Christ before Pilate, and which, though offering a certain general analogy with the Pentecost, was obviously by another and inferior hand, I noticed in conspicuous characters the signature here imitated.

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Although digressing for a moment from the proper order of my subject, I may here observe, that all these pictures are excellent works of art, not simply curious old paintings of merely archæological interest. They are of far greater artistic value than most of the pictures quoted in terms of eulogy by Count Raczynski, such as those of the Academy in Lisbon, the "San Bento," the "Abraham Prim," "Centurion," and other similar works. One only of these Lisbon pictures appears to me to have any analogy with the school of Viseu, viz. a little standing figure of St John (not the one indicated by Count Raczynski as the work of his painter of "Les belles Draperies"). This is an excellent little picture, conceived and executed very much in the style of the Viseu masters, but not, as I think, to be ascribed to any of the painters previously noted.

I have now for a moment to refer again to the pictures at the half-ruined palace of the bishop at Fontello, near Viseu. One of these, the Jesus in the house of Martha, I have already described; the other picture, consisting of three distinct panels, represents, as a continuous composition, the Last Supper, with episodes connected with it. This is altogether a more meritorious work than the other, and it has considerable analogy with Senhor Periera's picture of Vasco Fernandez; it is in fact the only one at Viseu to which it shows a distinct resemblance. This picture is, however, so much inferior to that signed Vasco, that I cannot but refer it, also, to a scholar or imitator. I shall not at present dwell any further on these pictures; they should, nevertheless, not be overlooked in any future work of investigation and comparison undertaken at Viseu.*

* A word in reference to the present | to rescue them from impending destruction.
state of these pictures may perhaps serve | My visit occurred in the midst of the

It is scarcely necessary to say that Count Raczynski's Vasco Fernandez, son of Francisco Fernandez, born in 1552, could not be the Vasco Fernandez of Senhor Periera's picture; this picture was unquestionably produced some thirty years at least before the birth of the former, and it is now, on the other hand, I apprehend, proved that the Vasco of 1552 was not the painter of the Sacristy pictures, as was, nevertheless, all along assumed by Count Raczynski. Nevertheless, a Vasco Fernandez was undoubtedly born at Viseu in 1552, and it is equally certain that his father, Francisco, was a painter, but at the same time there is no evidence whatever to show that the son followed the father's profession. Further researches will probably clear up these uncertainties; in the mean while, may not this Francisco Fernandez have been himself the son or some other relative of the Vasco Fernandez of our signed picture? This at least seems to be within the range of probability.

Gran Vasco, at all events, we may now safely assume, was not a mythic personage; the constant tradition of Viseu, and the immense superstructure of error and misconception concreted together throughout all Portugal, during two or three centuries, had at all events a nucleus of truth, but to what at the present moment is this evidence reduced? I am almost afraid to say,—I believe it to be brought down simply and solely to

first great downfall at the beginning of the rainy season. After a fatiguing descent of a mile and a half from the mountain summit on which the city is situated, literally wading in the bed of a rushing torrent, and leaping from rock to rock of the hollow ravine, which is the normal character of the so-called roads in the interior of Portugal, the old palace itself afforded but a sorry refuge. The curtailed revenues of the see of Viseu have for years past allowed of no expenditure for repairs on this ancient structure, and it is in consequence rapidly falling to ruin! Its vast saloons were everywhere converted into shower-baths by the rain, which poured in through its dilapidated roofs; massive leather-covered chairs of state and gilded

tables were all but swimming about; standing pools were forming in the hollow floors, whilst circling rills and trickling rivulets were falling down the staircases, and flowing out at every doorway. In one room an ancient library of many thousand volumes had been stacked up in a great heap in the middle, and hastily covered with some loose planks, which formed but a poor protection from the pattering downfall. The pictures in question were, however, not immediately in danger, though the blowing away of a few loose tiles, or the decay of the end of a rafter, above the spots where they are hung, might of course let in streaming sheets of water, which would inevitably ruin them forthwith.

Senhor Periera's ruined but authentic signed picture. It is sincerely to be hoped that other works by the same master hand will ultimately come to light, for I feel convinced they would further establish the existence of a preëminent artist, whose labours were mainly carried on during the first quarter of the 16th century. I cannot but believe, in short, that the painter of Senhor Periera's picture, Vasco Fernandez as he signs himself, was the person to whom, on account of his preëminence in art, the eulogistic epithet "Gran" or "Grande," was, either during his lifetime, or shortly after his death, bestowed. It now remains for his countrymen on the spot to carry on further researches, and to completely resuscitate this phoenix of the arts of Portugal.

Let us now see what is the present extent of our knowledge of the painters presumed to constitute the Viseu school:—the catalogue is as follows:—

1. The painter of the 14 pictures of Chapter House. *Circa* 1500—20.
2. Vasco Fernandez ("Gran Vasco?") Painter of Senhor Periera's signed picture. *Circa* 1520.
3. The painter of the Last Supper at Fontello, presumed to have been a scholar or imitator of Vasco Fernandez.
4. Velasco, the painter of the Viseu Sacristy pictures, the "Calvary," and of the Pentecost at Coimbra. *Circa* 1530—40.
5. Francisco Fernandez, painter, living in 1552 (see baptismal register of the Cathedral).
6. Vasco Fernandez, son of the preceding (see also Cathedral register), presumed, but without evidence, to have followed his father's profession, and erroneously supposed by Count Raczynski to have been the painter of the pictures actually by Velasco.
7. The painter of the "Jesus in the house of Martha" at Fontello, presumed to have been a follower of Velasco.

And to these may be added, as at all events displaying a certain general analogy with the Viseu painters,

8. "Ovia." The painter of the picture of Christ shown to the multitude, in Santa Cruz at Coimbra.

9. The painter of the St John in the Academy in Lisbon.

I have hitherto abstained from entering into any description of the "technical" and artistic characteristics of the Viseu pictures; unfortunately mere description can convey but faint and uncertain impressions. I shall, therefore, only dwell on peculiarities of a general nature. In the first place, then, as I have before stated, all the Viseu pictures exhibit, in an obvious manner, the all-pervading influence of Flemish art; but this influence, it is important to observe, is rather that of the earlier and greater masters, namely, of Van Eyck, Memling, and Quentin Matsys, than of the actually contemporary Flemish painters.

The Chapter House series might in fact, as far as technique is concerned, almost have proceeded from the pencil of Roger Van der Weyden or Hugo Van der Goes. They display the same jewel-like depth and brilliancy of transparent colour, spirited execution, and perfect understanding of texture; and what is still more remarkable, they are free from that offensive mannerism and "bravura" execution, which had almost entirely taken possession of contemporary art in Flanders. Nothing can be more beautiful than the colouring of these pictures: in this respect, they exhibit passages of the most piquant novelty. All the Viseu pictures, both of the Chapter House and the Sacristy, are distinguished by a remarkable gaiety and lightness of colour. Light rather than sombre backgrounds are the rule; it is, perhaps, mainly this pure and lightsome, yet at the same time powerful, colouring, which so strongly brought to my mind the pictures of Quentin Matsys and Pedro Campaña; but in this character alone do they resemble the former master, for the fantastic mannerism, vulgar grotesque types of humanity, and florid ideal ornamentation of the great painter of Antwerp, find no echo in the pictures at Viseu.

A love of truthfulness, and an endeavour to achieve the utmost possible perfection of imitation in details are everywhere perceptible; every piece of brocaded drapery, every strap, buckle, sword-belt, jewel, or piece of armour, would almost seem to have been conscientiously painted direct from the original

object. The gold brocade chasuble of the St Peter, for instance, with its fine embroidered orphreys, rich with saints and angels, elaborate canopies and foliage, must certainly have been painted from the actual vestment; and remarkably enough a superb chasuble of precisely the same apparent date and style, and differing but little from it in the actual details of the design, is still preserved in a press immediately beneath the picture.

I have before said, that passages of colour might be noted of singular harmony and originality of conception: a beautiful warm yellow, often in considerable mass, and frequently in contrast with varied tones of a fine purple brown or mulberry tint, is especially remarkable in the Chapter House pictures, whilst in those of the Sacristy crimson draperies of a peculiarly vivid, clear, lightsome ruby colour, apparently produced by glazing over an under-painting of black and white, will not fail to be observed. The latter pictures are on the whole more lightsome in effect than those of the earlier series, and although they are overlaid by the accumulated dirt of centuries, yet to the professional eye, accustomed to allow for such merely temporary obscuration, they still gleam forth like jewelled mosaics of rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, in a framework of silver.

The draperies, even in the earlier Chapter House pictures, are simple and natural; there is little or no appearance of the angular mannered folds so universal at the period; on the contrary, and especially in Senhor Periera's signed picture of Vasco Fernandez, and those of the Sacristy, the truth of drawing and amplitude of the draperies approximate even to Italian largeness of style. This characteristic of breadth is also displayed in the modulation of surfaces, especially in a peculiarly soft and tender fusion of light and shade, and local colour of almost Correggienesque beauty: but this breadth does not degenerate into vagueness, the boundary of every form and tint, on the contrary, being defined with almost photographic sharpness and precision.

A word more on the drawing and general conception of the figures, and these technical notes, so imperfect and yet

tedious, will be concluded. In the Chapter House series, the proportions of the figures are somewhat short, but they are of an elevated and serious type, having nothing whatever of Flemish vulgarity. In the Sacristy series the rendering of the human figure is often excellent, the hands and feet, as a rule, being drawn, frequently in difficult foreshortened attitudes, with great truth and mastery. But it is in the nude figure of the recumbent Christ, in the Vasco Fernandez picture, that the greatest excellence seemed to be attained; this figure is finely drawn and modelled in a simple dignified style, free alike from archaism or exaggeration. I was further especially struck by a group of small figures in the background of the St Sebastian picture, in the Sacristy, representing a knot of citizens at the gate of the town, discussing the events of the martyrdom in progress; the truth of action and expression of these figures appeared to me admirable; they are draped and composed, in general, with all the grandeur and amplitude of design of Andrea del Sarto, whose similar background figures they indeed strongly brought to my mind.

Finally, I cannot pass a higher eulogium on the Viseu pictures in general, than to say that they are replete with life and human expression, in every respect earnest works, remarkably free from the prevalent affectations of the epoch.

I now feel it incumbent on me to make some representation in regard to the present condition of these most interesting pictures; and I regret to say their state is that of complete neglect. They are in fact suffering rapid deterioration, and from causes which remedial measures of a simple and inexpensive nature would, for a time at least, to a considerable extent arrest. It is, I think, probable, that from the time these pictures were first painted and fixed in their places at Viseu, until a very recent period, they had remained literally untouched; as yet even, I believe, they have never been profaned by any repainting or so-called restoration, and they appear even never to have been re-varnished. On most of them the indurated crust of dirt, copiously sprinkled over with splashes of wax, from the tapers formerly burnt before them, the gradual deposit of

more than three centuries, still remains undisturbed. But two or three of the Sacristy pictures, on the contrary, were most unfortunately, some years ago, partially operated upon by an ignorant local picture cleaner, and with the worst possible result; happily, however, some of the more enlightened members of the chapter interfered, and put a stop to the man's operations, but not until many portions, especially of the Baptism picture, had been considerably injured by the abrasion or partial removal of superficial glazings and the more delicate surface-painting of details.

But although the hand of the spoiler has been arrested, scarcely less fatal influences are actively at work; apparently they have but escaped the Scylla of the picture cleaner to be engulfed in the Charybdis of neglect. Two evils, more or less naturally connected as cause and effect, are now actively at work—one, the gradual destruction of the panels by the ravages of insects, boring beetles and their larvæ; and the other, the blistering and ultimate scaling off of portions of the painted surface of the pictures.

The climate of Viseu seems to be a humid one, and the Cathedral and its appurtenant buildings, in particular, appeared to be particularly damp. Portions of several of the pictures, especially of the St Sebastian and the Calvary, have entirely perished, from the scaling off of patches of the surface, and doubtless the wet weather of the present winter will cause further loss of the same kind; the panels are honey-combed by insects; in some parts they are little better than a mass of dust, held together mainly by the "intonaco" or plaster ground, and the overlying painted surface. This transformation of the substance of the panels into a dry spongy mass, powerfully assists the disintegrating action of the atmosphere. From the different state in regard to the retention of moisture of the back and front, respectively, irregular expansion and contraction is induced, which is one of the principal causes of the blistering of the painted surface. This evil would, however, for a time at least, be counteracted by giving the pictures two or three coats of pure mastic varnish, whereby the dry and brittle crust of paint would

be strengthened, and rendered impervious to the moisture, which, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, is condensed upon it; but before varnishing any recent blisters should be carefully pressed down with a warm iron. These are the first and the most indispensable steps to be taken, and no time should be lost in doing so. In their present condition the pictures would absorb a considerable quantity of mastic, which, moreover, would be in other respects beneficial. So urgently is this remedy required that Mr W. H. Gregory, M.P., my friend and fellow-traveller to Viseu, with myself, would have been only too happy to have there and then defrayed the trifling expense of varnish, &c., which Senhor Periera, who was fully alive to the necessity of the case, would have carefully and conscientiously applied. The members of the Chapter were, moreover, made thoroughly aware of the desirability of the operation, and at the same time earnestly requested to restrict any remedial operations undertaken, to this safe and simple process. I am the more anxious to state this fact as it really occurred, inasmuch as immediately after our visit, an article appeared in the local newspaper, "*O Viriato*," in which our proposition was somewhat unfairly animadverted on, yet at the same time quoted as conveying a severe reproach to the authorities and inhabitants of Viseu. This article was reprinted with editorial comments in the Lisbon Journal, "*do Commercio*," of the 15th Oct., and it was followed on the 18th, in the same paper, by a letter from a correspondent, which again provoked a rather lengthy editorial article. The correspondent of the *Commercio*, however, whilst entirely endorsing and retailing, as if it were his own, every item of the advice furnished by myself to the authorities of Viseu, in a most ungrateful manner interlarded his letter with uncivil and irrelevant inuendos, thrown at the heads of the indiscreet strangers, who had dared to offer their advice and assistance; and the editor, although he did not abet the attack, did not deign to offer a word in defence.

It was not necessary to reply; my object had been fully gained in attracting attention to the state of the pictures at Viseu. I need scarcely say, however, that the fame of a great

artist is not a mere parochial matter, and surely it is no improper or ungraceful thing, even in a foreigner, to lend a helping hand in averting the destruction of unique and precious monuments of art, which, although they may be the actual property of a local corporation, in a higher and more rightful sense are truly the property of the world at large. But great as would be the sacrifice to the little world of Viseu, it is obvious that the only effectual means of giving these most important pictures a new lease of existence, would be their removal to a metropolitan gallery, where they would obtain the daily care and supervision absolutely essential to their safe keeping. If they remain in their present remote and unfit locality, their destruction will be a matter only of a comparatively brief space of time. Moreover, they are literally useless as they are at present; they have long since ceased to be objects of popular veneration or aids to devotion. With one exception (the Calvary), for a century or more, they have been virtually withdrawn from public inspection, and certainly not a single valid argument can be adduced in favour of their remaining buried in the Chapter House and Sacristy at Viseu. The plan now being adopted by the Italian government in similar cases, is, I cannot but think, the proper one; it is to remove all really valuable pictures from churches and convents to local or metropolitan galleries, and to replace them, when necessary, by modern copies. By this method, works of world-renowned importance are preserved for the admiration of after ages, whilst some encouragement is, at the same time, given to local artists, who are employed to make the necessary copies. That the Viseu pictures may speedily be translated to the place of honour in the public picture gallery at Lisbon is, at all events, the earnest wish of the writer.

J. C. ROBINSON.





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LA VIERGE À LA PORTE.



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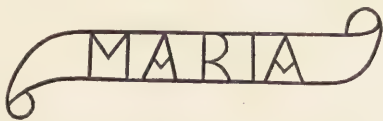
FRAGMENTS FROM ALBRECHT DÜRER'S LIFE OF THE VIRGIN, ETC.



LA VIERGE À LA PORTE.

THIS beautiful print, known as "La Vierge à la Porte," of which a fac-simile accompanies this notice, bearing the well-known monogram of Albrecht Durer, and the date of 1520, was, until Passavant set forth a new theory in respect of it, always found in the place assigned to it by Adam Bartsch, in the portfolios of collections of Durer's works ; and not only fully described by him, but the description was preceded by a note, stating that he did not believe it to be Durer's engraving, but to be a fine print after a picture or drawing by that master, and that he placed it with Durer's works simply because it was usually arranged with them.—*Peintre-Graveur*, vol. vii. p. 63. It is singular to note with regard to this print, how a discriminating critic on art like Passavant should be so far misled by a clever imposition, as to fall into the error of ascribing it to Marc Antonio, while he attempted to correct the imaginary ignorance of his brother savants.

The cause which led to the discovery of the print being of a more recent period than 1520, arose through an unfinished impression being sold in London by Messrs Sotheby and Wilkinson, in April, 1864, at Capt. Dingwell's sale, which was purchased by Herr Gutekunst of Struggart. This proof is before the sky, composed of horizontal lines between the horizon and the clouds, was put in; and is, moreover, printed on a paper of a much later make than any used so early as 1520, and which, singular to say, has a watermark not found on the paper of any



print in the beginning of the sixteenth century, of Marc Antonio,

Albrecht Durer, or any of their scholars or followers. These circumstances having led to some further research, it was found, with the exception of the Virgin's face, to be made up of portions of Durer's

prints reversed, and skilfully dovetailed into a whole by some clever artist; but whether for fame or profit it is impossible to say.

The figure of the Virgin and Child with the cushion she is seated on, excepting her face, but with the drapery around it, are taken from the frontispiece to the *Life of the Virgin*, a series of woodcuts, Bartsch, No. 76, "*la Vierge assise sur la croissant*" (Fig. 5). As the expression of the face is poor, and the mouth not over-well drawn, it is probable the artist was left to his own resources in its introduction. God the Father seen above, giving his benediction, with the dove hovering beneath him, is copied from the "*Repos en Egypt*," Bartsch, No. 90 of the same series (Fig. 2). In this instance the hands are not reversed, as that arrangement would have brought the upraised right one to the wrong side; the drapery, &c., is however, as usual, transposed.

The groups of angels on each side of the Almighty and the cloud that supports him, will be found in "*L'Assomption de la Sainte Vierge*," Bartsch, No. 94 of the same series (Figs. 3, 4).

The mass of buildings in the background to the right, with its lofty dome and smoking chimneys, including the half-open gate and its portal, is from "*Jesus Christ prenant congé de sa Mère*," Bartsch, No. 92 of the same (Fig. 1). The tree and the wicker-work hedge on the left are evidently adopted, it would seem, from the same sort of thing to be found in the last-mentioned composition (Fig. 8).

The tall weed in blossom, introduced at the Virgin's feet to the right, will be found by the side of "*Le Seigneur et la Dame*," Bartsch, No. 91, of Durer's engravings on copper (Fig. 6). [The figures refer to the details in the photo-lithograph illustration.]

The fact of Bartsch placing this print where his predecessors had, while compiling such a voluminous work, is of no account in itself, for he proved quite correct as regards the design, and from Hauer in 1650 to Heller in 1827, the same inference of its not being by Durer, but from a picture or drawing, having always been adopted: Ottley, however, left it out of his chronological catalogue altogether. But on the appearance of the 6th volume of *Le Peintre-Graveur* by Passavant, his English admirers were sadly disappointed; for, anticipating what it should be from the previous ones, they expected to hear more about the greatest Italian engraver, and something more of his works in England: but what astonished them most was to find several of Marc Antonio's prints ascribed to certain German masters; and in reference to "*la Vierge à la porte*," they found it made over to Raimondi, as premised in the account of Durer's works in volume iv. (p. 151, No. 45); but the present explanation, it is hoped, will prevent

further controversy on the subject; and if some day the watermark can be identified with one in a book or print, the date of which is known, it will, of course, settle the time at which "*la Vierge à la Porte*" was really executed,—the latter end of the 16th century or the early part of the 17th century. In relation to the claiming of Marc Antonio's prints for German masters; which cannot be consented to, nor comprehended by those English connoisseurs who understand that master, and have collections themselves; it is worth while to mention here, that in the collection of Richard Fisher, Esq., are the two prints of the Massacre of the Innocents, both in the finest possible condition, and both evidently early impressions; but, singular to say, they are printed on a paper obtained from the same mill, bearing the same watermark.* This is very much opposed to Passavant's "*entière conviction*" that one of them (No. 18 of Bartsch, "*au chicot*") is by George Pencz; for let it be understood that this mark is never found on the paper of any of the prints of the little German masters; but when George Pencz used a large-sized paper, which he required for the printing of his plate of the Attack on the Goletta, after Julio Romano, and which he would have also required for the Massacre of the Innocents, he used for the impressions of the first state of it a paper with a watermark of a bunch of grapes.



As still further interest may accrue from the study of watermarks which appear on the paper of early prints in their different states, it is proposed to give in this Review a series of engravings of them, properly arranged for reference, from tracings diligently made during the last twenty years, principally from the treasures in our National Collection.

GEORGE WILLIAM REID.

* According to Jansen (*Essai sur l'Origine de la Gravure*, Paris, 1808), the printing of several books by Nicolas Jenson, a printer of Venice, at the latter end of the 15th century.

ITALIAN AND FLEMISH ARTISTS,
AND DIPLOMATIC ARTISTS,
IN
KING CHARLES I.'s REIGN.

THE name of Daniel Nys is comparatively unknown in connexion with the fine arts, and yet it was mainly through his judgment and exertions that some of the matchless treasures of art which we now possess were purchased and brought to this country. It was chiefly through his instrumentality that King Charles I. acquired the celebrated collection of pictures and statues which belonged to the Duke of Mantua. Cardinal Richelieu used all his influence to obtain this noble collection, and even tempted Nys with the offer of a large profit upon the amount he had agreed to pay for them, but fortunately without avail. Nys did not neglect the many favourable opportunities he had to form a collection of works of art for himself, and that, too, a very rich one. The purchase of his cabinet, "full of the most noble and exquisite rarities," was a source of correspondence for crowned heads, ambassadors, and the great lovers of art of that period. Charles I. was perhaps the first English sovereign who patronized art in accordance with its real merits, and it is more than fortunate that many of the great men by whom he was surrounded were almost as zealous, and certainly the means of England's acquiring a great part of her rich treasures of art. Unhappily the troubles of Charles's reign, which began almost from its commencement, were a serious obstacle in the prosecution of his noble design to give unbounded patronage to every artist of merit, whether Flemish, Italian, Dutch, or of any other country; but considering the great difficulties

with which the King was beset in obtaining money to gratify this most excusable luxury, and which are too plainly exhibited in every transaction connected with the purchase of works of art in this reign, the multitude of all kinds of works of art which Charles I. either purchased from abroad, or which were executed to his order, is really astonishing. A place of no ordinary rank should therefore, we think, be assigned to Daniel Nys for the part he took in acquiring many of these "rich treasures." King Charles's Secretary of State, the first Lord Dorchester, should also most certainly have a most honourable place, as having been the means of introducing into England very much that is of the highest merit. It is undoubtedly due to him, and Sir Dudley Carleton when Ambassador in Holland, that we now possess some of the great master-pieces of Rubens; and, as we have before observed, "it is through Carleton's great love of the arts, his untiring industry, zeal, good taste, and judgment, that we are indebted for some of the noblest and choicest works of art that England possesses."

The following correspondence is of no little interest in connexion with this subject. The first three letters from Burlamachi, the great banker, the Rothschild of King Charles I.'s reign, relate to the payment for this celebrated purchase of the Duke of Mantua's collection and other works of art from Venice, and the dispute or misunderstanding that arose between Burlamachi and Nys in consequence. We are chiefly indebted to the publication of the Calendars of State Papers, so ably edited under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, for this correspondence, and particularly to the perfect arrangement of the papers of Charles I.'s reign under Mr Bruce's careful editorship.

On 6th Aug., 1630, Burlamachi writes to The Secretary of State, Lord Dorchester, That Daniel Nys has sent a man express hither to intreat the King that he may be satisfied for the Statues, but without paying Burlamachi the money he has disbursed for Nys. Burlamachi hopes the King will not allow him to lose this considerable amount, expended in a business in which he had no interest, except to fulfil the King's command to procure the statues to be sent to England.

(Dom. Car. I. Vol. clxxii. No. 27.)

Monseigneur,

Le Sr Nys ha envoyé un homme exprès icy pour se jeter aux pieds de S. Maj^{te} et la supplier qu'il puisse estre satisfait pour les statues. Je n'ay pas veu encores son homme, mais cependant je vois que ny son credit ny ses moyens n'ont peu luy donner comodité de payer ce que moy j'ay desboursé. et tiré sur luy. J'espere que S. M^{te}.

ne voudra pas que je demeure engagé et en perte d'une somme si notable, ne m'estant mis en ces affaires sinon entant que j'ay eu commandement de m'employer pour faire venir les statues icy jusques a ce que le dit Nys ait eu satisfaction. Quand j'auray parlé à son homme j'aviseraï à V. E. ce que de plus j'entendray. Je lui baise les mains et demeure.

Monseigneur,

Son très humble servit^r,

PHIPE BURLAMACHI.

De Londres,

le 6 de Aoust, 1630.

(Addressed)

A Monseigneur,

Monseigneur le Vicomte de Dorchester,

Principal Secret^{re} d'Estat de S. M^{te} En Courtt.

Two days after, Burlamachi again writes to the Secretary of State and explains the actual state of the affair. He says he understands that the man sent by Nys has gone direct to the Court; that the King has caused several letters to be written; that he wished to have the whole collection, and that the Lord Treasurer, in the King's name, is bound for the payment. He believes the King continues in the same mind, but if there be a change in that respect, and Nys and he are left to proceed against each other, Burlamachi's letters, Mr Carey's and others, who signified the acceptance of the bargain, and that of the Lord Treasurer promising payment, will be produced. He wishes the Secretary of State to consider the consequence to his Majesty's reputation. He is obliged to say this, although in favour of a wicked man, who rather deserves the stroke of a poignard than any favour from Burlamachi. He begs a word of explanation as to what Nys's agent has negociated, and concludes by observing that both master and servant act towards him with all kinds of falseness.

(Dom. Car. 1. Vol. clxxii. No. 38.)

Monseign^r,

Come j'escrivis a V. E. de Londres le Seign^r Nys ha despeché un homme icy pour demander satisfaction de S. M. des statues et peintures qu'il ha acheptées. P'entens que le dit homme est venu tout droit à la court, je ne l'ai veu ni lui ai parlé, et je fais seulement ceste despeche pour advertir V. E. de l'estat de l'affaire, qui est, que S. M. ha faict par diverses fois escrire qu'elle vouloit avoir le tout et Monseign^r. le

G. Tresorier au nom de S. M. s'est obligé pour le payement, que ceci soit vrai, V. E. me croye asseurement. Je crois que S. M. demeure en la mesme intention mais si on venoit à changer d'advis et que Nys et moy venions à disputer et proceder ensemble, car il faut que je cherche d'avoir le mien ne pouvant estre marchand de statues pour douze ou treize mille livres sterlins, Il faudra par consequence et de necessité que ces choses soyent exhibitées en justice et que les lettres de Mons^r. Cari et autres qui signifient l'acceptation de S. M. du marché, et les lettres de Monseig^r. le G. Tresorier qui en promettent payement soyent veues. Je suis asseuré que Nys les produira car il n'ha autre eschapatoire en mon endroit si non que S. M. doit payer selon sa promesse et que je doive tenir la main d'avoir satisfaction, Je laisse considerer à V. E. la consequence que ceci portera à la reputation de S. M. elle pourra selon sa prudence se gouverner selon ce qu'elle trouvera bon, me desplaisant que pour le respect de S. M. et de son honneur le quel m'est plus cher que tous biens et la vie. Il faille que je parle pour la preservation d'un meechant homme qui meritoit plustot de moy un coup de poignard que de luy faire aucun bon office, Je n'ai voulu manquer d'avertir V. E. de ce particulier l'asseurant qu'au plustot qu'on despechera cest affaire ce sera le mieux pour ne donner au monde occasion de discourir et aussi empecher la ruine de Nys qui sera prompte et asseurée ce que donneroit des reflections tres dangereuses en beaucoup de considerations, Je la supplie m'etant favoriser que par le porteur je puisse scavoir un mot de ce que le dit commis de Nys aura negocié car je vois que le maistre et le serviteur procedent envers moi avecque toute fausseté. Je baise les mains de V. E. et demeure.

Monseign^r.

Son tres humble serviteur,

PHIPE BURLAMACHI.

De Pottnei (Putney)

ce 8 Aoust, 1630.

(Indorsed)

“ Mr Burlamachi to the L^d Viscount Dorchester,
Concerning the affaires of Daniel Nys.”

Some days after Burlamachi again writes to Secretary Lord Dorchester, thanking him for his letter of the 9th inst. (August) respecting Nys. He protests that if it were not for his respect for the honour of his Majesty, he would run the risk of ruining Nys, even although he (Burlamachi) lost all that he was out of pocket. Burlamachi has solicited the Lord Treasurer for Nys, but there is no ready money.

(Dom. Car. 1. Vol. clxxii. No. 111.)

Monseign^r,

Je remercie V. E. de la siene du 9 de ce mois pour le faict de Nys. Je proteste devant Dieu que si ce n'estoit le respect que je porte à l'honneur et reputation de S. M. la quelle par nos proces pourroit grandement souffrir, je me mettrois au hasard de le ruiner voire encores que deusse perdre tout ce que je suis en desboursement car il procede envers moi come un méchant homme, Je sollicite pour luy Mons. le Tresorier mais argent contant ni est pas, pourveu que puisse avoir des assignations *maneo male*, mais il y est fort lent et retiff non pas par faute de bonne volonté mais de moyens, Je renvoyerai le S^r. Merisson à la court pour solliciter si je ne viens moi mesmes. . . .

Son tres humble servit^r.

PH. BURLAMACHI.

(Addressed)

A Monseigneur,

Monseig^r. le Vicomte de Dorchester,Principal Sec^{re}. d'Estat de S.M. En Court.

Thomas Rowlandson, the King's Diplomatic Agent at Venice, was then applied to, "touching the differences between Mr Burlamachi and Mr Nys," who hopes the business may be arranged without going to law, as should Nys be compelled to produce certain letters, they would reflect upon his Majesty's reputation. Some of the bills had been honoured, and it was hoped all of them would be. Soon after this Burlamachi again writes that he has received letters from Rowlandson at Venice, in which he defends himself against the imputation which Nys had brought against him. Nys has done Burlamachi the greatest wrong that he has ever received in the whole course of his life, and he knows not how to procure redress. He awaits the return of a privy seal sent to Secretary Lord Dorchester (for the King's signature), two or three weeks ago. It is most important for his accounts.

(Dom. Car. 1. Vol. clxxv. No. 122.)

Monseigneur,

J'ay lettres de Mons^r. Rolantson de Venice la ou il justifie l'imputation que Nys avoit mise sur luy. Pour verifier ce que moy j'ay dit je luy envoie la lettre propre que Nys m'ha escrite par laquelle il verra que moy je n'ay rien dit sinon ce qu' m'ha esté escrit. Il m'ha fait le plus grand tort que j'ay jamais receu en ma vie et je ne scay comme je m'en pourray redresser. J'attendois de V. E. le retour des

prive seaux que je luy envoyay 14 jours ou trois semaines passées m'important fort pour pouvoir esclaircir et depecher mes contes.

Monseigneur,

Son tres humble serv^r.

PH. BURLAMACHI.

(Indorsed)

Mons^r. Burlamachi,

A Monseigneur Le Viscomte de Dorchester.

A short time afterwards the money was forthcoming, and on 25th July, 1631, the King signed a Warrant for £2,454 14s. 3d., being the remainder of the £15,938 17s. 8d. paid to "Daniel Nys of France, merchant, for divers pictures and statues by him bought and provided for your Majesty."

Nys must, however, have made further purchases for the King; the following Memorial, written more than two years later, gives an account of the important purchases made by him for the King, and also shows that a considerable sum was then due to him for various services rendered to his Majesty. Here is an abstract.

(Dom. Car. 1. Vol. cccx. No. 77.)

Petition of Daniel Nys to the King.

He has served at Venice the English Ambassadors Wotton, Carleton, Wake, and Lord Carlisle, and has disbursed £2000 sterling for the maintenance of Wake's house, and to enable his wife to return to England. He has also purchased the principal paintings of the Duke of Mantua, and maintained Signor Lanier and his servant in his house without charge. The statues and paintings of the Duke of Mantua he could have resold to Cardinal Richelieu, at a large profit, but hearing that the King desired to have them, he laid aside all other thoughts in order to comply with the wish of his Majesty. Unfortunately the persons on whom he drew in England not being paid in time, his credit was destroyed, and he was obliged to leave his business, at a loss of 100,000 crowns of effects which he had in several places. He had paid every one, partly in money, and partly in deposits which he promised to withdraw at Christmas, 1634. That time being past, and he not able to redeem his pledges, he is in danger to be entirely ruined. On the advice of Rowlandson, the King's agent (at Venice), he had settled in this country, and had proposed various ways of procuring money (among them plans for improvement of the streets and healthiness of

London), but these things could not be put in practice quickly, wherefore he prays a reference to some persons to consider the nature and value of the articles he has pledged, and his propositions in reference to them.

A letter from the King to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London will show more clearly what these improvements were which Nys was anxious to see carried out.

(Dom. Chas. 1. Vol. cclxxii. No. 49.)

The King to Sir Thos. Moulson, Lord Mayor, and the Aldermen of London, 24 July, 1634.

Right Trusty and well beloved Wee greet you well. It is not unknown unto you with what readines it pleased our late deare father King James of blessed memory, to give care and encouragem^t to those propositions that from time to time were made unto him, concerning the beautifying and adorning our Citty of London being our royall chamber and the principall State of our residence, and as it is a singular contentm^t unto us, that his indeavo^{rs} have already producèd so good effects so in confidence of the continuance of your so comendable industry to advance a worke so happily begun with like successe Wee have thought good to recomend unto your care a proposition lately made unto us by Daniel Nis a gent^l of good understanding and experience, for the beautifying and better accomodation of the streetes and passages of our said Citty by raising them to a convenient height, evenes, and decency, leaving an ample passage for coaches carts and horses and reserving a competent part of the streets to be made even and easy in a farr more elegant and comodious manner, then now they are, and for the greater conveniency of those that travell a foote without the interruption or disturbance of coaches carts or beasts of burthen, or other like incumbrances, besides a hansom accomodation and conveyance of water for the continuall cleansing the streets by pipes of lead so to be laid as will be found a worke of great consequence and importance for the publique good and for avoyding of those unwholesome and contagious vapors and (*sic*) so infest the Citty att all times, but principally in the time of sicknes and infection, and will besides the beauty to the eye be of singular use, ease and convenience for all our subjects in g^rall. Wee have therefore addressed this Gent^l unto you not doubting but that upon conference with him you will find this proposition worthy of all encouragem^t and the party himself abled to give you all fitting satisfaction and direction for the accomplishm^t thereof. Given under our signet.

Dated at Westm^r 24 July, 1634.

This letter is certainly very suggestive, and perhaps of more than ordinary interest at the present time. Some of the proposals, it will be at once remarked, are only now, at a lapse of more than two centuries, being carried out, whilst others are at this very moment the subject of much anxious thought and discussion. In this "time of sickness and infection," Nys's proposal "for the continual cleansing the streets" is far from one to be overlooked, and may, we think, with advantage at this day have a due weight of consideration.

Nys was not the man to be daunted by failure, and finding, in spite of the King's recommendation, that his proposals were not so favourably listened to as he could wish, no doubt owing to the enormous outlay that would be required, he bethought him of another way of raising money; and in the following proposal which Nys made to the King, he offers to show a way by which frauds in the Customs may be prevented, and to make it clearly appear what it will bring in yearly. By way of recompense, he asks the management of the office that it will be necessary to erect, for himself and his children for their lives; and in payment of what is owing to him, and compensation for his cabinet, full of the most noble and exquisite rarities, he requires for six years the fifth of what the Customs will yield in excess of the present return. In a similar paper, addressed to Secretary Windebank, the anticipated increase in the receipt to the King from the Customs is set down at £10,000 per annum.

(Dom. Car. 1. Vol. cccx. No. 78.)

Daniel Nys fait offre à sa Majesté de monstrier une voie par laquelle on empeschera de pouvoir frauder la coustume come se fait par trop Et de faire veoir exactement, ce qu'elle rendra par An, ce que causera plus d'entrée et que le ferme se pourra hausser de beaucoup sans agraver ny casser nul ordre mis. Et sa Majesté acceptant la proposition ou qu'en aucun temps se mette en pratique. Il demande po^r recompense l'administration et entrée de l'office qu'il faudra eriger pour le dit fait au Royaume d'Angleterre, pour luy et ses enfans leur vie durant. Et pour ce que luy est deu, et pour son cabinet plain des plus nobles et exquisés raritez qu'onques aucun ait mis ensemble, de pris inestimable. Il requiert pour six ans le quint de ce que la coustume rendra plus de ce que fait a present; Et declarera l'affaire subit que Sa Majesté s'aura com-pleu luy admettre ce que dessus, signant la presente.

As an inducement for obtaining this solicited grant, Nys offers a bribe of £1000 "to the bearer," in paintings and money, provided he be put in possession of the office for preventing frauds in the Customs.

(Dom. Car. 1. Vol. cclxxxix. No. 85.)

Je soubscrit promets en bonne foy par le present escrit de donner au presenteur de ceste mille livres sterlins en peintures et argent, subit que serai mis en posession de l'office d'obvier aux fraudes de la coustume, et en signe de la verité j'ay escrit et soubscrit ceste de main propre, et signé de mon cachet. fait à Londres le dernier de May, 1635.

L. S.

DANIEL NYS.

We do not think, however, that Nys was more successful in this than in other proposals which he had made to the King, who was doubtless too much occupied at this time with his own affairs to be able to give the necessary attention to any proposals of a like character.

We may perhaps be allowed to remind the reader that Charles I., after all, was not the purchaser of Daniel Nys's cabinet, but, as Evelyn says in his Diary, "That great lover of antiquity, Thomas Earle of Arundel, had a very rich collection as well of medals as other intaglios, belonging to the cabinet he purchased of Daniel Nice at the cost of ten thousand pounds."

Of Orazio Luigi Gentileschi we have some curious particulars. So great was the reputation of this artist from the pictures he had painted at Florence, Genoa, Rome, and elsewhere, that King Charles I. not only invited him to London in 1626, and furnished a house for him at a cost of more than £4000, but granted him an annuity of £100 per annum, and even sent his sons to Italy, that they might enjoy the same advantages as their father had done before them. Such extraordinary favours brought with them the usual accompaniments of envy and jealousy, and Balthazar Gerbier, an artist and a Fleming in the service of the Duke of Buckingham, was little pleased at the great preference shown by his immediate patron to the Italian artist. The following document is preserved in Her Majesty's Public Record Office, and serves, with other papers, to convey to us a pretty accurate idea of the enmity subsisting between Gentileschi and Gerbier. It is in the handwriting of Gerbier, but has been endorsed by Sec. Lord Dorchester, and is as follows:—

(Dom. Car. 1. Vol. cxli. No. 82.)

The sommes of monnys Gentilesco hath received		
	In Primus for a picture onley a	£
	singel figure beeing a Magdelene	300
The 12th of	For his comming over as	
Sept.	apeered by a quittance	500
	What monny he had by	

	Milords one hand for two pictures he sent from France the one having bin the Cardinals is not knowne.	£
Item.	After his arivall he importunaeted the Duck so long that Mr Indimion Porter was forcett to soliccitt for him which was the 500 whaire with his sone with a plott ment to go for Itally	500
Item.	got for to buy Collors beeinge a new plott to putt upon the King witnes Mr Cary	150
Item.	more for to travell And after the sonne caeme back agayn maide beleeeve that he had bin robde at sea and gott an other somme, wich I can not tell	150
	In the yeare he maide one peece for the King got an Yrish Baron for his schaere	1500
	Afore the Duke went to Ré the Duke tould me that Gentiles squised out of his purs	400
		£3500

	Besydes all his housse furnishet from top to too wich will amount more then £4000. Gentilesco for this hath sent a Madelen wich in regarde of rare peesces of Titian and betters Masters then he may be worth	50
	A Maghdelen with Joseph	80
	A Christ at the Pillare	40
	The Picture he hath maide in England of Loth, that wich the King hath	100
		£270

Mr Lanier saith by a note he had that the Gentilescos had in Itally about £500, and yet thy bring in reckning £80 thy have spent. Mr Lanier will justifie this.

The cause of these disagreements is explained in a letter from Gentileschi to the King printed some years since in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S., viii. pp. 121, 122, under the title of "Artists' Quarrels in Charles I.'s reign," from which it seems "that all the Dutchmen had combined together to weary him and make him leave the kingdom," though their efforts were not crowned with success, as Gentileschi died in London nearly twenty years later, at the advanced age of 84. At this period (January, 1629) his son Mark was "servant" to the Duchess of Buckingham, and he, together with his family, were occupants of York House. Some influence may have been brought to bear upon the Duchess unfavourable to the Gentileschis, as we see from the following letter that their residence there was not altogether to the satisfaction of Her Grace, who was anxious to have York House "free to herself."

(Dom. Car. 1. Vol. cxcvii. No. 45.)

My Lo. I understand by Jentelesco that if hee could have the money dewe to him from his Ma^{tie} hee would willinglie leave England and begone into his owne Cunttrie, and I beleeve the King hath noe greate use of him; Therefore I would intreate your Lo:shp to moove the King, that hee might receave what is dewe to him, by which meanes I should bee in good hope I should have Yorke howse free to my selfe, for want wherof I suffer much in respecte in the winter I am constrained to keepe a famelie at Chelsey to looke to my Laundrie which I should not neede to doe if that house weare in my owne hand so that it is wonderfull inconvenient for mee therefore good my Lord bee pleased to doe mee what favour you can herin which I shall take very kindly from you and also the favour you are pleased to doe for my servant Fielding in his businesse and ever remayne

Your Lo:shps faithfull
frend and servant

K. BUCKINGHAM.

July the 28. 1631.

(Addressed)

To the right honorable
Vicomt Dorchester
these

(Indorsed by Dorchester)

"The Duchess of Buckingham touching Gentileschi."

There are other letters in the Public Record Office from Gentileschi, evidence of the many favours so lavishly bestowed upon him by King Charles I. At the same time we find that Gentileschi had no ordinary difficulty in obtaining payment for the pictures he painted for the King; and a warrant for payment of his pension in January, 1630, shows that it had then been more than three years in arrears. The pictures painted by Gentileschi which now adorn the Hall at Marlborough House were some of those painted for King Charles I., and sold at the death of that unfortunate monarch.

Turn we now to Flemish artists, to the great Flemish artist, Rubens, about whom we have found two or three interesting particulars since the publication of "*Original Papers relating to Rubens.*"

The following letter was written by Rubens while he was at Madrid, and we have no doubt was addressed to the Earl of Carlisle, whom he met at Van Dyck's house at Brussels, in May, 1628, about a year before. Of this interview the Earl gives a long account in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham (printed in the above work). A warm intimacy ensued, and Rubens, "the Prince of Painters and of Gentlemen," as he had been called by Charles I.'s Secretary of State, Lord Dorchester, doubtless met with a kindred spirit in Lord Carlisle, "the early favourite of James I., and the very mirror of courtly courtesy," as Mr Bruce aptly designates him in one of his valuable prefaces to the series of *Calendars of State Papers of the reign of Charles I.* under his editorship. It seems that Rubens had been commissioned by the Earl to purchase for him some perfumery (if nothing else), and this letter shows how very anxious Rubens was to satisfy Lord Carlisle's "exquisite curiosity;" he did not think that any perfumery that could then be bought in Madrid would suit the Earl, so he preferred awaiting the arrival of something very choice from the East, particularly as a vessel was shortly expected from Goa, before he ventured to make the purchase. Here is the letter.

Monseigneur,

[Spain 1629.]

Je me suis informé diligemment de ceulx du mestier de la parfumerie s'il y at de quoy vous servir presentement en Madrit mais tous d'accord m'asseurent qu'il n'y a rien que vaille et qu'il fault necessairement attendre pour estre bien servy au contentement de vostre exquise Curieusité, jusques à l'arrivement de la carracque que vient de Goa et selon certain advis s'estoit mise à covert en Angola la quelle ne peult tarder longuement et alors ou pourrat achatter les parfums parfaitement bons et faire travailler le tout selon vostre ordre et instruction. J'auray soin d'advertir vostre Ex^{ce}. à temps pour donner tel ordre que

vous plaira Et ce pendant vous baisant bien humblement les mains me racommande en vos bonnes graces.

Unfortunately there is no signature to this letter, but we are satisfied it is entirely in the handwriting of Rubens, and written to the Earl of Carlisle. Rubens was in the habit of writing to Lord Carlisle in French, and in one of his letters to the Earl, dated from Madrid (see the work quoted above, p. 124,) he signs himself "Your Excellency's very humble, affectionate, and very obliged servant."

Rubens' visit to Madrid was of a political nature; from thence, in April, 1629, he went to Paris, then on to Brussels, stayed a few days at Antwerp, and embarked at Dunkirk for London, which he reached between the 20th and 27th of May, 1629, in company with his brother-in-law, Henry Brandt, and several attendants.

A full account of the pictures painted by Rubens by command of King Charles I. for the ceiling of the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall, is printed in the above-mentioned work; also the artists' power of attorney, dated in Nov., 1637, to Lionel Wake, a merchant, to receive the money for them, and four receipts signed by Wake between Nov., 1637, and June, 1638, for various sums received from the hands of Endymion Porter, amounting in all to £3000, the price agreed upon for these paintings, but I am not aware that the King's warrant for payment of this sum has ever been printed; therefore, as it supplies an important missing link in this transaction, it may be as well to print it in this place.

By the King.

Right trustie and right welbeloved Cosin and Counsellor Wee greete you well and will and comaund you that under o^r privie seale you cause o^r l^res to bee made forth in the forme following. Charles by the grace of God &c. To the Tr^{er} and undertr^{er} of o^r Excheq^r for the tyme being greeting Our Will and pleasure is and wee doe hereby will and comaund you that out of o^r treasure remayning in the receipt of o^r Excheq^r you forthwith pay or cause to bee paid unto S^r Peter Rubens Knt or his assignes the so^me of three thousand pounds in full satisfac^on for certaine pictures by him sold unto us The same to bee taken unto him without any accompt imprest or other charge to bee sett upon him or them for the same or any part thereof. And theis o^r l^res &c.

Given &c And theis o^r l^res shalbe yo^r sufficient warrant and discharge in that behalfe. Given und^r o^r signett at o^r Pallace of Westminster the seaven and twentieth day of May in the twelfth yere of o^r Raigne.

R. KYRKHAM.

To o^r right trustie and right welbeloved Cosin and Councello^r, Henry Earle of Manchester, Keeper of our privy seale.

SIR PETER RUBENS, Warrant.

It is worthy of remark that during the reign of Charles I. several artists of eminence were employed in the capacity of diplomatists or political agents. Balthazar Gerbier, a protégé of the Duke of Buckingham, and afterwards knighted by the King at Hampton Court on 2nd Oct., 1638, was "His Majesty's resident with the Cardinal Infanta in Flanders." When Master of the Horse to Buckingham in 1625, Gerbier met Rubens in Paris for the purpose of negotiating for a suspension of arms between Great Britain, Denmark, Spain, and the United Provinces, and out of this interview arose a long correspondence between the two Flemish artists, and an intimacy which ripened into a life-long friendship. It is well known how greatly Rubens contributed to bring about a peace between England and Spain, and which was the occasion of his visit to England in 1629—30, though he was not, as erroneously stated, directly accredited by Philip IV. of Spain, as the King's ambassador, but brought credentials from the Archduchess Isabella, Governess of the Netherlands, "to pave the way for a peace."

We have lately stumbled upon another *diplomatic* artist in the person of Andrew Van Artevelde, a marine painter of Antwerp, whose pictures are of great merit, and were so much admired by Vandyck, that he painted his portrait in testimony of his esteem for the artist. Here Gerbier again appears on the scene, and it is in one of his letters written from Brussels to Secretary Coke that we gather this information. It is dated 21st March, 1637 (new style), and says:—

"Aertfelt y^e Painter whoe imployed (*sic*) betweene these and y^e Holland^{rs} and whoe I mentioned in my last $\frac{1}{4}$ present was to depart the same day was stayed by P(resident) Rosa to whom particulars of secret parley have been communicated. Aertfelt desired warrant of the Infant Cardinal for his negotiations fearing the President's adverseness might turn to his prejudice."

Rubens had been previously employed on the same mission, but the death of the Infanta Isabella, and his own frequent and serious attacks of gout, forced him at this period to give up politics altogether.

W. NOEL SAINSBURY.

IONA.*

"THAT man is little to be envied," wrote Dr Johnson, in his famous "Tour," "whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." This elegant work possesses the double recommendation of affording to all who visit this well-known place the information which may add warmth to their piety, and the interest of accurate architectural description, on the spot; and to those who may not have made a pilgrimage to Icolmkill, it will by its dissertations, and its illustrations, to a large degree compensate for the loss they must otherwise sustain.

With the aspect presented by the ruins of Iona to our great writer, in this Review we are less concerned. Yet we are bound to say that the "Account" given by the Bishop of Argyll is exceedingly interesting and instructive. Dr Ewing is most becomingly an enthusiast regarding his subject; and he has collected his materials, and arranged them, and employed them, so as to impart to his readers not a little of the emotion which he is affected by himself. We seem to live, dream-like, in the old times; when Christianity, as we know it, was unknown; when every "minister's" life was that of a "missionary;" and where to have well done surely led to "beatification," and very probably to "canonization." We even see the saint of Iona, "in his fashion, as he lived," with not a little of the barbarian in him;—for he furtively transcribed, says the story, St Finan's Psalter, and the master, far from commending the zeal of his disciple, claimed it as his own; the dispute was referred to king Diarmid, who adjudged the copy to St Finan with a legal maxim, happily not now quoted as a precedent in such cases; ("To

* The Cathedral, or Abbey Church of Iona. A Series of Drawings, and Descriptive Letter-press of the Ruins, by the Messrs Bucklers, Architects, Oxford; and

some account of the Early Celtic Church, and of the Mission of St Columba; by the Right Rev. The Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. London, Day and Son, 1866.

every cow, her calf!") and Columba contrived a war against the illiterate judge, and was sent into exile for it; but seems, notwithstanding, to have secured his precious transcript, which was one of the treasures of Iona, under the name of the "Catach"—the Book of Battles.

The following passage affords us at once a sketch of the establishment of St Columba, and a specimen of the part of this work contributed by the Bishop.

"We learn that the buildings, or monastery of Columba, included a church with an altar, having recesses called *exhedræ*, and a *hospitium*, or house of entertainment, for strangers; a space including the separate residences of the monks; a dwelling-house for the saint himself, styled *domus*; offices for laying up the produce of their fields; and a place, or plateau, surrounded by the various portions of the monastery. The buildings appear to have been constructed of timber, or wicker-work. The monks were employed in reading, writing, and prayer, in the rearing or repairing of the buildings, in the cultivation of the ground, and in the tending of cattle. They were substantially shod with some kind of calceus, and were not barefooted. On land they used wheeled vehicles. The curriculum of Columba is reported to have been driven, miraculously, a whole day without a linch-pin. On the sea they used sailing vessels, generally made of hides, stretched on wicker-work. They were summoned to their devotions by a bell. The monastery stood at the foot of a small hill, from which Columba, on the day of his death, is said to have given his blessing. All traces of the original monastery have disappeared many centuries ago. The remains of that by which it was succeeded are not of earlier date than the 13th century. We need not enlarge on any description of these, however, here, the Messrs Buckler having so fully described and exhausted all particulars connected with them. In the *Transactions* of the *Cambridge Camden Society*, in *Anderson's Guide*, in *Martin and Pennant's Tours*, in the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, in *Sacheverell's Voyage to Icolmkill*, in the *Notes* to Sir Walter Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, and in Mr Graham's *Antiquities of Iona*, there are descriptions and illustrations of the monastery at all the various epochs of its history; the last and probably most complete as to the details of the architecture, will be found in the subjoined pages by the Messrs Buckler. Briefly, we may here say, that the present Abbey church, or Cathedral, built of red granite, and of the usual cruciform shape, has the nave and choir each of 64 feet by 23 feet 6 inches, the transept apparently 70 feet long and 17 wide, and the tower, which rises from the centre, 22 feet by 26 feet 6 inches, and 75 feet in height. There was at one time in the choir an altar of white marble, lined with grey, 6 feet by 4, of which a fragment remained in 1772, and four small chapels. There still remain three well-wrought sedilia, apparently of early English work. The tower is said to have contained a fine peal of bells. In 1772 there existed two parallel walls, 12 feet high, and 10 feet apart, supposed to have been roofed, and to have extended from the south-east corner of the choir to the sea. On

the north of the church were the cloisters and the library, as it is reported. There also, until 1830, was to be seen the famous black stone on which it was customary to swear oaths and ratify agreements. Near the west end of the church there is a small tomb or cell, in which it is traditionally believed that Columba was interred. In the choir are the tombs of MacLeod of MacLeod, MacLean of Ross, and the Abbots MacKenzie and MacKinnon. The Library of Iona we know to have been celebrated. The *Liber vitreus* of Columba, although said to have been the work of an angel, no doubt had some positive existence, and the *Catach* and various other celebrated volumes were preserved there. In 1461 it seems certain that Pope Pius V. proposed to visit the Library and Monastery; and in 1525 several MSS. were brought from Iona to Aberdeen, which appear to have been fragments of Sallust and of Scottish chronicles. Latterly the Abbey became a dependency of the then greater Abbey of the Cluniacs at Paisley. In 1390, Donald of the Isles gave the keeping of the Island, with the title of *Armanach*, to MacLean of Duart; and after the Reformation it became the property of the *Duart* house of Argyll." (pp. 32, 33.)

The next extract adds another trait to the picture of Iona, and may not be omitted.

"For many centuries there was a perfect *furor* not only among the Celtic races, but also throughout Northern Europe, for being buried at Iona. More than forty kings of various races, Scottish, Irish, Norwegian, and even French, are said to have been buried in the island. The Reilig Orain, and the neighbourhood of the Cathedral, are filled with the remains of those who were either brought from a distance to be buried there, or came to die upon the island. It was a species of Jerusalem to the various Celtic tribes, who deemed that there was a safety acquired in the eternal world by laying their bones in Iona. It was so great a place of resort, also, of those seeking acquaintance with the literature and learning of the period, that a perpetual stream of travellers seems to have flowed backward and forward for this purpose, as well from Ireland and England as from the Continent of Europe. That it had some connexion, if not with the foundation, as is alleged, yet with the progress of the Universities of Paris and Padua, there is reason to think. The remains of the stations at which the pilgrims halted can be traced, many of them, to this hour." (pp. 45, 46.)

With Messrs Buckler's portion of the work we are more particularly concerned; and it is needless to say that their investigations are thoroughly well executed, and their conclusions conscientiously and accurately drawn. The study of architecture in recent times,—since, in fact, Rickman first applied himself to the discrimination of the styles of Gothic architecture, and it occurred to some of his followers to consult "fabric-rolls," "accounts," and authentic documents,—this study has overthrown many time-honoured and cherished illusions. And, perhaps, not a few visitors to Iona may be shocked at learning,

that they have seen there absolutely nothing, but the island itself, which St Columba knew. Most probably, for several centuries, the renowned establishment on Icolmkill was nothing more than a collection of timber-built, or even clay and mud-built, huts. The church itself being but a larger erection of the same kind. This was the case with most of our own churches and monastic buildings before the year 1100. And the new fashion of constructing such works in stone, must necessarily have been very slow in reaching so remote and inaccessible a spot as Iona; even though (as we know) the architects of those days were, for the most part, monks, who wandered far and wide to find exercise for their skill; and though Iona was then a far more powerful centre of attractions to the devout than it is now to the æsthetic.

This is Messrs Buckler's summary of their investigations; to which we add one of the illustrations of the work, which will enable our readers, to some extent, to follow our authors' remarks.

"We may date the commencement of the ancient church, of which portions still exist, from the middle of the twelfth century. No trace of architecture of an earlier style is apparent; and if the building, which was destroyed at that period, was superseded by one of enlarged dimensions, it is evident that this in its turn was obliged to give place to a structure of still more ample proportions—that of which the valuable remains are now in being. Whatever alteration, by way of enlargement, was made, there is no room to doubt that the church had been built on a cruciform plan, but smaller in extent than it now appears, with fewer elaborate ornaments, if not less attractive architecture, than that which the highly-finished style of the fourteenth century has conferred upon it.

"The masonry forming the back of the walls is of a peculiar kind, owing to the materials of which they are composed; the greater portion were products of the island, as is evident from its present almost inexhaustible quantity. The dressed work in freestone was brought from a distance, and without its aid it would scarcely have been possible to have given the design any of the finished character it possesses. The little regularity observable in the construction of the walls was obtained by the introduction of layers of thin stone upon and between the massive blocks which form their main bulk: these are angular, or globulous, as they are discovered in the soil, and are ingeniously wedged together with small slate-like fragments, of a different quality, but equally durable, and exhibiting the most promiscuous work imaginable, in which red granite predominates. An approximation to smoothness of surface is not to be expected; the rugged aspect of the walls sets off the finer part of the work to great advantage, and a peculiar effect is presented on account of the variety of colour. Such was the strength obtained by the method with which the discordant materials have been combined, and such the firmness of the foundations, that no fractures or settlements have occurred in any direction; and the interior of the tower evinces the extent to which refine-

ment, in point of construction, could be carried in a case wherein the aid of plasters was not deemed requisite, as in the church, to give a finished appearance to the walls.

"The mode of construction here described has never been departed from; and it is owing to this circumstance that the work of different periods, and the extent to which alterations were carried, cannot be so distinctly traced in this building as in others wherein a less rough material was employed. The walls were pulled down and rebuilt without manifesting any evidence of alteration. The stone has never been subjected to the workman's labour, and no injury it was likely to receive during the operation of building could possibly increase the distortion of the forms in which it was naturally produced. It is not surprising, therefore, that no trace can be discovered of a junction in the masonry of the walls in places where it is evident that such indications of alterations would appear under a different kind of construction. The architecture of various ages is here presented to view in buildings which, throughout, have their walls composed of materials so remarkably rude as to admit of only one mode of being packed together. Excessive bulk is in no instance observable; and the primitive character of this part of the work, viewed in contrast with the well-wrought freestone dressings, is certainly a great novelty." (pp. 58, 59.)

"As a summary of the foregoing remarks upon the different ages of the architecture, we may be allowed to repeat, in elucidation of this interesting part of the subject generally, and in directing attention to the subjoined figures, that the foundation of the church, and of that part of the monastery contiguous to it, was contemporaneous, and that they were advanced together upon a plan in which no important change was made, although various alterations were effected in the design of the elevations as they rose above the ground. It is unfortunate that the history of the architecture, so far as we have endeavoured to trace it, cannot be sustained by the testimony of ancient records. Its material remains alone supply the characteristic signs from which we derived our information upon the subject. The period embraced scarcely exceeds 180 years, commencing in the middle of the twelfth century—a limited term, within which only one alteration of the church was made, but that on so comprehensive a scale as to involve the destruction of nearly three-fourths of the structure ere time had conferred antiquity upon its walls, but not before renown and concomitant wealth had bestowed the highest distinctions on Iona and sanctioned the noble improvement." (p. 73.)

The illustration we have given is a fair specimen of the lithographs which elucidate the careful descriptions of this work; only, of necessity, the larger number are of a more strictly "scientific" character. Yet, we may say that whilst it is not in any way a pretentious book, it is one which to a singular extent unites the qualities which fit it for the drawing-room and the clergyman's library, as well as for the table of the architect and art-student.

WALTON'S

CHROMOLITHOGRAPHS OF ALPINE SCENERY.*

THE prospectus of this work characterized it as an attempt to develop Chromolithography so far as to produce "positive fac-similes" of some of Mr Walton's famous water-colour drawings of Alpine Scenery. The attempt was sufficiently ambitious; but *it has succeeded*. Not a few Chromolithographs of water-colour drawings have been produced lately; some of them quite worthy of being used as models by students in that purely English branch of art. But none hitherto have reached the perfection exhibited by these. It is difficult without a close examination to believe that some of them can be mechanical works. And, in fact, they are *not* "mechanical" works; for, in this case, the operation of printing, delicate and precise in its accuracy as it must be, is the smallest part of the process. "Register" and pressure may be regulated to any degree of nicety, by the appliances now at the command of our machinists. But no "mechanism" can prepare the numerous "stones," each charged with its own tint, which alone or in composition with others is to reproduce the drawing, every touch of which was the result of a most judicious and skilful combination of one knows not how many various colours from the artist's palette.

For those who have studied this charming art, the process of reproduction by Chromolithography is truly marvellous. Painters work (so to speak) *synthetically*: but the humbler artist of the Chromolithograph has the most difficult task. He must *analyze* the draughtsman's colours; and reduce his brilliant whole into a number of parts, which can follow no rule, and which must be used singly or together, as may be possible, according to the properties of each tint, and the delicacy and variety of those of the original drawing. The number of "stones" required

* Peaks and Valleys of the Alps, by Elijah Walton. London, Day & Son, 1866.

for any one of this superb series, and the consideration of the reasons for each being confined to the colour it is restricted to, or extending beyond the apparent area covered by the colour it has to place upon the paper; together with all the minute and exquisite contrivances for securing effects which the artist can obtain by the use (for example) of a hasty touch of his finger; would bewilder an ordinary observer, and impress a skilled one with no mean opinion of the amount of taste and ability required for the production of such a work of art as this.

One of the chief peculiarities and excellencies of this "development" of Chromolithography consists in the fact that in these plates (with the exception of two or three, where minute work in trees or buildings occurs) there are no outlines. The reproduction is effected by a process, which is, truly, an *analysis* of the artist's own process. Each series of touches, or washes, by which he produced his drawing, has to be separated, the one from the other; and laid down upon a stone by itself, in a medium, which will receive the exact tint which he employed in each case; and so transferred in a certain successive order to the paper. And it is by this laborious and seemingly complicated procedure that the result before us has been attained.

We are the more disposed to note these details, because the result is so harmonious,—suggests, at the first glance, so little mere labour,—that one might almost fancy it reached by no more difficult means than those of photography. You prepare your glass plate, you put it in the camera; expose it for the calculated time; fix it, and print from it those colourless but faithful views of peaks and valleys, glaciers and crevasses, which are the delight of stereographers. And yet here you have what is stereographically true; but it has, in addition, all the colours and shades of the actual scene. This is the charm of the artist's work; and this is the wonder of these Chromolithographs.

Within the limits of this notice, it is impossible to speak of more than certain general features of excellence in this series; and of some two or three subjects which are most striking in their representations of the grand and beautiful scenes they depict. We would particularly point out the rich sunset and sunrise effects, the rosy tints of the snow-capped peaks, and the highest portion of the glaciers; the clouds turned to gold, or invested with glorious hues, which almost seem to change as you look on them; the grey mists creeping up from the deep valleys as night approaches, or retiring to them again as the day rises;—these facts are rendered with the most astonishing truthfulness. In other scenes we see the peculiarly rich blue of the sky, and the fanciful shapes taken by the clouds which wrap the sides of these giant mountains, and make them, by partially concealing them, more impressively

grand. The effect is heightened, as we look through the work, by the sparing use of human figures or dwellings, or that common means of producing an impression of space and vastness, the introduction of birds on the wing. The solitariness penetrates the soul; and one understands something of the "*robur et æs triplex circa pectus*," which fortified the daring adventurers who have scaled those awful heights.

Nos. 1 and 19. The Dent du Midi; in the first, as seen from above Champéry, Val d'Illeiez; in the other, from the Valley of the Rhone. In the first, the tops of a few pines in the foreground serve to connect you with the common world; and from this "coign of vantage" you look across a vast misty valley (or valleys, for you can dimly discern pine-crested hills in it) to the hard, steep side of the Dent du Midi itself, rising with its broken crags and glaciers, through the clouds, up into the midst of a sky, such as can only be seen in regions far beyond the reach of our smoke and vaporous atmosphere. In the second it is sunset; and all the upper part of the scene is aglow in the richly tinted light; the very snow has nearly all become red. In the foreground, the bare and rounded summits, covered with pines, stand out from the valleys already filled with the rising mists.

No. 6. The Weisshorn, from near St Nikolaus, is quite Turneresque. And the eye is carried forward by the artist's skill, from the weathered and splintered rocks in the foreground (if such it may be called, for no base is even suggested) to that cleft peak in the middle distance, the furrows in whose sides are the sources of glaciers, past the half-seen steep slope on the right, and across a gulf bridged by an illuminated mist alone to the solitary summit, half shrouded, half revealed, amidst glittering and iridescent clouds.

No. 15. Winter. This is one of the most pleasing of the whole series, because it appeals most forcibly to common experience;—for all the world does not belong to the "Alpine Club," nor even seeks to emulate its exploits. We have a little broken rock in the foreground; and the scene is composed of some dozen of pines, the one nearest to the spectator thickly laden with snow; the others gradually receding to a shadowy, if not ghostly indistinctness, in the thick air, and against the dull gray sky.

No. 17. Mer de Glace, Chamounix. From this scene of terror the artist has selected one feature,—a yawning crevasse, running up between waves and peaks, and pinnacles of ice, and bounded by a sheer precipice of ice in front. A bridge of snow covers it at the very edge of the precipice, and one of a party of Alpine tourists is cautiously exploring the strength of it on hands and knees, secured by a rope, held by those behind; the snow, falling as his movement disturbs the mass, vividly

expresses the dangers of the adventure. The cold transparent blue of the ice, crushed into every variety of form by the slow descent of the glacier, conveys most impressively the *feeling* produced by this part of the Ascent of Mont Blanc.

No. 18. The Matterhorn, from the Riffel, above Zermatt. This was the scene of that deplorable catastrophe, which seems (in opposition to all the "logic of facts") to have imparted a new spirit of resolution into the explorers of the Alps.

But for its quiet colouring we might call this also Turneresque; for it has his sense of light, and grandeur, and mysteriousness. (Why did not Turner ever transfer his studies from his "Unpublished Poem" to the Alps?) We stand on one edge of a huge cleft, and look along that awful frozen ridge, by which those daring men won their way to the topmost height of the huge isolated pyramid which rises there, up into the blue skies, in the centre of the scene. Every part is covered with snow and ice; and yet we seem to see far down into the valley, to the base of the precipice down which the fearful *glissade* was made.

After this examination, partial though it has been, we may assume the right to confirm the statement of the prospectus, that this work possesses, in addition to "topographical value," "artistic beauty of the highest order." And whilst we claim no little praise to our English Chromolithographic artists, who have produced it; and cordially recognize the skill and power of Mr Walton; we must also express our thanks to the possessors of the drawings, who have allowed them to be copied thus, and published for general delight and satisfaction.







NORTH-EAST VIEW



THE ABBEY-CHURCH



SHORT NOTICES OF BOOKS.

O'Neil's "Lectures on Painting." *

Reserving for another occasion the discussion of the principles of art laid down by Mr O'Neil in these Lectures, we here notify the fact of their publication, and recommend their attentive perusal by practical art students. Because, whatever diversities of opinion may prevail on the profounder questions of art, counsels derived from experience have a value of their own, and no artist can be so great as not to be able to learn from them. It is also well, both that it should be known that the Royal Academy does provide instruction for its students; and that the instruction provided should be submitted to public criticism and approbation. The Appendix, "On the value of Portraits to Posterity," is particularly appropriate at the present time.

Tiffin's "Gossip about Portraits." †

The title of this little book describes it correctly, but a critic may add that it is *pleasant and agreeable* "gossip." Mr Tiffin's recommendations respecting the formation of collections of portraits are very good, and ought to suggest to many who have the requisite means and leisure, the revival, in an improved form, of a fashionable domestic amusement in the last century. He most probably did not know that the Royal Library at Windsor Castle contains one of the greatest, if not the greatest, collection of engraved portraits in this country. It may be for the interest of collectors that this fact should be known. The success of the National Portrait Exhibition ought to be shared in its degree by Mr Tiffin's work.

Davis' "Thoughts on Great Painters." ‡

With great regret we feel compelled to say that it would have been far better had this book not been *published*. The friends of a deceased

* Lectures on Painting, delivered at the Royal Academy, by Henry O'Neil, A.R.A. London, Bradbury, Evans, and Co., 1866.

engraved portraits. By Walter F. Tiffin. London, Bohn, 1866.

‡ Thoughts on Great Painters, by J. P. Davis, Painter. London, Longman and Co., 1866.

† Gossip about Portraits. Principally

artist *must* regard his opinions on matters of art with almost pious reverence. But it is not always just to the memory of a friend to subject his opinions to general criticism. "Great painters" do not necessarily awaken great thoughts; nor do grand words necessarily express them; and the value of the observations of a "painter" upon "great painters" must be in the exact ratio of his own greatness.

Hughes' "Garden Architecture." *

A very useful and even interesting work upon its special branch of *applied art*. The principles laid down in it appear to be sound; and the practical advice most judicious. It is copiously and cleverly illustrated, and would suggest even more than it teaches to those for whom it is particularly intended.

Parker's "Mosaic Pictures at Rome and Ravenna." †

Public attention has of late been directed anew to the ancient practice of decorating the walls of churches, and the surfaces of monumental constructions, with designs in mosaic. And, apart from this circumstance, the remains of the early mosaics at Rome and Ravenna possess very great interest for the student of the history of art. Ciampini's work still remains the great repertory of facts; but "Seroux d'Agincourt" is the best work of reference. "Kugler's History of Painting," in Sir Charles Eastlake's translation, made them well known here; and the new "History of Painting in Italy," by Messrs Crowe and Cavelcaselle, contains elaborate notices and criticisms of all the most important. Yet the observations of an independent and original inquirer, such as Mr Parker is, have a peculiar value; and this pamphlet, which is reprinted from the "Gentleman's Magazine," cannot fail to be acceptable to all who are concerned in such researches. Mr Parker differs, with regard to many mosaics, from the opinions of other scholars; and he has in several instances fortified his position by quotations from one of the most learned living French critics, M. Vitet. The description is assisted by woodcut illustrations, two of which are printed in colours. But we notice with regret some sad errors in or-

* Gardening Architecture, and Landscape Gardening, &c., by J. A. Hughes. London, Longman and Co., 1866.

† Mosaic Pictures at Rome and

Ravenna, briefly described by J. H. Parker, F.S.A. With Diagrams. Oxford and London, J. Parker and Co., 1866.

thography of the proper names, only two or three of which are corrected in the Appendix. We may be permitted to add, that amongst the Drawings in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle are two volumes, almost filled with coloured sketches of these mosaics, as they existed in the seventeenth century; which came from Cardinal Albani's Collection.

*Parker's "Concise Glossary of Architecture."**

This work is already known as surpassed only by the fuller work it professes to be abridged from. To say that it is, being an abridgment, as good of its kind as the fuller work, is sufficient praise, and well deserved. If we might suggest to the learned author an improvement for his next edition, it should be this;—manifestly the "Glossary" grew out of the classical work of Rickman, which being originally an article for a Cyclopaedia, was too encyclopedic in its matter. If Mr Parker would, in his next editions of Rickman, and of his "Glossary" and of the "Concise Glossary" in particular, *omit* all mention of "Greek, Roman, and Italian" Architecture, save only so far as the mention of them would illustrate *English* Architecture, all who use these Manuals (and they are all who care for the subject at all) would be benefited. As it is, however, with this "Concise Glossary" and with Mr Parker's "Introduction," any one may enter intelligently and most pleasantly on the study of this—our genuine, home-grown art.

Wolzogen's "Life and Works of Raphael."†

Every attempt which is earnestly made to help on the knowledge and taste for genuine art, ought to be recognized and commended. We are deluged with translations of works which ought never to have been written. The original of this book is not, perhaps, of very great merit. Passavant claims the credit of all that is of solid worth; the lighter portion is to be attributed to the author alone. The translation is far from faultless, as it reminds us of the "Dictionary," in every page. But with all its faults, original and secondary, it is good service done to the cause of art to have made a German pamphlet (for it is no more) accessible to general English readers. Especially as now, by the transfer of the Cartoons to South Kensington Museum, and the proposal of a

* A Concise Glossary of Terms used in Greek, Roman, Italian, and Gothic Architecture, by J. H. Parker, F.S.A. Oxford and London, J. Parker and Co., 1866.

† Raphael Sarti, his Life and Works. By Alfred Baron von Wolzogen. Translated by F. E. Bunnétt. London, Smith and Elder, 1866.

Raphael Exhibition, this first Master in Modern Art has been transformed for us, from a *name* we are all proud to claim relation with, to a *reality*.

*Ruland's "Notes on Raphael's Cartoons, &c."**

These great treasures of Art having now at last, by the gracious permission of the Queen, and in conformity with the wish of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, been removed beyond the risk of destruction, which at Hampton Court they were always liable to, and for the first time made *visible*: it was fitting that some compendious and cheap, yet sufficient, account of them should be offered to the public. And this pamphlet has been written by Mr C. Ruland, by whom, in fact, the Raphael Collection of the Prince Consort was brought to its present complete condition, to supply this need. With a most unpretending title, it is not merely an indispensable Hand-book for those who would study or enjoy the Cartoons themselves; but for all who would know what Raphael did to entitle him to the place which he holds in the history of art, or who would be guided in forming (what is now almost within the reach of all) a *domestic Raphael Gallery*, it will serve as a perfectly trustworthy guide. If the plan which is intimated and sketched in these "Notes" is carried out, not only will the authorities of South Kensington Museum have given a practical reply to much that has been said against that establishment, but England will have proved itself the most appreciative admirer of the works and the genius of that consummate Master.

Nature and Art: an International Monthly Magazine.†

Commenced on the 1st of June last—this "Monthly" has already established a firm footing amongst the popular periodicals of the day. It is well got up, well illustrated, interesting from the variety of its subjects, fairly well written, and well recommended by the names of its principal contributors. It deserves particular mention here, because of its Chromolithographic illustrations, which are remarkable for their quality and their cheapness; and still more on account of a series of papers (illustrated in Chromolithography) on "Sketching from Nature," by the experienced pen of Mr Aaron Penley,—which we hope to see eventually published as a separate work.

* Notes on the Cartoons of Raphael, now in the South Kensington Museum, and on Raphael's other works; prepared for the Science and Art Department, by

Charles Ruland, formerly Librarian to H.R.H. the Prince Consort. London, 1866. (Under Revision.)

† London, Day and Son (Limited).

*Von Lützow's New Art Journal.**

We have received the first half-year's numbers of this new Art Journal; and as the knowledge of the German language has become tolerably widely spread in England now, we recommend it to the attention of our readers. Its chief aim is the discussion of modern, or rather, *recent* art; first in Germany, but also in France, Italy, England, &c. Yet, it does not neglect the older schools and masters; and the list of contributors, containing some names well known in England, as Lübke, Mündler, Waagen, Woltmann, is a guarantee of the quality of its articles. The illustrations are in various styles, and generally good; and the "Kunst-Chronik" makes it especially valuable to collectors and amateurs.

Philpot's Photographs of the Drawings at Florence.†

Although this is no more than a catalogue of photographs now on sale at Florence, by Mr Philpot, the fact of his enterprise is so remarkable that it demands a special notice. We have here a list of some 2000 photographic reproductions of Original Drawings by the Old Masters, existing in the Royal Gallery at Florence. The cost of them, unmounted, is fourteen pence each. They are uniform in size, which makes it easy to preserve them in an Album or Portfolio;—but this uniformity has been secured at the cost of the enlargement of the small drawings, and the reduction of the larger ones, which is the only thing in the publication not to be approved. Yet, even this fault has its compensation, in the portability and cheapness of the series; and it is shared by almost every other work of the kind,—particularly the expensive "Albrecht-Gallerie," now in course of publication by Jägermeyer of Vienna; whilst it might easily be remedied by scratching the actual dimensions on the negatives. We should add that some of these drawings had been photographed by Alinari; but they were few in number, and the cost was great. The attributions are those of the catalogues of the Gallery, and must, of course, not be assumed to be correct. The value and success of this undertaking ought to encourage similar attempts with the Drawings of all important collections.

* Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst.
Herausgegeben von Dr Carl von Lützow.
Leipzig, Seemann, 1866.

graphiche dei Disegni Originali degli Antichi Maestri, posseduti dalla R. Galleria di Firenze; fatte da Giovanni Brampton Philpot. Firenze.

† Catalogo delle Riproduzioni Foto-

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

I.

Paris, 29th August, 1866.

SIR,

You have requested me to inform the readers of the valuable Review, the publication of which (most happily for the English public) you have resumed, respecting the direction and the progress of the Fine Arts on this side of the Channel. I am happy to comply with a request which will enable me to make known certain facts perhaps but little known, and to give their true value to certain principles perhaps also too much neglected;—but on condition, that you allow me the liberty of speaking of that which interests me, and of going wherever love of truth and of art may lead me.

I do not disguise from myself that my task is delicate, although you leave me the liberty of proceeding in my own way. The subject is remarkably complex. Never has French art been so deeply stirred, and never has the veil which envelopes its future been more obscure. In a country so well formed for unity,—for we have territorial, political, and administrative unity,—antagonism and the spirit of division and revolt reign in the world of art. We have held the flag of liberty so high, we have repeated so often that we ought to allow the *tempérament* of every one to develop itself according to the laws of nature, that the most mediocre pupil now-a-days intrenches himself behind "*Fara da se*," to excuse himself from following the counsels of the master. And what follows?—Everything is broken up; great schools disappear, instead of grouping and uniting, as in grand epochs, artists shrink from those immediately surrounding them;—or if, as it often happens, they have not the ambition to proceed entirely alone, they hastily get up a clique.

The ancient tradition being destroyed, terrible uncertainty ensues.

Undoubtedly, originality gains thereby, it is no longer stifled under the despotism of the master. But is originality always of a good quality? Too often it only gives us works of a vexatious novelty, the execution of which surprise us disagreeably. Tradition, which at times makes itself felt too heavily by the weak, is for the strong the Ariadne's clue, which shows the way among the windings of the labyrinth. Since this clue has been broken, not a few have been devoured by the Minotaur. Only the prudent and the skilful can escape the danger.

The Minotaur of our days is *bad taste*: "The taste of an epoch," it has been judiciously remarked, "is not always in proportion to the number of ideas which circulate or ferment in it." The capacity of the human mind can increase; but taste can vary. Without question this capacity is prodigiously enriched in the domain of positive science and industry; and each year records a victory. As for taste—that logic of art—how should it not be corrupted at a time, in which the endeavour seems to be to subordinate spirit to matter and to lower man to animalism? This disposition betrays itself even in the smallest things. What word do our art-critics use to indicate the special genius of an artist? A word from the language of M. Purgon, the word "*tempérament*." Even the language of the kitchen does not affright them; thus, when a painting is warmly executed and coloured, they say that it has "*du ragout*."

These examples, which I could multiply endlessly, will perhaps appear puerile, but the true observer of the diseases of the human mind will not overlook any symptoms. It is evident to every one who has eyes and ears that the share of thought in contemporary art is greatly lessened. It is evident that a certain number of distinguished artists, sustained and encouraged by clever pens, have written on their flag, "*L'Art pour L'Art*." It is still more evident that the French public does not know which way to turn, for it sees too rarely those superior works around which it could rally; and thus, in the midst of a confusion of principles and ideas, it remains anxious and disgusted.

This picture will, perhaps, appear rather gloomy; you might consider me a discontented spirit if I did not hasten to show you another side, the aspect of which is comforting. Believe me, sir, talent has never been more abundant in our country than at present. Pass through our exhibitions; you will find here and there little master-pieces. Vigour of pencil, flexibility, truth in imitation—none is wanting. We have an army of ornamentists and decorators; there are *hands* in France. What is generally wanting is excellence of drawing, nobleness of form, the lighter graces: in brief, style and thought. As soon as the artist attempts to reconstruct a scene from the past, to reproduce it

with all its circumstances, if they are brilliant and poetical, we see that his strength fails him. In fact, with the exception of a few men of whom we shall speak presently, the greater mass of talent does not rise above the level of agreeable mediocrity, which arouses and amuses us, without completely satisfying us.

If we attempt to take a bird's-eye view, as I do here, of any artistic period, nothing is more difficult than to be exact in distinguishing the shades and contrasts. Thus, I have just said, that, for several years, French art, generally, has not risen above the level of agreeable mediocrity. But mark the inconsistency,—there has never been required from art so much vitality and force. What the critic exacts, before everything else, in painting and sculpture, is that they shall be vigorous. For elegance, distinction, grace, he cares little; they are too academical. Liberty, life, even at the price of grossness and rudeness—this is what pleases. I do not wholly blame this manner of regarding things,—certainly not! I only blame the excess. But allow me to say, and simply as an observer, the ancients knew how to express much by small means; a light touch, a delicate modelling, a moderate relief, were very significant, and even powerful, with them. This secret appears to be lost; in our days we multiply processes and violent means without being much more effective. If the number of instruments in the orchestra is increased, the music is not much more enchanting; and this leads me to say that to penetrate to the true spirit of antiquity, and to comprehend its works in their eternal youth, will be always the foundation of education for true artists.

In serious maladies, such as that which has attacked French art, although it still occupies such a high place; when the victim of deeply-rooted disease experiences strange sensations; when his depraved taste prefers highly-spiced food to delicate and healthy nutriment; when he becomes more and more disquieted at his doubtful condition; and endeavours to regain his health by all sorts of medicines and physicians; in such a case every one feels a right to offer his recipe. Mine will probably be judged insufficient, but what matter? It seems to me that I can speak with full liberty to your readers, and that they are already friends though unknown.

My recipe, sir, is the good education of artists; that is, an instruction liberal and extensive enough for them to advance with the age. They ought not to have to blush for their ignorance; and, unhappily, it is great. He who has learned anything of philosophy ought not to be considered capable of being its foe. Socrates was a sculptor. I could point out to you a great artist who delights in reading the classics. It was he who said to a pupil one day: "Young

man, would you become a painter?—Read!” How many times have I not heard people say to our Beato Angelico, our great religious painter, “Ah! if I had been able to study!” For myself, I will never believe that the culture of the mind can diminish invention or originality. Regular education and daily study gives to the conceptions a nobleness, a grandeur, of which they would otherwise be deprived. “The artist ought to be of his time, and his works ought to bear its impress.” This is what I hear repeated everywhere. I am not examining this axiom; that will be done afterwards. I merely remark that if there is a characteristic which the artists of the present generation ought to share with their age, it is, above all, education. For the age is an enlightened one, and it demands much from all who attempt to please or to interest it. Education can only tend to form the habit of reflection and favour thought. Be a man before being an architect, a painter, or a sculptor; and the artist will reap the advantage of it.

These reflections, perhaps too long and vague, and therefore tedious, have conducted us to a distinct and definite subject. I have just spoken of the education of artists, and this leads me to speak of a great establishment, closely connected with this education, the celebrity of which is European. You will divine that I speak of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*.

Despite its celebrity, the *Ecole Impériale des Beaux Arts* is almost generally unknown. If you were to question most Parisians about this great establishment, they would be much embarrassed for a reply. We must indeed say that all the time the *Académie des Beaux Arts* protected it under its wing, the *Ecole* remained inaccessible. A few foreigners, anxious to overlook nothing, a few provincials of a bolder curiosity, just succeeded in catching a glimpse of the collections which were beginning to be formed. Its interior government, its daily tasks, the regular course of study, remained shrouded in obscurity. In one month only of the year, September, the doors of the sanctuary were thrown open to the public. It was when the pictures, statues, and architectural designs of the competitors for the *Prix de Rome* were exhibited for decision. At the same time the works sent by the young artists of the Villa Medici were submitted to the examination of the *Académie des Beaux Arts*. When this exhibition was over, shadow and silence resumed possession of this charming palace, one of the happiest inspirations of M. Duban. The distribution of the prize medals (which must not be confounded with the grand *Prix de Rome*) did not disturb its monastic calm. It took place with closed doors in the presence of a Minister of State and a few professors. This state of things will make clear to you, sir, why the *Ecole* is so little known; and why, in the controversy which was caused by the decree of the 13th of November (which

modified it so much), many persons, eager to speak and write on the subject, made such strange mistakes.

We may frankly say that the *Académie des Beaux Arts*,—somewhat aristocratic in its constitution, like old institutions; perhaps also influenced by some who were very estimable, but not acquainted with the age,—had not the public on its side in a question that interested its affections and its pride so intensely. There was a time when it seemed to be about to pass through the Caudine Forks of opinion, simply because of its resistance with respect to the *Ecole*; of which it was the avowed protector. Now that the strife has ceased, and the complications (which I hope were but transitory) have not been renewed, the time has come to show what was the interior government of an establishment of such high importance. It will be for most of your readers perfectly new.

The course in painting and sculpture (I employ the very terms of the regulations of the *Ecole*) consisted of “those daily exercises which are the foundation of instruction in Art, viz. the study of the human figure after the antique, and from life.” Special lectures on anatomy, perspective, history, and antiquity, enlarged and completed the circle of studies.

In architecture the course consisted of lessons specially given on the theory and history of the art, and on mathematics applied to architecture.

Seven painters and five sculptors directed the daily studies, whilst the lectures and, in the section of architecture, the instruction, were divided between four special professors, one for the theory, another for the history of the art, a third for construction, and a fourth for mathematics. In all, there were nineteen professors. Every year at the commencement of September, the professors elected from among themselves a vice-president for the following twelve months; and the vice-president of the previous year was raised to the presidency. A perpetual secretary registered the general correspondence, and the minutes of the deliberations. In short, the administration of the *Ecole* was confided to a council of five members; the president, the administrator, the vice-president, the ex-president, and the perpetual secretary. This council was commissioned to execute the decisions arrived at in the assemblies, to direct and superintend the expenses, to carry out the regulations, and to maintain the relations of the *Ecole* with the Minister of State, and the public and private establishments.

The *Ecole* was independent of the government. This independence, of which it was both jealous and proud, and which maintained it in a sort of traditional immobility, much less, however, than was asserted,—this independence, I repeat, was connected with the elective principle.

Thus it nominated its perpetual secretary and its professors, and, with regard to the twelve attached to the daily instruction, it always placed them in the ranks of the Institute.

Not only to inflame the ardour of the pupils, but also to obtain a more exact idea of their true strength, numerous competitions were established in connexion with different branches of the studies. Thus each year witnessed four competitions in historical painting and sculpture, and two in painted and modelled figures. Whilst in the section of architecture there were thirty-eight. Besides these, there was the *Grande Médaille d'Emulation*, which was awarded annually to the pupil who had obtained the greatest number of medals in the architectural competitions. Finally, the grand annual competitions gave to the pupils who carried off the prizes, the right of being maintained for five years at the cost of the Government in the *Ecole Française* at Rome, and formed the climax of this noble *ensemble* of works and rewards.

It was in the great hall of the Institute that the victors in the competition for the *Prix de Rome* came to seek a crown so eagerly disputed. The noisy applause of an assembly moved, excited, and deeply interested; the embraces of masters and pupils, the excellent orchestra, the singers, the cantata of the laureate in musical composition, the benevolent smile of the gravest Academicians, all gave to this solemnity something fresh, joyous, and attractive; forming a singular contrast with the coldness and reserve of the public sittings of other classes of the Institute. The fête commenced with a report on the works sent by the pupils at Rome. The *Académie des Beaux Arts* encouraged or reproved them with a maternal solicitude. Then the perpetual secretary read the eulogy of some illustrious deceased,—a eulogy, dogmatic and solid, ornamented and florid, amusing and witty, according as it was pronounced by Quatremère de Quincy, Raoul Rochette, or Halévy, the most literary of musicians. M. Beulé, whose elegant and nervous pen is so well formed for the Academic style, was admitted too late. He can only groan under the injuries inflicted on the dearest prerogatives of a society which he defends with so much fire. But it is time to inquire in what these injuries consist, and to speak of the Imperial decree of the 13th of November, 1863, and of the circumstances which led to it.

One might assert that there is no longer a school of painting in France. The era of great schools has been closed by M. Ingres. There are only studios, and they are disappearing day by day. Delaroche, Léon Cogniet, Picot, and other artists of merit, notwithstanding their numerous pupils and their success, have not laid the foundations of a school. But what faith, what vigour, what enthusiasm is necessary, in order to become the head of a school in our days! And here was the advantage

of M. Ingres ; for examples of his somewhat untrained eloquence have been preserved. He had words which electrified his pupils, and drove them, so to speak, to the field of battle. The intellectual and feverish Delacroix, the gentle and pious Hippolyte Flandrin, for different reasons, would never have been able to govern a large studio.

Other causes, on which I need not dwell here, contributed to bring about a state of things, the gravity of which at length alarmed the *Académie* and the government. The formation of studios capable of being one day transformed into real schools was suggested. And this idea in due time became the point on which all the reforms introduced in the instruction of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* have centred.

Thus the new regulation of the *Ecole* declares, in article 11, that the daily exercises prescribed by article 3, in the ordonnance of the 4th of August, 1819, are replaced by tasks which the pupils perform in the studios. For this purpose there are attached to the *Ecole* three studios for painting, three for sculpture, three for architecture, one for wood-engraving, and one for engraving medals and gems. It is not enough to say that this single innovation has made enormous breach in the system of instruction hitherto adopted by the *Académie des Beaux Arts*, the inheritor of the methods of the old *Académie Royale* of painting and sculpture. Hitherto the *Ecole* had been a kind of gymnasium, a Sorbonne of the arts, if you will ; where pupils from the different studios of Paris came to contend with each other in certain exercises, limited to the study of the antique and the living model. Now it is a school in the true acceptation of the word, since everything can be learnt there, from the loftiest principles of art to the commonest practice, and even the trade of it. The future alone has the secret of the advantage which such a radical measure leads to. But when we reflect on the disappearance of free studios, and the difficulty of maintaining young artists in the path of a serious, elevated, and regular course of instruction, supported by studies too much neglected by them, namely, science and history,—when we see how much they need to be put upon their guard against the daily criticism which would withdraw them from the great traditions and make them break irrecoverably with antiquity,—we can only applaud a measure, which, if properly applied, despite the most unfavourable prognostications, will, in fact, favour the continuous development of that healthy spirit of conservatism and wise doctrine, which so many a Midas would drive out of the kingdom of art to replace them with unknown fancies.

From the moment when the administration entered thus resolutely on the way of reform, its duty was to satisfy the new aspirations. Hence the four special lectures, on the history of art and æsthetics,—

on descriptive geometry,—on physical geology and elementary chemistry,—and on technology and accounts. In consequence of this revival, two of the special courses formerly established were suppressed—those of the theory and the history of architecture. The suppression of this last course would be less regretted if M. Violet le Duc (whose intense ardour did not always direct his marvellously-gifted mind in the true path), commissioned at first to conduct the æsthetic lectures, had not been replaced by M. Taine,—ingenious, vigorous, brilliant, but little fitted to grasp matters of art in detail, and in their best aspect. Some have remarked, that this extension of studies was perhaps too great. It has been asked whether the study of physical geology and chemistry was quite in place at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, and if the artists for whom it was specially intended could not learn physics and chemistry elsewhere? Nevertheless, there are names which legitimize and justify all the works with which they are connected. That of the new professor is of the number. M. Pasteur is one of the lights of the *Académie des Sciences*. Even though his teaching might not accomplish all that was most desirable in an amphitheatre surrounded by the studios of painters and sculptors, it did not reflect less lustre on the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*.

Note, also, that M. Bonnet, now engaged in the lectures on descriptive geometry, occupies amongst the professors a rank almost equal to that of his colleague, M. Pasteur;—that M. Baude, the professor of construction and one of the most distinguished pupils of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, was the successor of M. Léonce Reynaud, professor of architecture in the same *Ecole*. Note also, that M. Heuzey, who can render his lessons in history and archæology so interesting, was designated beforehand by his works, as pupil of our *Ecole Française*, at Athens, and intelligent explorer of Macedonia. I cannot name everybody, but you see by the names I have quoted that the *Ecole* is sustained in its special studies by a group of men for the greater part very eminent, and some of whom enjoy European reputation.

Let us now pass from the special professors to those whose express mission is to direct the studios. It is clear that the contest between the government and the Institute did not secure liberty of choice. Many of those who had been summoned to reënter the *Ecole* refused to resume the functions of which they had been deprived in so unexpected a manner, their dignity had been too much compromised or overlooked. To emerge from the circle of recognized talents was, on the other side, to play too hazardous a game, and completely to throw discredit on the new measures. Added to this, the men who do honour to the *Ecole Française* protested vehemently against what they called the ruin of the Academy and destruction of art. Besides, certain semi-official organs,

by replying in the newspapers to the defenders of the Institute, increased the difficulty of the situation, for they seemed to endeavour to envenom the discussion, the ardour of which was already to be regretted. These difficulties have been vanquished, as we all know. Artists of remarkable talent, and enjoying the public favour, MM. Gérôme, Cabanel, and Pils, have been nominated to direct the studios of painting. Three sculptors of great merit and more ancient renown, MM. Duret, Dumont, and Jouffroy, have been commissioned to direct the studios for sculpture. Finally, the last able engraver of our age, the excellent Henriquel Dupont, has undertaken the superintendence of the studio for engraving.

Observe that the choice made might have already foretold the day of conciliation and peace, which I hope will soon appear. In fact, of these six professors, five are members of the Institute, and the sixth will soon be so. Our directors, MM. Robert-Fleury and Guillaume, are also of the Institute. The Institute, so to speak, is thus in a majority at the *Ecole*, and in its very heart. And this authorizes us to believe that it is not easy to find beyond the limits of this great society, men of talent and learning, whose superiority entitles them to become the instructors of artists.

We must not, however, deceive ourselves; the change to be hoped for in the *Ecole* is still very considerable, as you will see. It is confided to a director who is appointed for five consecutive years by imperial decree. This director is the principal officer, and is charged with the execution of the orders of the Minister, and of the administrative regulations. The Government nominates the professors. The elective principle, the soul of the ancient *Ecole*, is thus completely destroyed. Nor is this all.

In connexion with the *Ecole* has been instituted a Superior Council of Instruction, composed of the *Surintendant des Beaux Arts* as president, the *Directeur de l'Administration des Beaux Arts* as vice-president, and of two painters, two sculptors, two architects, one engraver, and five other members, appointed by the Minister. The programme of preparatory trials, and of the definitive competition for the *Grand Prix de Rome*, which were formerly regulated by the government, are now regulated by the Superior Council. Nor is even this all.

Ministerial decrees determine the conditions of admission of the pupils into the studios, the maximum length of their stay at the *Ecole*; the time of opening, the number of lessons, in a word, all the details relative to the instruction. It is the same, even, in what concerns the scholars of the Villa Medici.

You see, sir, how the guardianship of the government extends to

everything. As a result of this powerful intervention, to which, in France, there is no resistance, the artists, who, up to the age of thirty, used to be able to compete for the *Prix de Rome*, can no longer do so after their twenty-fifth year. They used to be boarded for five years at the Villa Medici. Now they are there only for four years, though (which is a wise arrangement) they can, according to their taste and convenience, take two years in addition to these four, for instructive travels.

I will not enter into an examination of the competition, such as it has been established since the 13th of November, and for a good reason; the exercises of the re-organized *Ecole* do not differ very sensibly from those of the non-organized *Ecole*. Nay, more; one can perceive a certain tendency to return by the same paths; and for the rest, another opportunity for giving this detail may present itself. But I wish to speak to you of the judges of the competition.

Before the 13th of November the *Académie des Beaux Arts* assembled in one of the halls of the *Ecole*, and pronounced judgment in these peaceful rivalries. Besides this, a commission of twenty members, chosen from among the most distinguished architects, assisted the Architectural Section. Now, the results of the trials and competition for the *Grand Prix de Rome* are determined by a jury, chosen by lot from a list which is drawn up by the sections, and presented by the Superior Council. This list, having been decreed by the Minister, is inserted in the *Moniteur*.

But, sir, I ought to point out to you a rather serious inconvenience—the difficulty of bringing* the necessary juries together at the time named; those selected by lot often being away from Paris during the recess. Others are unacquainted with the *Ecole de Rome*, because, from their pursuits and their taste, they attach but a secondary importance to the functions intrusted to them. The *Académie des Beaux Arts*, on the contrary, never failed to accomplish a mission so agreeable to its heart, and thus displayed all its solicitude for this *Ecole de Rome*, which is allied so closely to itself.

Even the composition of the jury aroused some criticism. Indisputably, out of a long list of honest men, twelve honest jurors could easily be selected by lot; but would it be as certain that enlightened judges would be thereby chosen? I will suppose that in this list, which is drawn up by sections (painting, sculpture, and architecture), are some landscape-painters; now might they not be required (for chance is malicious) to decide upon a historical painting; and find themselves at the height of perplexity?

I point out these imperfections because everything leads one to believe that the administration, anxious to effect improvements suggested by experience, will endeavour to correct them. What gives us this

hope is that the Superintendent desires progress. He has zeal, he has activity. A distinguished artist himself, he loves art and artists. He treats them as friendly rivals; for being of the profession, he knows what difficulties they have to overcome. In a few years, when the fire of passions kindled by a strife still too recent, are completely extinguished, the public will be better able to appreciate the generous intentions and efforts of a high functionary, charged with a mission of immense difficulty; that of guiding the Fine Arts among a great nation, and in the nineteenth century. It has been said that the progress was a lame one; but M. le Comte de Nieuwerkerke has had the good fortune to succeed, even though he had to cross boggy and uneven ground.

Let us also remark, that we may omit nothing, that it is only since the 13th November that the *Ecole* has been *governed*—too much governed, say some. But do you not see (we might reply) that it was this weak and sleepy administration, this council, which neither originated nor effected anything, that made the antique usages inefficacious on the one hand; and on the other, the secret antagonism of authority, discontented at seeing a great establishment live and grow old, without taking part in it. What a contrast might we not establish between the well-being which the pupils now enjoy, overwhelmed with favours of every kind,—between the profusion of resources and precious materials now enjoyed by the *Ecole*, and the penury which reigned before. Has not the *Ecole* been given into good hands?

M. Robert-Fleury, the painter, was the first director after the 13th of November. A large-hearted man, without distrusting his impressionable and nervous nature, he threw himself between the combatants,—between the Institute to which he belongs, and the *Administration des Beaux Arts*, exposing himself to all the dangers of the battle, and to the misinterpretation of his beloved colleagues, in order to restore peace. The crowd has, as usual, misunderstood this high honour to which homage is indeed due. The present director, M. Guillaume, is calmness, reason, and conciliation itself. He is an eminent sculptor, a literary man, and a philosopher combined. Elevated and earnest, a lover of the beautiful and the grand, he possesses all that is needed to bring, without shocks and injury, healthy and invigorating studies back into the re-organized *Ecole*. No; the *Ecole* is not “governed too much;” it is *well* governed.

I have tried, sir, to tell you the exact truth, but I cannot tell you the truth in all its length and detail. It would be tedious to revive an old debate. I have tried to restrict to its own hour an exciting subject, and to free it from recollections, of which the true interests of art were not the only source.

To make my letter,—which would perhaps appear too long to others than your compatriots, (that is to say, to readers who are anxious to be instructed and enlightened rather than amused,—it is the contrary with us,)—to make my letter longer, I should like to say something of the collections which add to the interest naturally inspired by so fine an establishment as the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*.

And first I would point out one which is its highest title of honour,—the twelve hundred pictures or prize-paintings, from 1600 to 1866. All the changes in the taste of the French school—all the methods, all the styles, that ever flourished in it, are to be found here with all the *naïveté* and stiffness of youth. For they were painted by young men, in the first fire of age and talent. We see here following Natoire, Fragonard, and all their bombastic, theatrical troop; David, and his followers, Girodet, Guérin, and the most vigorous of them all, the painter of the “Apotheosis of Homer.” After Ingres we meet Flandrin. Then the present generation, Cabanel, Barrias, Boulanger, Hébert, and those newly come upon the scene, Baudry, Bougereau, &c.

Not far from this collection, which will soon be arranged in chronological order, there will be then seen another of prize sculpture. Hitherto, in default of space, it has remained in obscurity. This collection is composed of sixty works only; for the bas-reliefs for the grand prizes have not been preserved with so much care as the paintings. The grand architectural prizes,—the oldest among which (saved from dust and insects) are dated in 1774,—will also be exhibited; and the newest will be photographed. They are immediately connected with the old academy of architecture.

These architectural archives, consisting of eight thousand drawings, are placed in the library; of which they constitute an invaluable treasure. Where else could we find such a magnificent series as that of the restorations executed by the student architects of the *Ecole de France*, at Rome? The antique monuments of Italy and Greece are reproduced in their actual condition, whilst other drawings show them restored, and give details of the most interesting parts. An historical account of each, and of its construction, completes the work. All are on a *grand aigle* paper, and of the same size, that they may be bound in folio volumes. The *Ecole* now possesses forty-four of these volumes; containing in all a hundred and fifty-eight drawings; some of which are master-pieces; such as the restoration of the Parthenon by M. Paccard, that of the splendid temple of Preneste by Huyot, and the Forum Romanum by Leveil, which is a miracle of patience. Nor, in speaking to you, sir, of the *Ecole*, may I omit our collection of casts, which exceeds in importance (if I am not mistaken) all others known. It is arranged in the

fine halls on the ground floor, round a charming court, paved with marble, situated in the centre of the museum. They are named the Halls of the Parthenon, of Niobe, of Minerva Medica, and the Roman Hall. More than six hundred plaster casts are here, representing the most precious contents of European museums, in statues, bas-reliefs, altars, or vases. Here, too, we may see reproductions of the grandest architectural works, entire portions of the entablature of the Parthenon, the Pandrosium, with its noble Caryatides; the exquisite capitals of the temple of Erechtheus, the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, and how many more.

This splendid collection has been too little praised because it is too little known; its catalogue ought to be published. And now I hasten to speak of the Library, in which I am most particularly interested. England had for several years possessed the excellent Art-library at South Kensington Museum, whilst France had nothing of this kind; and our unfortunate artists were obliged, when they wished to consult a book of engravings, to waste the best hours of the day in the Reading Room of the *Bibliothèque Impériale*. But, now, for more than two years, since the 25th of January 1864, the doors of the Library of the *Palais des Beaux Arts* have been open to them, and the pupils profit largely from the riches of a collection, where painters, sculptors, architects, archæologists, and all who are concerned in the practice, the history, and the theory of art, may find abundant materials.

That official indifference which is so often found elsewhere does not exist here. The welcome given is polite, obliging, eager; the search is instantly begun and the work is brought as soon as asked for. Such is the merit of a collection, which, compared with the colossus of the Rue Richelieu, is a drop to the ocean. Not so rich yet as the library of South Kensington, the *Bibliothèque des Beaux Arts* surpasses it in elegance. Ten large windows light a gallery a hundred feet long; and of the most beautiful style. Models in relief of the most interesting monuments of ancient Rome surmount ten pedestals placed between the windows. The wall of the gallery is divided by a door of walnut-wood, surrounded by richly-sculptured ornaments, and covered with rich gilding, escutcheons, and the cipher of Henry II., a charming specimen of the beautiful and flowery art of the Renaissance, from the chateau d'Anet. The books are arranged in ten oaken book-cases, with deep bases. But instead of attempting to describe them, I prefer to speak of the readers.

The administration had little confidence in the assiduity of the pupils. "How many would come at a time?" was asked; and it was thought an unreasonable expectation that there might be five or six, but instead of this they come by the score! The number of visitors in 1865

amounted to 3625; and there will be little less than 4000 at the end of 1866. What we may augur from this remarkable fact is, that our youth, apparently greatly dissipated, is more serious than is thought, and does not disdain facilities afforded it. And this makes me hope that the *Bibliothèque des Beaux Arts* will not be without its influence on the study of the Fine Arts, and that it will greatly contribute to extend and strengthen them.

I walked lately in the *Cour du Murier* (adjoining the large court of the *Ecole*), and listened to the murmuring of the water in the fountain overshadowed by the great mulberry-tree, to which the court owes its name. I perceived under the porticoes which surround it, the equestrian procession of the Panathenæa standing out boldly from the dark red of the walls; I could see the Pompeian arabesques which give lightness to the heavy arcades, and the faithful copy of the Galathea on enamelled brick which seems to illuminate the wall to which it is attached; I thought of that magic wand named talent, which has been able to metamorphose the dull court-yard of a monastery into an atrium as gay, as brilliant, as those which formerly embellished the voluptuous houses of the cities of Magna Græcia.

And then I thought of all the time, labour, and sacrifices which had been required to create an establishment as complete as the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*; and I could not reflect without sadness that all this could be annulled, ruined and destroyed, if certain devastators who believe themselves the sole authorities should have their way. The *Ecole de Rome* would soon follow that of Paris, and the public, who are never satisfied with what they actually possess, would loudly applaud.

No academies! no schools! no intervention of government! American liberty,—absolute liberty, or rather absolute destitution! *that* is what is proclaimed as the sole remedy for the depression of art, *there* is to be found its safety! Strange theory! Is the genius of the artist so isolated from the other faculties of the mind; or is the tie that unites them so feeble, that while the latter is developed by education, genius, like a wild animal, should be abandoned to all its instincts—even the most vicious? Is the new generation of artists thought to be so robust, so superior to the difficulties of life, and capable of rising so high, exactly because the means of mounting have been withdrawn from it? It is far from me to intend to discuss such a great question at the end of this letter. I will limit myself to saying that they who would close the public schools are completely ignorant of what is required for the education of the true historical painter,—and that, if I might descend to the foundations of practice, and show the numerous problems which lie hid there and must be resolved, and indicate minutely the material condi-

tions* in which we now are, I would show that learning is not to be acquired cheaply, and that, like food, *it has grown dearer since the time of Raphael!*

In a country like yours, sir, where private liberality is astonishing, where the genius of association works miracles, the intervention of government is not necessary; but with a people, frivolous, perhaps, because they are amiable, and devoid of individual spontaneity; easily infatuated to be still more easily disgusted; where subscription lists are filled with such difficulty, where every one trembles for his money; some regular and persistent intervention,—the intervention of the government,—well directed (and do not suppose that, as has been asserted, it has always been ill-directed), is useful, necessary, and even indispensable; for it has a lofty influence, which the fashion and ideas of the day can only fetter for a time. What must not be forgotten is that in accepting the false liberalism which supposes the “*laissez faire, laissez passer*” to be the supreme law of society, we are liable to just the same difficulties. And our *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, of which I have tried to give you an idea, faithful at least, if not very complete, is required more than ever to demonstrate the high utility of public schools.

Receive, sir, the assurance of my sentiments,

ERNEST VINET.



*From the Collection now in the Public Record Office, known
as the Treasury Board Papers.*

To the Kings most Excellent Maj^{ty}
The humble Petition of David de Grange

Shewith

That he served yo^r Maj^{ty} faithfully & diligently before yo^r Restauration as yo^r Limner in Scotland, on accompt of w^{ch} service there became due to yo^r Pet^r y^e summ of threescore & sixteen pounds for several pieces of work by him done and delivered to sundry persons of quality by yo^r Maj^{ty} own hands or yo^r express Order; a particular whereof is hereto annexed.

* A fact now recognized is that a special studio is a heavy burden on the professor who expends all his money on it; while most of the pupils find the obligation of paying 20 or 25 francs per month, no less heavy.

That of y^e said three score & sixteen pounds yo^r Pet^r rec^d only 40^s sent from yo^r Maj^{ty} when he lay ill at S^t Johns-town & 4th afterward of S^r Daniel Carmichel y^r Maj^{ties} Deputy Treasurer being in all six pounds ;

That being now old & infirm & his sight & labour failing him he is disabled thereby from getting any subsistence or livelyhood for himself & impotent children & forced to rely upon y^e Charity of well-disposed persons.

And therefore humbly prays yo^r Maj^{ty} to be graciously pleased to ease & relieve y^e pressing necessities of himself & miserable Children by your Royal order to yo^r Lords Commissioners of yo^r Maj^{ties} Treasury to make payment of what is due unto yo^r Petitioner in such manner as their lordships shall think best & most speedy to preserve him & his from perishing

And your Pet^r as in duty bound
shall ever pray, &c^a

At the Court at Whitehall, 11th November 1671 His Maj^{ty} well remembring upon this Petition y^e antient & acceptable services of y^e Petitioner and considering with a gracious compassion the poor and necessitous condition whereunto he and his family are reduced in his old age, which without his Maj^{ties} just relief must inevitably leave them to the comon charity of well disposed people ; is graciously pleased to refer him to the right Hon^{ble} the Lords Com^{missioners} of his Maj^{ties} Treasury to take such speedy & effectual course for payment of what remains due to y^e Pet^r upon the annexed Schedule of work for his Maj^{ty} by him done, that he perish not for want of satisfaction for what His Maj^{ty} hath been graciously pleased to hono^r others withall.

J. HOLLES.

(Docquetted.)

Peti^{cion} of David de Grange yo^r Maj^{ties} Limner in Scotland, to whom 76th due for several pieces of work by him there done, & delivered to sundry persons of quality by yo^r Maj^{ties} own hands or express order ;

Nothing since rec^d by y^e Pet^r but 40^s sent him by yo^r Maj^{ty} when he lay ill at S^t Johnston's & 4th afterward of S^r Daniel Carmichel yo^r Deputy Treasurer

Prays

some gracious Order for payment of the residue to relieve y^e pressing necessities of himself & miserable children, his sight & labour failing him in his old age, w^hy he is enforced to rely on y^e charity of well disposed persons.

A SCHEDULE

of work done by David de Grange, entertained Limner to
yo^r Maj^{ty} during yo^r Royal abode at S^t Johnston's in Scotland.

One Picture of yo^r Maj^{ty} in small delivered to the French Marquess^e
who came to yo^r Maj^{ty} at S^t Johnston's in 1651, pretending
raising a troop of horse for yo^r Maj^{ty} whom yo^r Maj^{ty} rewarded
also with an 100^l & recomended by a Letter drawn by D^r Mas-
sinet.

One to M^r Ondart Secretary to ye Princess Royal

One to M^r Seymour of yo^r Maj^{ties} Bed Chamber which M^r Chiffinch
received of me for that use y^e 2^d of December 1651.

One to the Lady Balcarris on y^e 13th ditto

One for y^e Lady Annandale to M^r Chiffinch on y^e 20th

One to Major Boswell, who went to y^e Highlands which yo^r Maj^{ty} gave
with yo^r own hands

One to M^r Harding attendant upon yo^r Maj^{ty} given the same night.

Three to S^r James Erskin co^monly called Lord of Scots-craig.

One to my L^d of Newburgh at Dumferling

One to my Lady Tullibardin, and

One to M^r Rainsford employed } On y^e 6th of July 1651
in a message to yo^r Maj^{ty}

The value of the Original at 10^l having been paid me by
M^r Chiffinch, he by yo^r Maj^{ties} Order contracted with me for the
above-said at 6^l p pieces, which being thirteen amount to
78^l sterling, whereof received 40^s from yo^r Maj^{ty} when I lay
sick at S^t Johnstons & 4^l afterwards of S^r Daniel Carmichel
yo^r Majesties Deputy Treasurer so thereupon

Remains but 72^l if your Maj^{ties} Bounty in my sickness
be included as part of y^e debt.

J. BURTT.

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ERRATA AND ADDENDA

TO VOL. I.—N. S.

-
- Page 35 line 8; for Jacques à Armagnac read d'Armagnac*
 — 47 — 2; *for They read The three chiaroscuri*
 — 185 — 29; *after man insert they give us landscape which is the background of man*
 — 186 — 8; *for love. We read love, we*
 — 188 — 19; *for interest read intense*
 — 195 — 35; *for his read this*
 — 318 — 6; *for SPEM read s̄PM*
 — 320 — 23; *after St Stephen. insert (150^{mms.} × 107^{mms.})*
 — 320 — 26; *for uni-parti read mi-parti*
 — 320 — 26; *for jacket and hose read jacket and blue and brown hose*
 — 320 — 29; *after gold insert VIWOAR HSKATVS.*
 — 325 — 24; *after initial insert T*
 — 329 *at the conclusion of No. 36 insert: The subject of this miniature has been explained quite recently in Mr Curmer's publication, out of the legendary life of S. Hilaire. The predella in this case would represent not S. Patrick, but S. Hilaire, driving the serpents out of the island Gallinara near Genua, where he had been banished.*
 — 352 *line 32; for Lewis Mawles read G. W. Mawley*
 — 353 — 16; *for Edward read Edwin*
 — 354 — 11; *for turned read tanned*
 — 355 — 6; *for Edward read Edwin*
 — 357 — 5; *for When read While*
 — 361 — 32; *after "Sorrento" insert by Mr Naftel*

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